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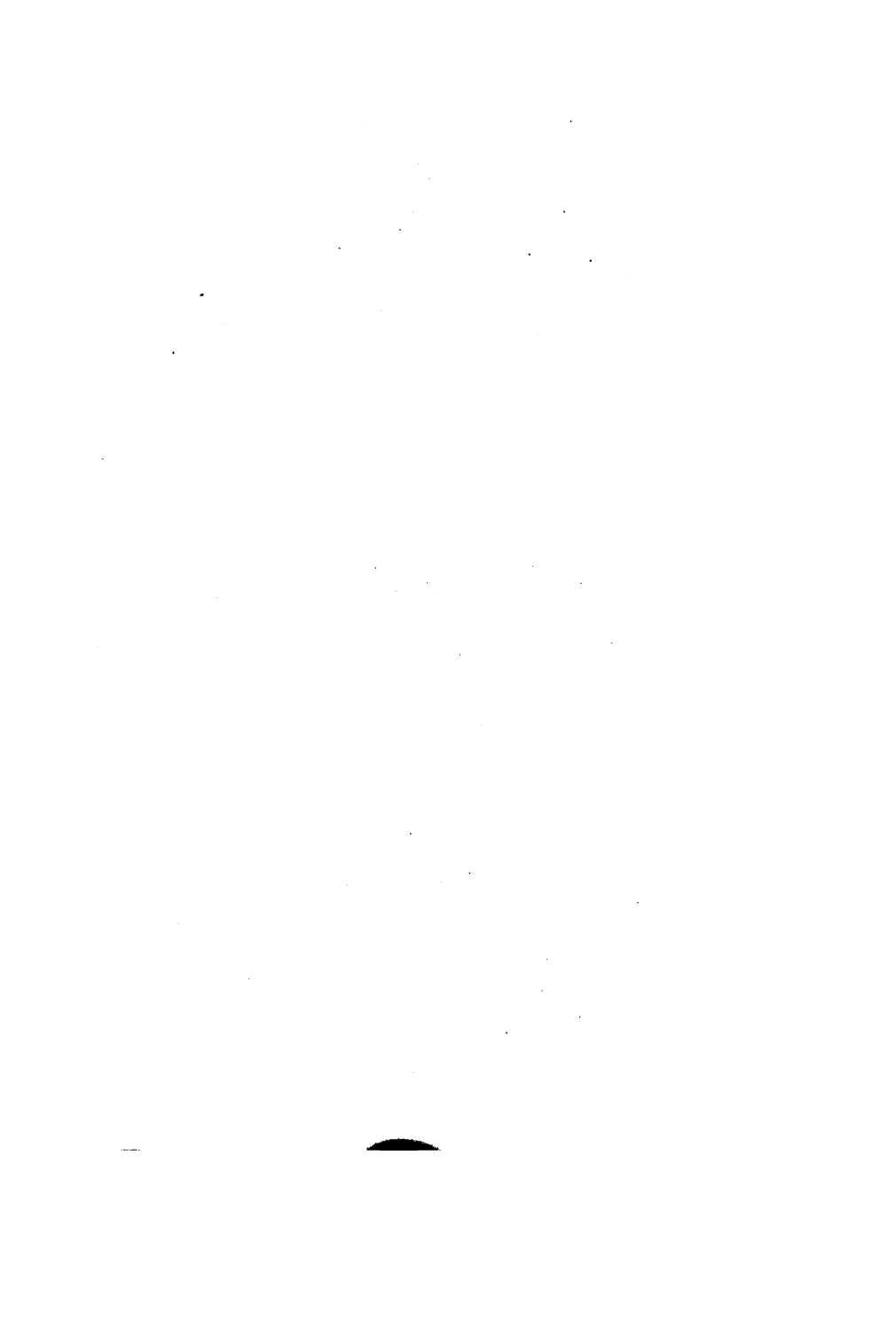
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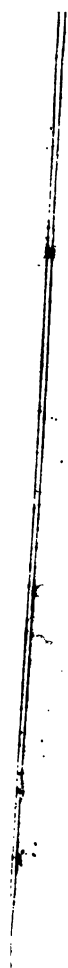


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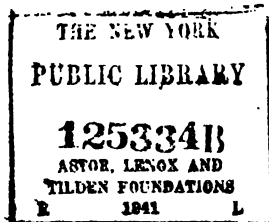
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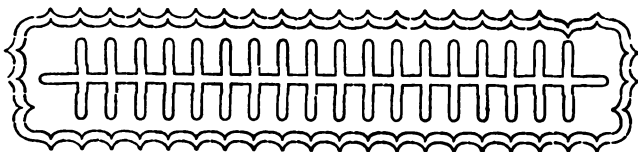
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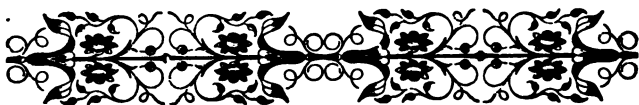


**T**HIS selection of Stories is not entirely in accordance with the Publisher's views of fitness. A thoroughly "good story"—good in all respects—is more rare than many would suppose. This volume comprises, however, several of more than ordinary merit, as "Fugitive Tales,"—sufficient, it is hoped, to overshadow the faults and deficiencies of the rest.

It should be mentioned that the Story of the "PURLOINED LETTER" is taken by permission from Poe's works. The others are from various periodicals, chiefly English.


G. P. P.





## The Left-hand Glove; or, Circumstantial Evidence.

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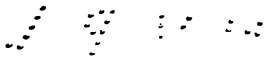
N the summit of a hill near Muhlbach, a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Being a place of pilgrimage, this chapel is on festival days visited by many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on other days of the year it seldom happens that the sound of a human footstep disturbs the sacred solitude.

Very early on the morning of the 19th July, 1818, a peasant proceeding to work, was wending his way along a narrow path at the foot of the hill. His dog was running before him. Suddenly the animal stopped short, and in another moment darted off rapidly in the direction of the chapel. The dog soon returned to his master, howling piteously, and betraying unequivocal signs of terror. The peasant quickened his pace, and turned directly into the path leading to the chapel. On coming within sight of the portal of the little edifice, he was horror-struck to behold, stretched on the steps, the lifeless body of a young man.

The terrified peasant hurried to the neighboring village with the tidings of what he had seen. The news spread with the swiftness of lightning, and in a very short space of time the magistrate of the district, accompanied by the village doctor and schoolmaster, and followed by a crowd of country people, was ascending the hill in the direction of the chapel.

The body was found on the spot and in the position described by the peasant. It was the corpse of a very handsome young man; part of the clothing, viz. the coat and waistcoat, had been taken off, and beneath the shirt there was found a piece of cloth of a bright red color, apparently the fragment of a shawl. The piece of cloth was laid in several folds over the region of the heart. It was fastened by a band of fine lawn or cambric which was rolled round the body, and the whole was firmly fixed by a mass of congealed blood. On the careful removal of these bandages, there was discovered a deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The deceased wore light-colored pantaloons, boots with spurs, and on one of his fingers was a massive gold signet-ring. The ground round the spot where the body lay exhibited no trace of any struggle; but the prints of footsteps, partially obliterated, were perceptible. These marks were traced to a neighboring wood, and in the direction of an eminence which towered above the trees, and whose summit was crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Ottenberg—a place which the neighboring country people believed was haunted.

Whilst the doctor and others were engaged in examining the body, some of the rustic crowd mustered courage to trace the foot-prints, which apparently led to the ruined castle—their superstitious fears being doubtless lulled by the conviction that ghosts are not prone to wander in the bright sunshine of a July morning. One of the party was



soon seen running back to the chapel in breathless haste, announcing that the scene of the crime was discovered. The magistrate proceeded to the ruins of the castle, and what he saw left no room to doubt that the murder had actually been committed there. The floor of the spacious area (once the banqueting hall of the castle) was stained with blood. The walls, the table, and the seats, also presented similar stains. On the table were the remains of a repast, which had evidently been partaken of at no very distant date, for there were fragments of bread and fruit, and a broken bottle in which some wine still remained.

On further examination, deep prints of footsteps were perceived leading from the ruins of Ottenberg to the high road of Beking, in a direction quite opposite to that of the chapel. A little further on in the same track, was found a piece of red cloth; and on comparison it was ascertained to belong to the same shawl, a fragment of which had been used to staunch the wound of the victim. At the foot of a tree lay a lady's glove, nearly new, but stained with blood. Nothing more was discovered, and in the evening the body was interred in the village churchyard, after being throughout the day exposed to the public gaze.

On the following day, an innkeeper presented himself to the magistrate of the district. He had recognised in the murdered man a traveller who slept in his house on the night of the 15th of July, and who left early on the following morning. He knew neither the name nor the condition of the stranger; nor had he heard from whence he came, or whither he was going. The innkeeper observed that he had a gold watch and chain, a red morocco pocket-book, and a green silk purse; moreover, that he wore two rings, one of which he had recognised on the dead body.

An active inquiry was set on foot; but no circumstance of importance was brought to light, until about six weeks

afterwards. The police then ascertained that a gentleman named Von Bergfeldt, who had been residing for some time at Coblenz, had suddenly disappeared. He came from Frankfort, and to all appearance possessed plenty of money. He had made several excursions to various parts of the adjacent country, and his journeys had extended as far as the mountains of the Vosges. An old soldier, who had been his servant for a number of years, and also the proprietor of a house which he had hired, came to Muhlbach; both had a perfect recollection of the watch and the two rings remarked by the innkeeper; the servant positively affirmed that the boots found on the dead body belonged to his master.

Several months elapsed, and public interest, which had been powerfully excited by this mysterious event, was gradually subsiding, when a gentleman of rank, travelling to the waters of Podewil, happened to pass through Muhlbach. Hearing of the murder, he was struck by the name of the victim—Bergfeldt being the name of one of the most ancient and noble families in Silesia. He knew their armorial bearings, and he expressed a wish to see the signet-ring which had been found upon the body. The engraved coat-of-arms was identified with that of the Silesian Bergfeldts: viz., quarterly Sable and Azure, on a Chief Or, a Serpent between Two Bees.

The *Ober-Procurator* of Muhlbach lost no time in addressing a letter to the authorities of Breslau. An answer was speedily returned inclosing a letter signed Ferdinand von Bergfeldt, the writer of which described himself as being the second son of the old Baron Franz von Bergfeldt. He stated that his elder brother had, about two years previously, left home to make a tour in various parts of Europe, and that the family had received no intelligence of him for a very considerable time.

"Every circumstance," pursued the writer of the letter, "leads to the supposition, that the victim of the recent murder is no other than my unfortunate brother. Our family has the greatest interest in elucidating this mystery, inasmuch as our patrimonial estates are entailed on heirs male. My brother was married, but he had separated from his wife, by whom he had a daughter, who died in infancy. I shall set out forthwith for Muhlbach."

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt arrived at Muhlbach in December; he examined the effects of the deceased, and the documents relative to the examination of witnesses. It appeared evident, beyond doubt, that his brother had perished by the hand of a murderer; but, nevertheless, it was requisite he should be provided with an attested certificate of his death, before he could take possession of the inheritance which would devolve on him as next heir, at the decease of his then very aged father.

He engaged the assistance of the advocate Schelnitz, a lawyer of justly reputed intelligence and activity; and with him he proceeded to Coblentz. The mystery of the case, the important interests involved in it, and the rank of the family, all contributed to stimulate the zeal of Schelnitz, and he speedily brought to light certain facts which promised to lead to the detection of the criminal.

Ferdinand and the lawyer visited the house which had been occupied by Edward von Bergfeldt at Coblentz. Seals had been affixed to all the drawers, trunks, &c., and, on a careful examination of the effects, there was found in the pocket of a coat a note written in French. The address had been torn off, but the note was as follows:—

"I grant the interview on condition of its being the last. Your threats can never intimidate me. I defend myself with the arms



of virtue and honor. This is my last communication. Secret correspondence must not continue.

"O———."

"July 18th."

As soon as Ferdinand von Bergfeldt perused this note, he felt convinced that he was on the right track for the discovery of the murderer.

"It has been conjectured," observed he, "that robbery was the motive for taking my brother's life—no such thing! I feel assured that the fatal blow was struck by a female hand—the same hand to which the glove belongs, and the same hand which traced this note. Every one of our family are aware that my brother did not behave well to his wife; and that his conduct caused them to separate shortly after their marriage."

The active inquiry now set on foot brought to the knowledge of the magistrates various circumstances worthy of attention.

A country girl deposed that, whilst she was engaged in cutting wood in the neighborhood of the castle of Ottenberg, on the morning of the 16th of July, she had seen a gentleman in a hunting-dress walking with a lady. She described the lady to have worn a straw bonnet, a bright-colored dress, and to have carried a parasol.

The keeper of the baths at Podewil, near Muhlbach, furnished testimony somewhat more important. He stated that, about noon on the 16th of July, a lady elegantly attired, but pale and evidently suffering from fatigue, came to the door of the bathing establishment, and wanted some person to tie a bandage round her right hand, which she said she had accidentally cut. The wife of the bath-keeper washed and bandaged the wound. The cut was long, but not very deep, and appeared to have been inflicted with a knife. The lady requested to have a clean white handkerchief,

which was furnished to her; she left a ducat in payment, and went away hurriedly. An old man, dressed like a wood-cutter, had been observed waiting for her at some distance, and, the lady having joined him, they went away together. From the evidence of a person living near the baths, it appeared that, being at work behind a hedge, he had heard a short colloquy between the lady and her guide. The former was weeping and appeared greatly distressed. The old man said to her:—

“In the name of Heaven, madam, be calm! Tears cannot recall the dead to life—from me you have nothing to fear—I will be silent—silent as the grave!”

These witnesses described the lady to have had a light-colored parasol, a straw bonnet trimmed with flowers, and a green silk dress.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt now entertained no doubt that the investigation would speedily lead to a satisfactory result. In a letter, which he addressed to the magistrate of Muhl-bach, he said:—

“We shall soon unravel the truth. We have the glove, and it will not be long ere we have the hand. It is a right-hand glove, and, on turning it inside out, I have made a discovery which has heretofore escaped observation. In the inside is written a name, part of which is obliterated, the letters *Henr*—*F*—*ke*, being all that are legible.” But was this the name of the wearer or the maker? With the view of solving this question, the glove was transmitted to an experienced agent, who had orders to spare no exertions for the elucidation of the fact.

At this juncture an unexpected circumstance intervened. A festival day was at hand, and in preparation for it the chapel of St. Joseph was swept and cleaned. The box destined for receiving donations for the poor was opened; within it was found a green-silk purse, containing a consi-

derable sum in gold and silver, together with a slip of paper, on which were written the following words.—“Give the dead man Christian burial, and Heaven will reward you!” It will be recollected that the innkeeper had seen a green-silk purse in the hands of the stranger who had slept a night in his house. He was shown the purse found in the poor-box, and he identified it as the same.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand von Bergfeldt received letters from Silesia, acquainting him with his father's sudden death. He hurried home without delay. He was aware that, in the event of his brother Edward's death being proved, it would be necessary that he should go immediately to Berlin to obtain the requisite authority for entering into possession of his inheritance. In this matter he counted on the support of his sister-in-law; as the widow would be entitled to an annuity much more considerable than the sum she had received as alimony since her separation from her husband.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt was not on friendly terms with the family of his brother's wife. Some overtures for effecting reconciliation between the husband and wife had been obstinately opposed by the father of the lady, General Count Hildenrath. This circumstance in no slight degree wounded the pride of the Bergfeldts.

On the 28th of June, 1819, Ferdinand arrived in Berlin, and he lost no time in visiting General Hildenrath, by whom he was not received in a very cordial manner. Edward's widow, Charlotte von Bergfeldt, was from home. Whilst Ferdinand was relating to the general all that he had learned respecting his brother's death, a carriage stopped at the door, and in a few moments Charlotte entered the drawing-room. At sight of Ferdinand, who advanced to meet her with respectful interest, she turned deadly pale, staggered, and seemed on the point of falling, but as if by

a sudden effort recovering her self-possession, she courtesied and withdrew. Ferdinand was vexed at this behavior, which he regarded as an unequivocal sign of animosity, and after a little further conversation with the general, he took his leave.

He subsequently saw Charlotte several times, and though she did not seek to avoid him, yet she behaved with coolness and reserve. Though she had just ground of complaint against her husband, yet she rendered the due tribute of regret for his sudden and unfortunate death. About the end of August, Ferdinand received a letter from Schelnitz, which was in substance as follows :

"I have some particulars to communicate, which appear to me to be of the utmost importance, and to which I beg your earnest attention. In the first place, I have to inform you that we have found *the left-hand glove*. The name Heinrich Finacke is legibly written in the inside. It is supposed to be the name of the manufacturer, and we have taken measures for ascertaining this fact. The glove was discovered in the following manner :—In the course of his investigations, the police agent, who had possession of the right-hand glove, showed it to a milliner of Muhlbach named Mademoiselle Enkel. A lady named Raumer, who was a customer of the milliner, happened to see the glove, and examined it attentively. This lady knew that I was engaged in investigating the affair of the murder at Ottenberg. Three days afterwards, Mademoiselle Raumer called on me and presented to me *the left-hand glove*. This lady is an intimate friend of the family of the Protestant Pastor Gaeben. She related to me that, one day whilst she was visiting the daughters of that clergyman, a discussion arose on some point of dress, and one of the young ladies having opened a drawer to search for something, accidentally drew out a glove, which fell at the feet of Madame

Raumer. On picking it up, she perceived something written in the inside, and she mechanically read the name *Heinrich Finacke*.

"Where did you get this glove, my dear Caroline?" inquired Madame Raumer.

"From the *femme de chambre* of a lady who was here last summer from Berlin," was the reply.

"I lost no time," added Schelnitz, "in writing the Pastor Gaeben, and he called on me this morning, accompanied by his daughter Caroline. They were very uneasy lest the discovery of the glove, a circumstance in itself so trivial, should place them in an unpleasant position. I tried to dispel their apprehensions, and begged the young lady would tell me candidly how the glove came into her possession.

"She informed me that a young widow lady, Madame Weltheim, a resident of Berlin, had some time ago been on a visit to Baron Schonwald, at his castle near Muhlbach. Caroline, who was a good musician, frequently went to the castle to sing and accompany the lady on the pianoforte. When Madame Weltheim was about to leave the castle, Caroline assisted the *femme de chambre* to pack up. In a small box filled with ribbons, flowers, and other trifles, the glove was found. Being an odd one, the lady's-maid threw it on the ground as useless. Caroline, admiring the small size and elegant form of the glove, picked it up and said she would keep it as a memorial of Madame Weltheim. I am fully convinced," pursued Schelnitz, "that all the young lady has stated is true.

"You remember the letter written in French which was found among your brother's effects. Its signature was the letter C. Now I am informed that Madame Weltheim's *femme de chambre* was a French girl, and that her name was Cecile. You will, no doubt, be struck with this

coincidence. Cecile is described as tall and slender; Caroline Gaeben is, on the contrary, of short stature. All that I can learn of Madame Weltheim is, that she is a lady of good family, and moves in the best society of Berlin."

It is strange, thought Ferdinand, when he had finished reading the letter, that Schelnitz should attach so much importance to coincidences which seem to me the mere result of chance. He went out to call on Count Hildenrath, with the intention of communicating to him what he had learned. The count was from home, but the countess, who had just arrived from the country, received him with great kindness. She was full of curiosity respecting the murder, and pressed Ferdinand to inform her of all the particulars.

"Your brother was buried near the spot where his body was found, I believe," said the lady.

"Yes, madame, his ashes repose in the little village churchyard, not far from Muhlbach."

"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh! what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that. She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madame! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

"She was passing some time at the castle of Baron Schonwald, which is only a few leagues from Muhlbach. Don't you know Baron Schonwald? He is a very pleasant man, only so exceedingly fond of hunting. And the baroness—she is quite an oddity! In her youth she was one of the maids of honor to the Electress! There was no King of Saxony in those days. But everything is changed now; and, as I was observing a day or two ago to my friend Madame Schlichtegroll, I don't know what we have gained by all these changes!"

In this way the loquacious old lady gossiped for some

time, unheeded by Ferdinand, who was absorbed in profound reflection.

"How!" thought he to himself; "Charlotte so near the scene of the crime, and we not know it! She and her father have been silent on a fact of which they ought to have apprised me the very first moment I was in their company!"

He took leave of the countess, and returned in a very pensive mood to his hotel. He once more read the letter of Schelnitz, and pondered on every line of it. Another initial C. had now come to light. Was it the one they were in quest of? Could the accusatory glove belong to Charlotte? Had she assumed the character of a widow under the false name of Madame Weltheim? These and a thousand other perplexing thoughts and suspicions haunted the mind of Ferdinand throughout the night.

Next morning he again repaired to the hotel of Count Hildenrath. He found the countess and her daughter together in the drawing-room. The conversation naturally turned on the legal inquiries which were going on for the verification of his brother's death. Charlotte at first betrayed no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness.

"I believe, madam," said Ferdinand, "you are acquainted with the family of Baron Schonwald, who reside near Muhlbach?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with them," replied Madame von Bergfeldt.

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gaeben, who lives in the neighborhood of the castle?"

"He has several daughters."

"I mean the second daughter; Caroline, I think, is her name."

"Yes, I know her. She is a charming girl, and a great favorite of mine."

"I have just learned that she is implicated, in a very serious way, in the horrible affair which we are investigating. The police has discovered—"

"What? What has been discovered?" exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes staring wildly, and her cheeks turning pale. "Can it be possible? Poor Caroline! She is innocent—quite innocent! I will go immediately to Muhlbach—I must save her!"

She sank on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and, the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he. "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of starting, but in the course of the afternoon a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte, who wished to have a private conversation with him.

Madame Von Bergfeldt received her brother-in-law with the most perfect composure, though she had not entirely recovered from the emotion which had so suddenly overcome her in the morning. She was very desirous to know what was the charge against Caroline Gaeben, and what discovery had implicated her.

Ferdinand evaded these questions by observing that the letter he had received from Schelnitz was very vaguely expressed; and that, though he stated that serious suspicions hung over the pastor's daughter, he had not stated the circumstances on which they were grounded. Charlotte informed him that it was her intention immediately to set out for Muhlbach, where she could produce testimony to



prove the innocence of her young friend. Her mother was to accompany her ; the count, who was suffering from severe illness, being unable to undertake so long a journey. This plan entirely coincided with Ferdinand's wishes. Resorting to a pardonable dissimulation, he pretended that it was his purpose to return home to Silesia immediately. That same night, however, he left Berlin, and took the road to Muhlbach, with the view of reaching that place before the arrival of his sister-in-law.

On reaching his destination, the first thing he did was to call on Schelnitz, to whom he communicated all that had transpired at Berlin.

"I have a few additional particulars to relate to you," observed the lawyer ; "I have collected them from a domestic who recently quitted the service of Baron Schonwald. The 16th of July was a Saturday ; it was a festival day, and the Schonwald family went to Muhlbach. Madame Weltheim did not go with them, but she went thither in company with a lady (Madame Rosen) and her two daughters. The party reached Muhlbach in the morning, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon Madame Weltheim left her friends, and did not rejoin them again till evening. Now," observed Schelnitz, "it would be very important to ascertain where she went and how she was employed during this interval of absence. The Schonwalds and the Rosens might possibly furnish information on that point, I therefore advise you to see them. Madame Rosen wishes to dispose of her estate. You may present yourself as a purchaser. By that means you may be sure of a favorable reception. Draw the ladies into conversation, and try to learn from them all that took place on the 16th of July."

Ferdinand followed this advice. He learned from Madame Rosen that, whilst the ladies were breakfasting at Muhlbach, a country girl brought a letter for Madame

Weltheim. She stated it to be from a very old friend, a Madame Treskoff, who resided in Muhlbach, and who wished particularly to see her. Madame Weltheim hastily put on her bonnet, and departed, followed by the girl. It was night, and candles were lighted when she returned. She seemed agitated, and the redness of her eyes denoted that she had been weeping. The ladies anxiously inquired the cause of her trouble, and she replied that her feelings had been deeply moved by finding her friend, Madame Treskoff, in great distress.

Continuing his interrogatories, Ferdinand was further informed, that though Madame Weltheim frequently wore a green silk dress, yet it was not positively remembered whether she wore it on the 16th of July.

"She was much agitated on her return," observed one of the ladies, "and she had *only one glove on*. (These words made Ferdinand almost leap from his chair.) This struck me as very remarkable, as she was always most precise in the details of her dress. I remarked to her that she had only one glove, to which she replied, 'Ah ! I was not aware of it. I suppose I must have dropped it at my friend's !' "

Ferdinand had thus learned more than he expected. Taking a hurried leave of Madame Rosen and her daughters, he went immediately to Schelnitz. The latter was of opinion that nothing now remained to be done but to denounce Charlotte von Bergfeldt as the murderess of her husband. He inquired in Muhlbach and its neighborhood whether a lady named Treskoff had lived there in the month of July. Her name was unknown to any one.

"There can be no doubt," said Schelnitz, "that Charlotte von Bergfeldt struck the fatal blow. It is useless to endeavor to sound the motives for a crime which Providence has miraculously disclosed by an unparalleled chain of con-

curring circumstances. She may have been prompted by jealousy—by hatred of a husband whose conduct it would appear was not free from blame—or by cupidity; for, on the death of Edward von Bergfeldt, his widow, by the terms of the marriage settlement, is to possess a considerable portion of the revenues derived from the estates. But, whatever may have been the motive for the crime, Charlotte von Bergfeldt is certainly guilty.”

The minutes of the evidence for the prosecution were drawn up in due form, and laid before the *Ober-Procurator* of Coblenz. Meanwhile Madame von Bergfeldt, accompanied by her mother, arrived there. Full of anxiety to know what proceedings had been taken against Caroline Gaeben, she called on Schelnitz, whose name and address she had learned from Ferdinand. Schelnitz referred her for information to the *Ober-Procurator*, to whom he immediately conducted her.

“Madam,” said the magistrate, addressing her, “your brother-in-law has charged Caroline Gaeben with being implicated in the murder of your husband. He assures me that he can produce satisfactory proofs of her guilt; but he has not stated to me what those proofs are. I understand that you have come here for the purpose of removing the suspicions which hang over that young lady.”

“I have, sir; but I cannot conceive how suspicion can possibly attach to Mademoiselle Gaeben. She did not know my husband. She never even saw him?”

“How can you be certain of that, madam? You cannot know whom your husband may have seen during your separation from him. How long is it since you yourself saw him?”

Charlotte felt that she was approaching dangerous ground.

“The will of my parents,” said she, “prohibited all

communication between me and the Baron von Bergfeldt after our separation ; I do not consider it necessary to enter upon any further explanation on that painful subject."

Resolved, if possible, to elicit something decided, the magistrate, fixing his eyes sternly on her, inquired whether she had not visited Muhlbach on the 16th of July in the preceding year.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I think I was there on that day."

"How did you employ your time during the morning?"

Charlotte was silent, and a livid paleness overspread her countenance.

"Madame Rosen and her daughters," pursued the magistrate, "have declared that you parted from them at an early hour, and that you did not rejoin them until evening."

"I cannot understand," said Charlotte, in a faltering tone of voice, "why those ladies have been examined; nor can I guess to what all these inquiries tend."

"Permit me to observe, madam, that you have not answered the question I just now put to you, and that an answer is necessary for your justification."

"For my justification! Then it appears I am accused! I now understand the meaning of this captious interrogatory. I will not condescend to enter upon explanation. That would be beneath me. I will remain silent. Henceforth my lips are sealed on this subject. No power on earth shall draw a word from me. Now, sir, do whatever your duty may dictate! You know my determination."

The magistrate found himself obliged to sign an order for the imprisonment of Madame von Bergfeldt. Next day she was confronted with the keeper of the baths at Podewil and his wife. Both unhesitatingly recognised her to be the lady who, on the 16th of July, had presented

herself at the door of their establishment. Her right hand was examined, and across the palm there was a mark which might have been caused by a cut; but the scar was so slight as to render this circumstance a matter of doubt.

An order was forwarded to Berlin for putting under seal all the papers and effects belonging to Madame von-Bergfeldt. They were previously examined in the presence of a magistrate. Among the papers nothing of importance was found, but in a jewel casket there was discovered a gold watch, which the accused lady had presented to her husband on his marriage, and a ring which Edward had been in the habit of wearing. How did these objects come into Charlotte's possession? Had her husband returned them to her at the time of their separation? These questions could be answered only by conjecture.

All this mass of evidence having been submitted to the consideration of the judges, the officers of police were directed to seek out three persons whose testimony appeared to be important. These were the old woodcutter, who accompanied the lady when she called at the baths of Podewil, Cecile, the French *femme de chambre*, and the country girl who had conveyed the letter to Madame von Bergfeldt (under the name of Madame Weltheim) at Muhlbach. The woodcutter was nowhere to be found. As to Cecile, she had quitted her mistress's service on her return to Berlin, and was now married. In countenance and figure she was totally different from her mistress. No suspicion attached to her, and she could furnish no information calculated to throw light on the subject of inquiry. The girl who brought the letter to Madame von Bergfeldt was traced out, and she stated that, in 1818, she was in the service of Madame Wunderlich at Muhlbach. She recollected that some time in the month of July a gentleman called on her mistress, who then desired her to take a

letter to a lady, whose name she had forgotten. After reading the letter, the lady went with her to Madame Wunderlich's. The girl described the gentleman to be tall and thin, with dark moustaches. He wore a green hunting coat, light-colored pantaloons, and boots with spurs. This description corresponded with the appearance and dress of Edward von Bergfeldt.

These examinations being terminated, the case was deemed to be sufficiently established to warrant an order for the trial of the accused before the criminal court of Coblenz.

On the day fixed for the trial, an immense crowd thronged every avenue leading to the court. Madame von Bergfeldt was conducted into the presence of the judges. She was dressed in deep mourning, looked very pale, and, though evidently deeply affected, she was still struggling to repress her emotion.

The witnesses, forty-three in number, were examined. Their testimony confirmed all the particulars already narrated, and though no new facts were disclosed, yet the interest excited by the trial continued to increase. At the close of the examinations the advocate for the accused entered upon her defence. He delivered a long and eloquent address, in the course of which he ingeniously set forth every argument that could turn to the advantage of the prisoner. He dwelt earnestly on the fact of there being no positive proof that the body found on the steps of St. Joseph's Chapel was the body of Edward von Bergfeldt. Referring to the annals of criminal jurisprudence, he adduced the cases of several persons who had on circumstantial evidence been condemned and executed for murder, and whose presumed victims were subsequently discovered to be living. He concluded by expressing regret that the accused had determined to remain silent under the charge brought against her, and

to withhold all explanation respecting the events of the fatal day; but, unaccountable as that determination was, he observed, that it ought not to be regarded as an evidence of guilt.

The advocate had just closed his address, when a messenger hastily entered the court, and presented a billet to the president, which the latter read aloud. It contained the following words:

"I entreat to be heard immediately. I can prove the innocence of the accused!"

"Let the person be brought into court," said the president.

The utmost curiosity and agitation now prevailed, and several voices were heard to exclaim, "Doubtless it is Edward von Bergfeldt!"

The unexpected witness presently appeared. He was a man of tall stature and of military bearing. As soon as Charlotte beheld him she uttered a piercing shriek. Having, not without some difficulty, made his way through the crowd, the stranger at length stood before the judges.

"My name," said he, "is George von Rothkirch, and I am an officer in the 3d Dragoons. That lady, whose innocence I am enabled to prove, is bound by an oath which compels her to remain silent. I beg permission to address a few words to her, and afterwards I will satisfactorily explain the mysterious event which occupies the attention of this assembly."

The president consulted the court, and the stranger was permitted to speak to the prisoner.

"Madam," said he, "death has broken the bond by which you believed yourself to be bound. Your father is no more. He died invoking blessings on you, and in ignorance of the dreadful position in which you are placed. Permit me now to reveal the truth."

Charlotte replied by a look of gratitude and a flood of tears, and George von Rothkirch spoke as follows :

“ Being in garrison at Coblenz in 1818, I met Edward von Bergfeldt, with whom I had formerly been acquainted. He then appeared ill and low-spirited, weary of life, and dissatisfied with himself. He spoke to me unreservedly of the differences between himself and his wife, acknowledged that he had not behaved well, but wished for reconciliation. I visited the family of Baron Schonwald, at whose house I met a lady, who was introduced to me as Madame Weltheim. I was charmed with her beauty and intelligence, and frequently spoke of her to Edward. He wished to see the lady whom I so highly extolled ; but I could not prevail on him to accompany me to Baron Schonwald’s. At length I had an opportunity of pointing out Madame Weltheim to him on a public promenade.

“ ‘ My dear Rothkirch,’ he exclaimed, ‘ she is my wife !’

“ He insisted on my conveying to her a proposal for reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt at first refused to listen to it, alleging that her parents would never forgive her if she saw or corresponded with her husband ; at length, however, I succeeded in shaking her determination, and she consented to grant him an interview.

“ It was arranged that, on a certain day, when she was to go to Muhlbach with some friends, an imaginary person, to whom we gave the name of Madame Treskoff, should send a message requesting to see her. She was then to join me at the residence of a lady in Muhlbach, and I was to conduct her to the castle of Ottenberg, where her husband had promised to be in waiting for her.

“ On meeting her husband, Madame Bergfeldt was evidently agitated by painful emotions, which she vainly struggled to repress. Edward, on his part, was exceedingly gay and animated ; he had brought with him a woodcutter, who



carried a hamper furnished with a *déjeuner*. The husband broached the subject of reconciliation, which the wife endeavored to evade on the ground of the objections of her parents. The dialogue became warm, and reproaches were mutually interchanged. Edward complained of the heat, which was indeed excessive, and he frequently had recourse to the wine, of which he drank very freely. I observed that he was becoming greatly excited, and even went so far as to utter threats of vengeance, if his wife did not accede to his offers of reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt wished to depart, but he seized her by the arm and detained her.

"‘Ah!’ he exclaimed, ‘would you doom me again to the miserable life I have suffered for some years past; sooner will I end my days—’ and seizing a knife from the table, he made a motion as if intending to stab himself.

"‘Edward,’ said I, ‘why terrify your wife by acting this farce?’

"‘Farce!’ resumed he, in a tone of furious anger, ‘do you suppose I fear death?’

"By a movement more rapid than thought, he plunged the knife into his heart. He fell at my feet deluged in blood, and Charlotte fainted.

"The woodcutter, who had been sitting at some distance off, now ran to us. Edward was a lifeless corpse. With some difficulty we recovered Madame von Bergfeldt, who in this terrible crisis evinced great energy and feeling. It was long before we could prevail on her to abandon the lifeless remains of her husband, for whom she was most anxious to secure a fitting burial. The woodcutter suggested the idea of placing the body on the steps of the chapel, where, he said, it was sure to be speedily discovered. We removed some of the clothing, being desirous of creating the suspicion of murder rather than of suicide. Charlotte wished to have her husband's watch and ring which he

wore; he had a second ring, but we found we could not remove it without mutilating the finger. We bandaged the wound, in order to stop the effusion of blood, and then withdrew. Madame von Bergfeldt cut her hand slightly in her endeavor to snatch the knife from Edward; she was dreadfully agitated by the horrible scene, and reproached herself for having caused the catastrophe by violating her father's injunctions.

"But," said she, 'he shall never know what has happened—it would break his heart. Whatever may be the result—even though I should die on the scaffold—so long as my father lives, I will bury the knowledge of this sad event in inviolable silence!'

"She made me and the woodcutter take a solemn oath never to divulge what we had witnessed.

"Shortly after this event, my regiment was removed from Coblenz to a distant garrison. I heard nothing of Madame von Bergfeldt, and I dared not write to her. A short time ago, I retired from the army, with the intention of proceeding to the United States, where my brother has long resided. Passing through the Rhenish Provinces, on my way to the port at which I proposed to embark, I heard of this trial—the whole truth instantly flashed across my mind, and I at once understood the chain of mysterious circumstances which had fixed suspicion on Charlotte von Bergfeldt. I hastened to Baron Schonwald, who related to me all he knew of the case, and showed me a letter which he had received only a day or two ago, announcing the death of Count Hildenrath. There was not a moment to be lost, and I hurried hither. Death has released me from my oath, and will, I trust, induce Madame von Bergfeldt to break the silence she imposed on herself."

He gave the name and dwelling-place of the woodcutter, who, being found, confirmed the accuracy of his state-

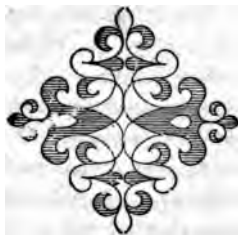
ment. The court then immediately pronounced the **ACQUITTAL** of Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

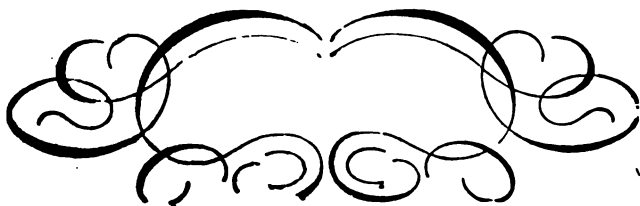
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A gentleman who happened to be present at this extraordinary trial above described, was, in the month of August, 1820, a temporary resident at the Hotel d'Angleterre at Havre. One day, as he was passing down the staircase of the hotel, he met a lady whom he immediately recognised to be Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

"Who is that lady?" inquired he of one of the waiters, whom he saw in the hall.

"She is a German lady," was the answer; "her name is Madame von Rothkirch: she and her husband arrived the day before yesterday, and they are to sail to-morrow for New York."





## Nicholas Dunks; or, Fried Mackerel for Dinner.

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“If I were to say what I should really like to have for dinner,” replied Nicholas, in answer to his wife’s question upon the subject, “it would be fried mackerel,” smacking his lips as he spoke.

“Then that’s just what you won’t have,” said Mrs. Dunks, as sharp as a north-east wind.

“Humph!” quoth Nicholas.

“Aye! and humph again!” responded his better half. “I’ve other fish to fry to-day, that I can tell you.”

“Then why did you ask me?” said Nicholas.

“Because I was a fool. I might have known you would be sure to give all the trouble you can on washing-day.”

“Humph!” quoth Nicholas again, as he took his hat off the nail, brushed it with the cuff of his coat, and clapped it on his head with the air of a man determined to have his own way.

"Where are you going now?" said Mrs. Dunks.

"To get a fried mackerel for dinner," replied Nicholas, marching out of the room, erect of body and resolute of soul.

Nicholas was right. A man is no man who cannot have a fried mackerel when he has set his heart upon it; and more especially when he has money in his pocket to pay for it. Nicholas Dunks was a tailor—a circumstance which makes the assertion of his prerogative in the way we have seen the more remarkable; except that tailors are proverbial for their love of good living. He was forty: his wife forty-two. He a peaceable man—she a cantankerous little body; he sober and industrious—she generally inclined to tittle, and always inclined to be idle. He, first lord of the treasury—she, one of the tellers of the exchequer, if ever he went to bed without first counting his money. They had been married six weeks—only six weeks—no more; but (oh! shame to wedded life!) this was, at least, the sixteenth time Nicholas had found it necessary to put on his hat and walk abroad in search of domestic bliss.

On the present occasion, however, he first went in search of his mackerel, and then in search of the *Blue Posts*, a house of call for his tribe, where he meditated having it fried. Mrs. Dunks, as soon as the door closed, flounced into the back kitchen, muttering unheard-of vengeance when he came home, and began her dab wash. Miserable woman! she little dreamt of all the disastrous consequences of refusing to fry his mackerel. But we must not anticipate.

The tap-room clock had just struck two as Nicholas sat down to one of the finest mackerel he had ever clapped eyes on, and fried to perfection. By the side of it stood a foaming tankard of porter, inviting his lips to taste the re-

freshing draught. He yielded to the soft persuasion, and saw the bottom of the pot before he put it down again.

"That's the way to spoil your fish, sir," said a ruddy-faced man with a merry twinkling eye, who was seated at an opposite table.

"I don't think so," replied Nicholas. "It will have something to swim in."

"Are you fond of mackerel?"

"Very!" responded Nicholas, handling his knife and fork, and preparing to cut the one before him into two equal parts.

"Then take my advice, and begin at the tail; or as sure as my name's Jenkins, you'll wish you had."

Nicholas paused. It was very odd, he thought, what could make Mr. Jenkins trouble himself about his mackerel; and, for his part, he had never heard before of beginning at the tail. However, as there might be something in it, he prepared to cut off the tail.

"Not that way!" exclaimed Jenkins, starting up.

By this time the mackerel was getting cold, and Nicholas hot. He looked at Mr. Jenkins as if he would thank him to mind his own business, and let him eat his mackerel as he liked.

"Not that way," repeated Jenkins; "don't cut the tail off, but slide your knife under, and pass it up gently to the head."

"Oh!" said Nicholas, doing as he was directed, still thinking there might be some reason for it.

"Now," continued Jenkins, seeing him about to begin, "before you proceed further, let me give you a second piece of advice."

"What's that?" quoth Nicholas.

"Another time don't let anybody persuade you, that

you don't know how to eat a mackerel. That's all. Go on, sir, and I wish you a good appetite."

Nicholas laid down his knife and fork; and staring fiercely at Mr. Jenkins, he exclaimed, "For half a farthing I'd make you eat it, and begin with the head instead of the tail, you trumpery fellow. Mind your own business, will you?"

"I am minding it," answered Mr. Jenkins, with provoking coolness.

"No, you are not; you are interfering with me; and, if you don't take care, I'll soon let you know that you had better leave me alone."

"My business," said Jenkins, laughing as he spoke, "is to amuse myself with the simpletoms of this world, by making them fall out with themselves. Pray, go on with your dinner."

"No, I won't," answered Nicholas, "till I have given you a bit of advice, in return for that which you have just given me." At these words he rose from his seat, crossed the room towards where Jenkins was sitting, and standing opposite to him, said, "My advice, Mr. Jenkins, is this, that you make yourself scarce. Vanish, Mr. Jenkins, or I'll knock that jolter-head of yours against the wall till it shall ache again."

"Try," said Jenkins, keeping his seat.

Nicholas turned up his cuffs and drew nearer. Mr. Jenkins laughed.

"Take that!" exclaimed Nicholas, aiming a desperate blow at his face. Mr. Jenkins ducked his head, Nicholas knocked the skin off his knuckles against the wall.

A scuffle ensued. Jenkins seized hold of Nicholas by the collar. Nicholas twined his arms round Jenkins to put him out of the room. They hauled and tugged at each other for several minutes; at last they both rolled upon

the floor, upsetting the table on which was placed Nicholas's dinner; and now mackerel, bread, porter, melted butter, vinegar, mustard, plates and dishes, lay around them, "confusion worse confounded."

The landlord of the *Blue Posts* made his appearance and separated the combatants.

"What does all this mean?" said he; "you have been at your tricks again, I suppose," he continued, addressing Jenkins, who laughed immoderately as he surveyed the wreck of eatables strewn upon the sanded floor.

"His tricks!" exclaimed Nicholas, examining his wounded knuckles, and panting for breath. "I have not done with him yet. My dinner is spoiled, and he shall pay for it before he leaves the room."

"To be sure, I will," answered Jenkins, still laughing, "and, more than that, you shall go home and dine with me off something better than fried mackerel."

"Who are you?" inquired Nicholas doubtingly, his ire evidently giving way under the double prospect of a spoiled dinner paid for, and a good one promised.

"You shall know by night-cap time," answered Jenkins.

The landlord, meanwhile, had placed the table on its legs again, gathered up the broken crockery, &c., and was about to retire, when Jenkins told him to score the damage to his account, and give him change for a five-pound note.

"Here's for your wounds," said Jenkins, counting the change, and tossing a half-sovereign to Nicholas; "and here's to your baulked appetite," he continued, tossing him another.

"You're a queer un," observed Nicholas, looking at the two half-sovereigns, and then at the donor, with a ludicrous mixture of surprise and joy, amazingly puzzled to make out what it all meant.

"So everybody says," replied Jenkins, putting the rest



of the change into his pocket, and motioning Nicholas to do the like by the two half-sovereigns that lay before him.

"Oh, I've no objection, of course!" said Nicholas, and picked up the money as if he expected it would burn his fingers, examining it also as though he thought it must be counterfeit. "Well, if this isn't a go, I don't know what is!" he added, when he saw they were gold; and with a chuckle, conveyed them to his waistcoat pocket.

"And now, suppose we go," rejoined Mr. Jenkins, rising.

"With all my heart," responded Nicholas, and he followed him out of the room, wondering what was to come next.

They gained the street. Pursuing their walk in profound silence till they reached the Strand, Mr. Jenkins suddenly addressed Nicholas. "That's a monstrous shabby hat of yours," said he.

"It is," quoth Nicholas; "but it's my best and worst."

"Step into that shop, and fit yourself with a better," replied Mr. Jenkins, pointing to a hatter's across the road. "Here's money to pay for it, and I'll wait here till you return." He gave him, as he spoke, a five-pound note.

"Sure—ly he's mad!" said Nicholas, as he entered the hatter's shop.

The purchase was soon made, and Nicholas, rejoining his companion, gave him the change—L.3, 15s.

"That will do," said he, surveying Nicholas, as he put the change into his pocket without counting it. "Aye, now you look a little better; but I can't take you home in those clothes, my friend; I must rig you out in a new suit at one of the ready-made warehouses in Holywell street."

So saying, they made for Holywell street, and, as they went along, Mr. Jenkins put another note into his hand. "That's a ten," said he; "you'll get coat, waistcoat, and

trowsers, with a pair of Wellingtons, for about five or six pounds; and then we'll to dinner."

Arrived at the corner, Mr. Jenkins told him to go into the first shop he came to, equip himself, and return.

"This never *can* be earnest!" exclaimed Nicholas, once more alone; "but *what* the joke is, curse me if I can fathom."

Nicholas had a conscience, though a tailor. He not only selected a cheap suit, but gave Mr. Jenkins the benefit of his professional knowledge, beating down the price upon the plea of such bad workmanship as none but a tailor could have discerned. This occupied some time. When he returned to where he had left Mr. Jenkins, he was gone.

He stood for some moments looking about in every direction, and was upon the point of quitting his post, to return to the *Blue Posts*, in order that he might learn who Mr. Jenkins was and where he lived, when a ragged, dirty boy came running towards him.

"Do you want Mr. Jenkins?" said he.

"Yes."

"He's waiting for you at Temple Bar. He gived me this (holding up a shilling) to come and tell you. He said I should see a gentleman with a bundle under his arm, looking as if he had lost something."

"Lost something!" repeated Nicholas, as he turned in the direction of Temple Bar. "Found something, I think!" and then he laughed at the idea of being called a gentleman! "though for the matter of that," he added, surveying himself as he spoke, "if fine feathers make fine birds, I'm an outside gentleman at any rate."

Thus soliloquizing, he reached Temple Bar, where he found Mr. Jenkins talking with a shabby-looking man dressed in a drab greatcoat, long leather gaiters, his hat

slouched over his face, and a huge cudgel in his hand for a walking-stick. As Nicholas drew near, they separated, but not before the stranger had fixed his eyes upon Nicholas with such a strange, scrutinizing expression, that he shrank involuntarily from their gaze.

"You were a long time *suiting* yourself," said Mr. Jenkins, laying an emphasis upon the word "suiting," as if he meant to make a pun.

"I was driving a hard bargain," replied Nicholas—"as hard a one as if it had been my own money, for I hate to be imposed upon. I got the whole for £3, 19s. 6d., after a long haggle about the odd sixpence."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Jenkins, receiving the difference from Nicholas as he spoke, "you have done both yourself and me justice, I must say. You'll do now," he added, looking at him from head to foot, "all except your hands. You must get a pair of gloves."

They walked down Fleet street, and the first hosier's they came to, Mr. Jenkins, pulling out another five-pound note, gave it to Nicholas, with directions to go in and buy a pair.

"Hadn't you better give me silver?" said Nicholas. "Perhaps they won't have change."

"Perhaps you'll try," replied Mr. Jenkins, as he walked on in the direction to Bridge street.

"Well," exclaimed Nicholas, as he left the shop, "if this is to be the go, sure—*ly* he'll buy me a shirt."

Nicholas was mistaken. Mr. Jenkins seemed now to be quite satisfied, and proceeding eastward till they reached the neighborhood of Whitechapel, he turned into a narrow court, containing about a dozen houses. Before the largest of these he stopped, and, taking a key from his pocket, opened the door.

"I hope dinner is ready," said he.

This was the first word he had spoken all the way from Bridge street.

"I hope so, too," replied Nicholas, gaily, "for I'm as hungry as a wolf."

They entered a dark passage, Mr. Jenkins closing and locking the door after him.

"This way," said he, ascending a flight of stairs which Nicholas could only dimly descry, and up which he stumbled more than once in following his guide.

Arrived on the first landing, Mr. Jenkins unlocked the door of a rather spacious apartment, the furniture of which was remarkable for its unostentatious character, consisting chiefly of one large deal table, that occupied the centre of the room, and four or five wooden chairs. In the corner near the fire-place that had no grate, stood a massive piece of furniture, with numerous drawers, on the top of which lay sundry curiously shaped implements.

"I hope dinner is ready," repeated Mr. Jenkins, as he walked up to the massive piece of furniture above described; and, unlocking one of the drawers, deposited in it something which he took from his pockets. "By-the-by," he continued, still emptying his pockets of their contents, with his back towards Nicholas, "I never once thought to ask you your name."

"Nicholas Dunks."

"Nicholas Dunks, eh? A queer name that. And of what trade or calling?"

"A tailor."

"A tailor, eh? And where do you live?"

"In Maiden Lane, Covent Garden."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"No."

"Married and no children ! Very strange !"

"Not at all ; there hasn't been time. I only went to church last Sunday was six weeks."

"Nicholas Dunks—tailor—of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden—married—no family—aged ?"—

"Forty."

"Aged forty. That's your description, eh ?" turning round, and surveying Nicholas as he spoke.

"You may add, if you like, and very hungry," said Nicholas, forcing a laugh rather than laughing ; for he began to feel queer at these interrogatories, and the appearance of things in general.

"Good," ejaculated Mr. Jenkins, joining in the laugh ; "good—I hope dinner is ready."

"That's the third time of asking," rejoined Nicholas, "so it ought to be."

"A wag, too," exclaimed Mr. Jenkins.

There was a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," said Jenkins.

The door opened, and a withered old woman, in tattered garments, begrimed with dirt, appeared. Putting her "choppy finger upon her skinny lips," by which, as it seemed, her errand was conveyed, she waited silently for orders.

"Very well," said Jenkins, "we'll come directly."

The ancient sybil withdrew, leering curiously at Nicholas.

"Now, Dunks," he continued, "let us go to dinner. I'm sure you *must* be hungry."

"That am I," quoth Nicholas, rising to follow his host.

They descended to the ground floor, crossed a dark narrow passage, ascended another flight of stairs, and entered a small, comfortable-looking room, from which daylight was excluded, its absence being supplied by an

argand lamp suspended from the ceiling. Upon a table in the middle of the room dinner was spread, consisting of several dishes, whose savory odor would have whetted a duller appetite than was Nicholas's at that moment.

"Take your seat, Dunks," said Mr. Jenkins, pointing to a chair at the bottom of a table. "Remove the covers, Richard," he continued, addressing a man-servant who stood behind him.

The dish opposite Nicholas being uncovered, disclosed a delicious fried mackerel.

"There, Dunks," said Mr. Jenkins, laughing, "when I promised you should dine off something better than a fried mackerel, I did not mean you should go without one."

"Am I to begin at the tail?" inquired Nicholas, waxing jooose at the sight of his favorite dish.

"As you like, *here*," replied Jenkins; "but, as long as you live, you'll never forget the fried mackerel at the *Blue Posts*, I guess."

At that moment, Nicholas, raising his eyes, met those of Richard, who was handing him some bread. He started. Where had he seen that indescribable look before? A moment's reflection told him. It was at Temple Bar—the man with whom Jenkins was conversing. But this could not be he: the dress—the figure—were different: the expression of the eye alone was the same. It was odd, he thought, that two men should possess such a remarkable, such a peculiar, such a *very* peculiar look, and that he should have met with them both in one day. The matter thus settled to his satisfaction, he ate his mackerel: yet ever and anon stealing a glance at Richard, and never doing so without finding his eyes fixed upon him.

Dinner over, the cloth was withdrawn, and Jenkins and Nicholas set to, *tête-à-tête*, over a bottle of port. The wine was really good, but Nicholas thought it superlatively so.

They drank, and laughed, and chatted, and grew as cosy as if they had known each other for years. Jenkins told droll stories, sang droll songs, and pushed the bottle backwards and forwards like a liberal host; so that, what with laughing, talking, and drinking, Nicholas began to see double, just as the door opened, and a gentleman, fashionably dressed, wearing green spectacles, entered the room.

"Ah! Franklin, is that you?" exclaimed Jenkins, jumping up, and shaking him cordially by the hand—"well, now, I consider this very kind indeed, to give me the pleasure of your company so soon after your return to London. Sit down; we'll have clean glasses and another bottle. I beg pardon—I forgot to introduce my friend; Mr. Dunks, Mr. Franklin."

Nicholas rose from his chair with that balanced stateliness which men are wont to assume when they feel a difficulty in preserving their centre of gravity, and making a profound bow, sat down again. Mr. Franklin returned the salutation with less formality, but equal politeness.

"Well, and how are the ladies, Mrs. Franklin, and that pretty daughter of yours?" inquired Jenkins, as he filled his glass from a fresh bottle. "I hope you found them quite well on your return."

"Quite," replied Mr. Franklin; "they will be here presently to answer for themselves."

Ladies coming, thought Nicholas; and one of them "that pretty daughter!"—what should he do? He could get on pretty well with men; but the idea of having to converse with ladies daunted him. He wished he could find an excuse to slip away, and go home to Mrs. Dunks. The wine had made him uxorious, and clean obliterated her refusal to fry a mackerel for his dinner. If wives knew all, they would never quarrel with their husbands for taking a

*little wine.* It makes them so good-natured, and as pliable as an old glove.

While ruminating upon these matters he happened to look at Mr. Franklin. At the same moment, Mr. Franklin happened to look at him over his green spectacles; and Nicholas saw two eyes, which he had seen twice before that day—the first time at Temple Bar; the second while they were at dinner. He could not be mistaken. The eyes were the same; but he could trace no other resemblance. Mr. Franklin was as unlike Richard as Richard was unlike the shabby-looking man in the drab coat, long leather gaiters, and slouched hat. Why, he could not tell; but there was something about these mysterious eyes which made him feel queer. “Beware!” was in every glance; a mingled expression of cunning and ferocity, which seemed to say, “I am setting a trap, and eager to pounce upon the prey.”

It is wonderful what some men will do under the generous influence of the grape. Nicholas suddenly took it into his head that he should like to see Richard in the room along with Mr. Franklin, in order to compare their eyes; so, stretching out his legs in a free and easy manner, and admiring his new Wellingtons, he said, “Jenkins, I wish you would let your man-servant call a coach for me. It’s getting late, I’m afraid, and Mrs. Dunks will be alarmed.”

“Do you think so?” replied Jenkins, “then I’ll ring the bell; but we must finish this bottle before we separate.”

Jenkins rang the bell; and, filling his own glass to the brim, called for bumpers, as he had a toast to give. When Nicholas and Mr. Franklin were ready, Jenkins proposed the health of Mrs. Dunks—“a lady,” said he, “whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, but hope to do so before long.”

The toast having been “duly honored,” as the gentle-



men of the press say, Nicholas rose to acknowledge it, which he did in a few expressive words.

He sat down and turned his eyes towards the door to watch for the entrance of Richard.

"I see you are anxious to be gone," said Jenkins; "where can that fellow be?" and he rang the bell again with great violence.

Presently it was answered, not by Richard, but the withered harridan who had announced dinner.

"I want Richard," said Jenkins; "what's the reason he does not answer the bell?"

The shrivelled hag said nothing, but leered significantly at her master. "Bid him fetch a coach for Mr. Dunks," he continued; "and—do you hear?—send up coffee directly."

"Well," thought Nicholas to himself, "if this a'n't going it strong, I don't know what is. 'Mister Dunks'—and 'fetch a coach for Mr. Dunks;' and 'bring up coffee!' Mrs. Dunks won't believe a word of it, I know."

"Are you related to the Dunkses of Staffordshire?" said Mr. Franklin, addressing Nicholas.

"I rather think I am," he replied; "for my father came out of Yorkshire and settled in London; so did my mother, and I know *she* was a Cornish woman."

"The Dunkses of Staffordshire are a very ancient family, I believe," observed Jenkins.

"Very," replied Mr. Franklin; "they came in with William the Conqueror."

"I've often heard my father talk of him," said Nicholas; "but I don't know whether they came to London together."

By this time Nicholas scarcely knew anything. The wine had steeped his senses in forgetfulness, and he began to roll about in his chair as if his stomach was not comfort-

able. Coffee was brought in. He took one cup ; and a few minutes after fell fast asleep, while muttering something about " Richard—a long while gone—to coach—and what would Mrs. Dunks think ? "

And what *did* Mrs. Dunks think when eleven o'clock came, and twelve o'clock, and no Nicholas ? What would any wife think, whose husband had gone out as Nicholas went out, and had stayed out as he was staying out ? Why, of nothing but what she would say to him when he *did* come home.

The matrimonial philippic had been rehearsed over and over again, from the exclamatory exordium—" So, you've made your appearance at last !"—to the imperative peroration—" and now please come to bed," until she had the whole of it so pat, that she grew every moment more and more impatient to be delivered of it.

Alas ! that moment *never* came ! The night passed away—the following day—the ensuing week—months—years—and the disconsolate Mrs. Dunks sought, in vain, tidings of her lost husband. Then it was, that in the anguish of her bereaved heart she would often exclaim—" Oh, that I had fried his mackerel for him ! "

" Isn't it very remarkable," she would frequently say to her friends, " what *can* have happened to my poor dear Nicholas ? A kinder husband never existed ; and he doated upon me, which makes me feel certain he must have dropped down dead where nobody saw him, or else went to bathe in the Thames and was drowned ; but I wish I knew the fact, because then"—and then she would stop suddenly, and begin to talk of the difficulty of an unprotected widow woman getting through the world.

Fourteen years and upwards she had passed in this state of cruel suspense, still living in the same house, and " getting through the world " by hook or by crook, so as

always to have a tolerably comfortable home; when one day, during the mackerel season, she was summoned to the street door by a loud knock, which, to use her own words, "almost made her jump out of her skin." She opened it, and—

"Will you let me have a fried mackerel for dinner?" quoth Nicholas!

Mrs. Dunks screamed. She would have swooned too, but she had not time to do that, and ran into the back parlor to tell Mr. Sowerby to run out of the back door, and make his escape over the back wash-house.

Mr. Sowerby was a journeyman glazier, who had called that very morning to settle finally about his union with Mrs. Dunks.

Mrs. Dunks, the moment she saw him safe on the other side of the wash-house, went into strong hysterics, and Nicholas sprinkled her face with cold water, while tears of joy ran down his cheeks, to think how the dear creature was overcome at seeing him.

Oh, woman!—but what's the use of moralizing? Don't we all know what a woman is? And what are we the better for our knowledge? Don't we believe them just the same? To be sure. Besides, is it not clear that Providence intended it to be so? Where would be the use of creating the beautiful deceivers, if there were not in the world that simple-witted creature, man, to be as quietly deceived the ninety-ninth time as he was the first. The *heart* of the latter, and the *art* of the former, were as much meant for each other as the mouth and the stomach. We have often thought that fate and free-will were very like man and woman. In both cases we think we do as we like; whereas, in both cases, we are impelled by causes, whose immediate influence over us we do not discern.

Nicholas could hardly believe his senses when he saw

the state to which his affectionate wife was reduced, by the sudden shock his unexpected return had given to her feelings; and he secretly vowed to repay such devoted love, by studying her happiness all the rest of his life.

But now to clear up the mystery of his long absence.

We left him fast asleep in the company of Jenkins and Franklin. Whether it was the wine alone, or whether the coffee contained something else besides milk and sugar, we will not take upon ourselves to say; but certain it is, he slept so soundly, that he was put to bed without knowing anything about it, and that he did not awake next morning till he was pretty roughly handled by a person standing at his bed-side.

"Come, friend," said he, rolling him to and fro, "I am sorry to disturb you; but my business won't wait."

"What is your business, and who are you?" asked Nicholas, half asleep and half awake.

"My name's Sloman"—

"I don't know you," interrupted Nicholas, turning round on the other side, and settling himself for another sleep.

"And I have a warrant for your apprehension."

"A what!" exclaimed Nicholas, starting up.

"A warrant for your apprehension."

"I warrant you haven't," replied Nicholas, lying down again with his back to the man, and pulling the clothes over his shoulders.

"Is your name Nicholas Dunks?"

"Yes."

"Are you a tailor?"

"Yes."

"Do you live in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden?"

"Yes."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"Have you any children?"

"No."

"Is your age forty?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right—so just turn out and come along."

At each successive question Nicholas grew more and more awake; and each successive "yes," was given in a tone of increasing amazement. But by this time a distinct recollection of the preceding day's adventure began to dawn upon him, and he inquired for Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Franklin, Richard, and even the old woman; at which Mr. Sloman only laughed, and asked if he was still dreaming, or whether he thought to "do him."

Further explanations took place, and Nicholas found that *he* was "done;" for Mr. Sloman gave him to understand he was a police-officer, that the warrant he held was for his apprehension, as one of an extensive gang concerned in passing forged notes, and that several tradesmen were ready to come forward who had sold him a hat, clothes, gloves, &c., for which he paid with those notes. Nicholas protested his innocence. Mr. Sloman said he had nothing to do with that, *his* business being to make a capture of his person, and convey him before the magistrates.

"What a villain, what an infernal villain, that Jenkins must be!" exclaimed Nicholas to himself, while putting on his new Wellingtons, "to sell an innocent man's life in this way!"

"As to your innocence," remarked Mr. Sloman, rummaging the pockets of Nicholas's clothes as he spoke, and drawing from one of them a small red morocco case, "I shouldn't wonder if this was to furnish evidence of it. Aye—I thought so," he continued, with a malicious grin, opening the case, and taking out a roll of bank-notes—"here's

a pretty lot of them—all fives and tens, and finished off equal to the regular Threadneedle street fimsies. Where did your innocence get these, eh? If you'll peach, and give us a hint how-to find the place where these came from, perhaps that may save you."

Nicholas clasped his hands together, and called heaven to witness that the pocket-book was not his, and that he couldn't tell how it came into his possession.

As he uttered these words, he caught a full view of Mr. Sloman's face, and started with amazement. These were the same eyes that he had thrice seen before! And now that he surveyed the person to whom they belonged, enveloped in a rough greatcoat, with a colored silk handkerchief round his neck, he thought he could trace a strong resemblance to the man at Temple Bar, though not to either Richard in his livery, or Mr. Franklin, with his green spectacles and fashionable evening dress.

Nicholas was right. The man at Temple Bar, Richard, Mr. Franklin, and Mr. Sloman the thief-taker, were all one and the same person. In his last-mentioned capacity (which constituted his regular calling), he had entered into a conspiracy with Jenkins (whose real name was Homerton, a notorious dealer in forged notes), to victimize Nicholas for a double purpose; first, to entitle himself to a portion of the reward which had been offered for discovering the gang, or apprehending any individual belonging to it; and secondly, to turn aside from the real delinquents the inquiries that were on foot in every direction. The meeting between Jenkins *alias* Homerton, and Nicholas, was purely accidental; nor did he, in the first instance, anticipate the use he afterwards made of him. Being a bit of a humorist, and fond of practical jokes, he intended nothing more than to enjoy a laugh at his expense, when he recommended him to begin his mackerel at the tail; but the very success

of that clumsy piece of wit pointed him out as a fit person upon whom to practise the diabolical trick which was afterwards contrived. While his scheme was only as yet half formed, he chanced to run against Sloman, at the corner of Norfolk street, who told him of the hot inquiries that were being made by the Bank, and how difficult it would be to stave them off much longer without making some disclosures real or pretended, that might amuse the lawyers, and put them upon another scent. This intelligence determined Jenkins to make use of Nicholas at all hazards, and trust to his Old Bailey resources for carrying him through.

His confidence in these resources was justified by the event. In vain did poor Nicholas tell his story, without any coloring, or shadow of coloring, relating all the circumstances precisely as they had occurred. It was literally laughed out of court, where the hatter, the hosier, and the Jew salesman from Holywell street, appeared to identify him as the person who had passed the forged notes. The solicitor for the prosecution tried every means to persuade him to denounce his confederates. His resolute and unvarying declaration, that he had none, and that he himself had been duped, was regarded as an aggravation of his crime, and a proof that under the seeming simplicity of his character was concealed the hardened resolution of a practised offender; facts which were prominently set down in the brief, and most eloquently expounded by the counsel. Even the judge could not restrain his indignation at the audacity of the prisoner's defence, in his charge to the jury; and the jury were so satisfied they saw before them one of the most hardened of the gang, who was resolved to know nothing, that the verdict of guilty was upon all their lips long before the trial was brought to a conclusion.

Nicholas was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

"If I deserve *that*," said he, "I deserve hanging."

"What's that the fellow is muttering?" inquired the judge.

"He says he deserves hanging, my lord," replied the turnkey, who was standing by his side in the dock.

"I know it," answered his lordship, "but I've looked at the statute under which he is indicted, and I can't hang him."

This was said with so much concern, as if his lordship really regretted his inability to give to the prisoner his deserts according to his own estimate of them, that an audible titter ran through the court.

"Well," exclaimed Nicholas, as soon as he was left to his meditations, "so I am to cross the *herring*-pond, it seems, and if that isn't making a pretty kettle of *fish* of my fried *mackerel*, I don't know what is! Oh! if I had that rascal Jenkins here just now, or that evil-eyed scoundrel who, I suspect, has had more to do with it even than Jenkins, wouldn't I?"—and he struck out right and left with his clenched fists several times, to show what these worthies might have expected at his hands had they been within reach of them. Then he thought of dear Mrs. Dunks, and how she would wonder what had become of him, and be puzzled to know what to do; but no tenderness mixed with his thoughts; for, tracing matters up to their original causes, he, like most husbands, but in this instance with more justice than husbands commonly have, laid the whole burden of his calamity upon his wife's shoulders. As thus:—"If I could have had a fried mackerel at home, I shouldn't have gone to the *Blue Posts*: if I hadn't gone to the *Blue Posts*, I shouldn't have met with Jenkins; and if I hadn't met with Jenkins, I shouldn't have been here." Aristotle himself could not have reasoned more logically; and the



result of his reasoning was, that as Mrs. Dunks had been the cause of all, she might get through her share of it in the best way she could. He was even malicious enough to find a balm for his own troubles in what he considered the retributive troubles that awaited her. In due course of time he arrived at his destination—not the first innocent man whom our admirable criminal jurisprudence and that bulwark of our liberties, trial by jury, have visited with the punishment due to guilt, upon the clearest evidence, and after the most patient investigation of facts. Happy England! where, if the wrong person happen to be hanged, he has the satisfaction of knowing it is by the law's decree, and not by the arbitrary mandate of a tyrant. To a true-born Englishman, whose veneration for the laws is at least equal to his love of law, this reflection must be very consolatory.

Among those marvellous accidents which occasionally befall us in our way to the grave, was one which happened to Nicholas while he sojourned at Botany Bay. His good conduct, his inoffensive manners, and the nature of his certified offence, which had nothing of deep or desperate villainy about it, soon obtained for him as large a remission of the penalties attached to his sentence as it was within the discretionary power of the authorities to grant; and he was allowed, under certain restrictions, to carry on his trade. This indulgence he turned to such good account, that in a few years he had amassed a considerable sum of money, kept several journeymen, and was the very Schultz of Paramatta. His celebrity was such that he imparted his own name to a particular description of shooting-jacket, peculiarly adapted to the climate and country, which to this day, we believe, is called a *Dunks*.

That shooting-jacket led to the marvellous accident above mentioned. When it was in the height of its popularity,

and when everybody who could afford it wore a Dunks, whether they went out shooting or not, the name attracted the notice of an aged convict who had been transported for life, and who had already passed nearly forty years in the colony. He kept a sort of public-house, and being of penurious habits on the one hand, and of rapacious ones on the other, his tens generally swelled to hundreds, and his hundreds to thousands, till old *Jem Bunker*, as he was called (though that was not supposed to be his real name), passed for a second Rothschild.

One day he came tottering into Nicholas's work-room to order a *Dunks* for himself. While Nicholas was taking his measure, the old man eyed him with great earnestness, but said nothing, and soon after left the place, giving strict injunctions to Nicholas to bring the shooting-jacket home himself, and be sure and not to send it by any of his men.

Nicholas humored the old fellow, and when the jacket was finished took it home; but instead of trying it on, as if he wished to see whether it was a good fit, or wanted any alteration, Jem Bunker took it quietly from his hand, laid it on the table, and bade him sit down.

"What made you call these jackets *Dunkses*?" said he.

"I didn't christen them. I only made them; people took it into their heads of their own accord to call them after me."

"Are *you* a Dunks?"

"So my mother always told me."

"It's rather an uncommon name," remarked the old man.

"Ah!" observed Nicholas, with a sigh, remembering what Jenkins said when he heard it for the first time, "you are not the only person who has told me that, as I have good reason to know."

"You've mentioned your mother; who was your father?"

"I'm not a wise son," replied Nicholas, laughing.

"Perhaps a prodigal one?" rejoined Jem Bunker.

"Not much of that either, for I had nothing to be prodigal with. My father died, as I have heard my mother say, when I was in my cradle; and who or what he was I never had the curiosity to inquire."

"Where did your mother live?"

"In London."

"What part?"

"A great many parts; but the first that I remember was Saffron Hill, where I went to school; then she removed to Shoe Lane; after that to Barbican; then to Smithfield Bars; then to Gray's Inn Lane; then to Whitechapel; then back to Barbican; and then to Green Arbor Court, Old Bailey, where she died, poor soul, of a scarlet fever. Lord! I remember all the places as well as possible. Oh dear, I wish I was in one of them now!"

"Was your mother tall?"

"I fancy she was: they used to call her the grenadier at Whitechapel."

"Did she stammer in her speech?"

"Yes; particularly when she got into one of her towering passions, which was pretty often."

"What other children had she?"

"None—I am her only son and heir."

"And she called you—"

"I was christened Nicholas, but she always called me Nick, for short. 'Nick,' said she, the day she died, 'if I don't recover, bury me in St. Giles's churchyard, for there's where I was married.'"

"Enough!" interrupted Jem Bunker, starting from his chair, and, tottering towards Nicholas, he threw himself into his arms, exclaiming, "My son! my son!"

"Not very likely," thought Nicholas to himself, as the

old man hugged him, and kept repeating the words—"My son! my son!" But he said nothing.

"Lord! what a blessed thing it is to see and touch one's own flesh and blood after so many years," continued Jem, looking Nicholas full in the face as he spoke, and clasping his hands between his, with a fervor and tenderness too true to nature to be mistaken. "I am a transported felon," said he, "and doomed to die in this strange land; but thank God! thank God! I am a father!" and tears that gushed forth afresh, and trickled down his aged cheeks, attested the sincerity of his feelings.

"Thank God, sir," replied Nicholas, "as it seems to make you so happy, I have no objection to be your son, I having no other father to claim me, do you see: but as to the fact of my being so, I really think it's all gammon."

"Hush, hush," interrupted the old man, wiping his eyes and becoming more composed; "you don't know what you say. Death may come now as soon as it likes—I have nothing else to live for. But I wish your mother had answered my letters."

"She couldn't write, you know," replied Nicholas. "You forgot that, father."

"Ah! well, you may jest as much as you like," said the old man: "but if you are my son, you have a flesh mark on the right arm, just above the elbow, shaped like a pear."

"To be sure I have, to be sure I have!" exclaimed Nicholas, stripping off his coat, and rolling up his shirt sleeve, and showing the mark with an amazed countenance—"and my mother has often told me—"

"She has often told you," interrupted Jem Bunker, "that her husband flung a ripe pear at her one day as she sat asleep, the shock of which terrified and awoke her."

"To be sure she did," said Nicholas, who now in his turn

threw himself into the old man's arms, exclaiming, "my father!—my father!—only think of my finding you here, and making that jacket for you!"

The truth must be told. Jem Bunker, *alias* "Ned Dunks," had been transported for horse-stealing. He was sentenced to die; but there were some circumstances in his case, which, upon being represented in the proper quarter, obtained a commutation of his punishment; and, instead of forfeiting his life, he was sent out of the country for life. Often did his spirit yearn towards his native land: often had he written to his wife, entreating her to join him; often had he thought in sadness and sorrow upon the infant he saw sleeping in its cradle, the evening he was torn from his fire-side by the Bow Street officer, who called to "inquire if he was at home;" for, though a horse-stealer, he was the owner of a heart that might have shamed many a proud and titled keeper of horses, in its natural affections for kith and kin. This was touchingly shown on the present occasion; for after the first violence of his feelings had abated, he gazed upon his son in silence during a few moments, and then heaving a deep sigh, said in a tremulous voice—"Well, I have found you, my dear Nicholas, when I little expected to do so, and now I shall go down to my grave in peace, blessing God's holy name for his great mercy—nay, my son, do not smile as if you wondered to hear *me* talk of God and his holy name. I have lived long enough to know the awful meaning, as well as the amazing comfort, of these words; to know that as the world falls away, and the space between us and the grave narrows to a mere span of life, we cannot, if we would, keep our thoughts from busying themselves with what is to happen there," raising his withered hand towards heaven as he spoke.

Religious admonition proceeding from aged lips, has power to awe, for the moment at least, the wildest and

most unthinking spirit. Nicholas had never been so spoken to before. He felt abashed and was silent.

"Yes, my son," continued the old man, "I *do* receive you as a blessing from the hand of God, sent to shed the light of happiness upon my parting hours; but"—and he paused—"but—*but you too are a convict.*"

"I am," said Nicholas, his face reddening as he spoke; "but I thank God that I'm as innocent as you are of the crime laid to my charge."

"We have a great many innocent convicts here," replied his father significantly; "indeed it is a rare case to find one who is not innocent."

"I don't know how that may be," answered Nicholas, "but as for myself, what I do know is, that the judge ought to have been hanged who tried me, and the jury too."

"Perhaps you'll tell me?"

"Oh! yes," interrupted Nicholas, "I'll tell you all about it in a very few words."

He then proceeded to relate the adventures with which the reader is already familiar. When he had concluded, his father dropped upon his knees, and offered up a fervent thanksgiving to God for having, as he expressed it, "restored a son to him, upon whom he could look without any other shame than that of being his father!"


About a year after the occurrence of these events, Jem Bunker, *alias* "Ned Dunks," breathed his last in his son's arms, having, before he died, conveyed to him by will the whole of his property, amounting to several thousand pounds. With this, as soon as the law permitted, he returned to England; the first man, perhaps, that ever made his fortune by going out to dinner, because he could not have the dinner he wanted at home. But thus does Providence over-rule our ways, and fashion our hereafter happiness out of the very dross and dregs of our present misery!

It now only remains to be told that Nicholas Dunks lived to a good old age, at his villa near Edmonton, which he insisted upon calling "MACKEREL HOUSE;" that Mrs. Dunks died soon after his return, which probably was the reason why he lived so long himself; that he had the pleasure of seeing his friend Mr. Jenkins hung at the Old Bailey, one fine morning in June, for forgery; that he left his money, &c., to the Fishmongers' Company, for the purpose of building alms-houses for decayed fishmongers, with the condition annexed, that they should have nothing but fried mackerel for dinner, every Sunday, while they were in season; and lastly, that, strange to say, the immediate cause of his own death was a mackerel bone that stuck in his throat, on the anniversary, which he always religiously kept, of the day he went to the *Blue Posts* to dine off a fried mackerel himself.



## Catching a Resurrectionist.

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NCE upon a time—but not such a great many years ago—a young doctor, who had just received his license to practice, established himself in one of the thriving villages of Western New York, and, through an advertisement in the weekly paper, “respectfully informed the inhabitants of I—— that he had taken the office of the late Dr. Handy, and offered his professional services to the public.”

“The late Dr. Handy,” whose sign now gave place to that of “Dr. Norton,” had been one of the largest practitioners of the county, and our young Esculapius hoped to step into his practice as well as his office. But he soon found that this was not so easy, for, during the last illness of Dr. Handy, his patients had been left under the care of the only other physician in the place, Dr. Bugbee, who had managed to retain most of this addition to his practice. He was an elderly man, and one of the class who would nowadays be ranked among the “old fogies.” He bled, blistered, and administered calomel and jalap without any stint, and, with all his practice, seemed to be exceedingly



jealous of the new doctor; not even extending to him the civility of a call, which was due to him not only as a stranger, but as a neighbor, for Dr. Bugbee's small garden and orchard were all that separated his house from the office of Dr. Norton. The latter was obliged to content himself with such small practice among the poor as Dr. Bugbee's other engagements did not enable him to attend to, but diligently improved the leisure thus left him in qualifying himself the better for full professional occupation when it did come. He had studied in the office of a country physician, and had been thoroughly grounded in the elements, but had enjoyed few of the opportunities for lectures, cliniques, post-mortems, and hospital practice which are possessed by students in the large cities. Not only were the books in his small library re-perused, but occasional dissections of dogs and cats were carried on there; and, on one occasion, he was lucky enough to purchase of a travelling menagerie that next thing to a dead man, a dead monkey, which he took to pieces with all due science, to the great marvel of many a boy who had seen it carried from the "show," and which a maiden lady of forty-five, whom I shall call Miss Abigail Prue, thought it showed "a little too much zeal in this new doctor," and for her part, she shouldn't want to have him 'tend upon her, lest he should be constantly thinking about dissecting her—a remark which, being reported to the doctor, called forth the observation from him that however much she might resemble a monkey, she was rather too tough a subject to tempt him. This, which excited the laughter of the young people at the expense of the spinster, inflamed her to the highest degree; and, soon after, a rumor being circulated that a grave in a neighboring village had been opened, she shook her head with a very significant look to all her acquaintances, and said; "It may be that a *certain* young

doctor had nothing to do with it, but I have *my own* thoughts ;” asked what they thought now of the impudent fellow?—and by whispering all sorts of insinuations of bloody murder and resurrection, excited the prejudices of the old folks decidedly against our hero, while it aroused, on the other hand, a powerful host of defenders among the young people, especially the young ladies, who disliked such a gossip as Miss Abigail Prue, and thought none the worse of a young unmarried and agreeable man because he tried to learn his profession ; and, indeed, they went further, and said it was a pity Dr. Bugbee hadn’t, in his younger days, done something of the sort, for in that case he wouldn’t have killed so many people.

Fortified thus with the support of the rising generation, Dr. Norton could not doubt that, in course of time, his turn would come to stand in the medical shoes of the late Dr. Handy, or even of a greater than he ; but meantime the calls for his services were sensibly affected by the absurd gossip of the village.

One beautiful evening in spring, when he had taken his seat on the little back-porch of his office, to watch the setting sun, and snuff the sweet scent of his neighbor’s peach-blossoms, his eyes were suddenly arrested by a beautiful sylph-like form, which he recognised as that of Dr. Bugbee’s niece, Miss Ellen Nathalie, a young lady recently returned from boarding-school, and who, it was understood, took the principal charge of his establishment. Norton had observed her in the morning as she watered her plants, and admired her then ; but now his somewhat susceptible heart was kindled into raptures by the poetry of the scene, as she moved to and fro upon the green-sward, beyond the trees, at that most melting hour of day. Never did he feel before so forcibly the inconvenience of not knowing her uncle, and consequently not being on visiting terms at the house.

Suddenly a scream was heard in the house ; she entered, and immediately returned and called out, in the sweetest of voices :

“Dr. Norton, Dr. Norton, won't you come here!” and reëntered.

Jumping over the fence and running across the lot, he went into the kitchen, and found, stretched on the floor, a strapping big Irish servant-girl, apparently in a fit, while Miss Nathalie bent over her, bathing her temples with water. Mr. Norton procured from his office a medicine which partially revived her ; but she soon sank back again into a second fit, and continued to alternately revive and sink, until Dr. Bugbee himself returned from a visit to a distant patient. Norton explained the circumstances under which he had found her, and his method of treatment, when a difference of opinion was expressed between the two physicians as to the nature of her malady. Dr. Bugbee's remedies were tried without as much effect in reviving her as those which had been first applied. In a short time she died. Dr. Norton suggested that the attack had been, in many respects, peculiar, and that it would be well to institute an examination. To this Dr. Bugbee objected, stating that it would subject him to remark, should there be a post-mortem in his house, upon the body of his own servant, although she was a stranger. Dr. Norton replied that the examination could be so conducted as to be over very soon, and so that the deceased would show no signs of it when placed in her coffin, and no one be the wiser ; but he was overruled, not without a suspicion, on Norton's part, that Bugbee feared lest he should be obliged to admit that his young rival was right, and that this was the true reason of his objection.

On the evening after the funeral, as Norton was seated as usual on his little back piazza, Miss Nathalie came towards

that side of the orchard, apparently to secure peach-blossoms for a bouquet; and as she plucked them, remarked hurriedly:

"Doctor! Doctor! say nothing, but if you have a dead body on your premises remove it, that's all."

And then she vanished, before the doctor could question her.

The next morning, he received a visit from a constable armed with a search-warrant, who examined every place for the purpose of finding "a certain dead body, late of one Catharine Quigley, deceased," which, however, he did not find; and there all legal proceedings apparently ended, although a fresh buzz of gossip was excited through the village at the news that "the sexton had found that the grave of Dr. Bugbee's servant-girl had been dug up and the corpse carried off, and how they'd searched all the doctors' dens, and could find nothing of it." In vain did the young doctor strive again to see and converse with the beautiful niece of his neighbor, who had given him such friendly warning, but she studiously avoided him—a circumstance which only seemed to make him more anxious to see her.

At the end of some three or four months, he went off in his sulky to pay a visit to his old preceptor, and also to purchase, at Geneva, a fresh supply of medicines. On his return, after an absence of a week or two, there was added to the anatomical treasures of his back-office a skeleton, a fresh skeleton, newly put together.

Now there was nothing very remarkable in a physician's having a skeleton. It was known to be a part of the furniture of almost every medical office; but this particular skeleton seemed to be invested with peculiar interest to many of the villagers; and one day his old acquaintance, the constable, entered, accompanied by the cabinet-maker of the place, to inspect it, by the authority of the law. A

measuring-tape was produced, and, after taking the dimensions, Dr. Norton was informed that he must go before a magistrate, where he was charged with having robbed the grave of Catharine Quigley. The result was that he was bound over for trial at the next court, and the skeleton retained by the magistrate as the principal witness against him.

Now the laws of the State of New York provide that any person who shall remove the dead body of any human being from the grave, or other place of interment, for the purpose of dissection, shall be punished by imprisonment in a state-prison not exceeding five years, or in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment; and every person who shall purchase or receive the dead body of any human being, knowing the same to have been disinterred, contrary to the foregoing provisions, shall, upon conviction, be subject to the punishment in said section specified.

Now here was an awkward fix. To be locked up in the service of the state is no joke at any time; but, under such circumstances as these, it is a serious matter.

And so our hero regarded it: and he tossed about that night on his bed with anything but comfortable sensations, as he thought of professional prospects dished, reputation ruined, and all his cherished affections nipped in the bud; for, strange as it may seem, the face of the fair Ellen had haunted him ever since that mysterious warning, and he could not help regarding her as a kind of guardian-angel, or at least a fair damsel restrained in her affections by a cruel uncle, from whom it would be his happiness, at some future day, to set her at liberty. But now the order of things was to be reversed; he was to be the imprisoned knight; and he dreamed of himself peeping through the bars, while the fair one gazed at him with reproachful

looks, as much as to say, "Why didn't you heed my warning?" Then he awoke, and was glad to find that, as yet, it was only a dream. But as he went to his breakfast at the village tavern (for he slept in his back-office), he was reminded that there was some reality about it by the way in which the school-boys peered curiously at him, just as people do at a man who is about to be hanged. He could see at a glance that his case was the talk of the town. What a theme indeed it was for Miss Abigail Prue! how she had hurried out to be the first to tell the news! and how beautifully she had garnished it up with little expletives! and "What did I say?" and "workings up of her fancy distorted into fact?" Many of the boys were greatly astonished to find him quietly walking as usual to his breakfast, instead of loaded down with irons in the county jail. But to breakfast he went, although he would have had but little appetite had he not been seated next to his lawyer, who boarded at the same house, and who cheered him up by his confident assertions that the state could never make out a case on such evidence as that.

And, while he is awaiting his trial, it will not be out of place to mention the way in which a professor of law used to tell us he got a celebrated physician clear of a similar charge. The bodies of two men, Tift and Towner, were disinterred at Northampton by some medical students, and traced to the medical college at New Haven, where the professor of anatomy dissected them without knowing whence they came. He was indicted in two counts, one for dissecting the body of Tift, the other for dissecting the body of Towner. Mr. Daggett, as counsel, insisted that the state must prove each count as laid, a position in which the court sustained him, and it became necessary to prove first, that the prisoner dissected the body of Tift. There was a barrel of legs, arms, and bones,

but which of these belonged to Tiff and which belonged to Towner it was impossible to tell ; and so, although they had evidence to the *corpora delicti* mentioned in the whole indictment, there was no evidence as to the *corpus delicti* mentioned in any one count ; accordingly, the court instructed the jury that the evidence did not sustain the indictment, and the prisoner must be acquitted ; and greatly did Judge Daggett ever afterwards chuckle as he told of the victory over the district attorney, whereby he saved a worthy physician for a life of great usefulness and honor.

To return to Dr. Norton. He had been wise enough to take his counsel with him at the first examination, and, by his advice, refused to answer any questions, which was as well ; for, in the confusion of the moment, he might have been bothered to give a very intelligible explanation as to whence he got the skeleton which now seemed to grin out an accusation.

The day of trial came on, and our hero was formally arraigned in the presence of an immense audience, to answer to the charge preferred, with the usual verbosity, for that, on a certain day, he, the said Edward Norton, did, at, etc., feloniously and wilfully open the grave wherein was deposited the dead body, late of one Catharine Quigley, and did take, steal, and carry away the same. And the jurors aforesaid further upon their oaths declared, in another count, that the said Norton did, at, etc., feloniously and wilfully receive, for the purpose of dissection, the dead body late of one Catharine Quigley, knowing that the same had been unlawfully abstracted from the grave, etc. All of which was declared to be against the peace of the state, and the statute in such case made and provided ; and to all of which the prisoner pleaded not guilty.

The first witness called was the sexton, who testified that, on the day after the funeral, he discovered that the

sods had been disturbed near the head of the grave ; that he dug down, in the presence of a justice and constable, and found that the head of the coffin had been knocked out and the body abstracted ; that footsteps were discovered from the grave to the neighborhood of the prisoner's office. The constable testified to having examined the office, and found a large bowl of chloride of lime, apparently prepared for some recent process of purification ; that, in the stable attached to the office, he found a large board, which, by the imprints upon it, and the smell, had apparently been used for a recent dissection ; also behind the stable a bucket which had contained lime, and a crow-bar, which fitted into the indenture made in the coffin. This crow-bar was produced in court, as also the coffin-head.

Dr. Bugbee was called to prove that he had known the deceased and was present at her death, with the prisoner, who expressed a great desire to dissect the body. He also thought the teeth of the skeleton resembled her teeth.

Some other testimony was introduced, tending to show that the prisoner must have been the one who opened the grave ; for instance, it was shown that a pair of muddy boots, found in his office, fitted the foot-prints traced from the grave to the office ; but it appeared that these same foot-prints could be traced to other parts of the grave-yard.

A cabinet-maker deposed to having made the coffin, and taken the measure of the deceased for that purpose, which measure corresponded with the dimensions of the skeleton after making due allowance for the space taken up by skin and flesh. What this space ought to be, was the subject of a long cross-examination. Dr. Bugbee and a physician from a neighboring town, were also examined on this point, but, although they were very learned, it was made to depend so much on other questions, such as corpulency and disease, etc., that the jury were about as wise



when they got through as when they commenced. There was equal discrepancy about the age of the skeleton ; both agreed that it was a green or new one ; but one thought it could not have been exposed more than three months ; the other gave it a much longer period of release from the fleshy covering.

It was shown that the prisoner had been in the habit of purchasing small quantities of quick-lime, to use in dissolving the bodies of animals, and that after the grave was opened he had purchased an unusual quantity ; and finally the district attorney, after making the most of the testimony in his summing up, asked if this was not the skeleton of Catharine Quigley, whose skeleton was it ? and insisted that it devolved upon the prisoner, in order to establish his innocence, to show whence he obtained it.

By way of answering this last question, a witness was called for the defence who was a student in the Medical College at Geneva, who had seen the prisoner in the college examining some wires and screws, such as are used to put skeletons together, and who further stated that it was the privilege of the janitor to put together and sell the skeletons of subjects ; but whether the prisoner had purchased a skeleton, or simply the means of putting it together, he could not say.

It may here be remarked that the counsel, in summing up for the prisoner, accounted for not having proved by the janitor himself a sale of the skeleton, by stating that that worthy had absconded to parts unknown before a subpoena could be served upon him, and further intimated that he had concealed himself through apprehension, lest one who dealt in skulls and bones should meet with evil treatment in a community so much excited, or at least be subjected to some awkward questions which he could not answer without criminating himself—an explanation, which

had its effect on the jury, but greatly astonished the said janitor when he heard of it in Pennsylvania, to which State he had been quietly dispatched a few days before, by Dr. Norton's old preceptor, with money to pay his way, and instructions to remain until he heard that the trial was over.

Proof was furnished that the crow-bar in the doctor's stable was of the same pattern with the one found in the sexton's tool-house; and the shoemaker of the village testified that he made the prisoner's boots which fitted the foot-marks, and that they corresponded very nearly in size to other boots of similar pattern made for other people.

Finally the counsel, to the astonishment of his client, called to the stand Miss Ellen Nathalie!

She stepped lightly forth from the crowd of ladies on the back seats, and never did any one look more charmingly, at least in the prisoner's eyes, although what she could have to say bearing on this case, he could not imagine. He had never said a word to his counsel about her, and presumed, therefore, that she must be a volunteer witness. As he gazed on that exquisite form, those regular Grecian features, that fair complexion, those dark, oval eyes, full of expression, those jet black tresses, and that dainty little mouth, he felt that it would be almost sweet to be condemned on evidence which emanated from such an angel. It was a shame to require such lips to kiss that old, dirty, worn-out Bible, which had been so often profaned by contact with vulgar mouths.

She stated that she had seen the deceased very frequently while staying at her uncle's house, and had often heard her speak of a lameness in her right foot, caused by the loss of a bone of the little toe, the consequence of the fall of an axe; and she remembered noticing when the deceased was laid out, that there was nothing but a kind of a

bunch where the little toe ought to have been. On looking at the skeleton, the bone of the little toe was found to be perfect.

In summing up for the defence, the counsel first assailed all the testimony for the prosecution, by representing in a ludicrous point of view, the sexton hurrying with the constable to that particular grave on the morning in question, and finding the body gone, as by a previous understanding, then going at once to the doctor's office and finding everything that would help to fix the charge upon him; he thrust back the sexton's own crow-bar in his teeth, dwelt upon the fact that his boots were of similar pattern to those found in the prisoner's office, and deduced from all the evidence the inference that here was a conspiracy to persecute his client. This he dwelt upon in every form and shape with wonderful effect, managing to make the jury look upon the poor sexton as himself the delinquent (perhaps the very man who helped to supply the Medical College), and, like all guilty minds, fearful of discovery, now trying to divert public indignation from himself to an unoffending medical man, who happened, unfortunately, in his zeal for science, to be open to such a charge by reason of having in his possession the materials with which some dead dogs and monkeys had been anatomized. As to the skeleton, he insisted that it was distinctly shown that this could not be the one alluded to in the indictment, because the evidence of Miss Nathalie proved that the living subject was minus a toe, whereas this one had been fully developed in that department. Could any one doubt the evidence of *such a witness*? Could any one suppose that, as the prosecution intimated, *such eyes* could have been deceived?

Here was the gist of his case, and he made the most of it; and wound up by impressing upon the jury the importance of giving the benefit of every doubt to the prisoner;

and by reading to them from Starkie a frightful list of cases where innocent men had been condemned on circumstantial evidence.

The result was, that after a short consultation among the jury, the prisoner was acquitted, and left the court-room amid the plaudits of the crowd.

Vainly he strove to catch the eye of Miss Ellen, and thank her for his deliverance. She went home on her uncle's arm, and appeared carefully to avoid him afterwards. He saw plainly that she was fearful of compromising herself with some one, perhaps with her uncle, if she showed, by word or sign, that she was acquainted with him.

Although released from his perilous position, he tossed about on his pillow that night, more than ever. The scene was now again reversed. The captive knight no longer peeped from dungeon-bars; he was free; the lady was near him; but through some invisible spell they could not approach nor speak.

Oh! how tantalizing! In his waking hours it was still worse: he watched the garden of his neighbor, and saw the fair one come forth as usual, but

"Not a word, not a syllable spake she."

It was perhaps in consequence partly of the distracted emotions thus kindled in his mind that he sought relief in a more urgent devotion to his books than ever; and, forgetting his narrow escape, he was soon engaged in another similar affair. For I may as well inform the reader here that, in spite of the evidence of Miss Ellen, the skeleton before mentioned was no other than that of the said Catharine Quigley, the body of which person might have been found by the constable on his first search, had he thought of lifting up some loose boards of the stable floor, and dig-

ging down into the earth below, and the little toe of which would have been found to be, as Miss Ellen described it, "a kind of bunch," or thick projection; but on opening it a perfect bone would have come to light, with the sinews contracted, the skin shrivelled, and indications that the owner had long lost all control over it. She might very naturally have supposed that she had lost it.

Some three months after the trial, a pauper, with a very remarkably formed head, who had for some time been afflicted with disease, apparently of the brain, which caused him to stagger somewhat, but not exactly as if he had St. Vitus's dance, fell down in the street and died, and was interred in the Potter's-field division of the burial ground.

That night behold our hero, habited in an old pair of corduroys, with a smock-frock, and, in the midst of a pouring rain, digging down at the head of the pauper's grave. Such graves are not very deep, and he soon strikes the coffin, and then with a chisel inserted between the head-board and the side, he opens a place for his crow-bar, and easily pries out the end of the coffin, for such coffins do not usually have a superfluity of nails. Passing in a rope with a slip-knot at the end, he manages to encircle the neck, and draws out the head of the corpse. The shoulders are too broad to follow; but, determined not to lose his labor, he takes out a knife, and with some effort manages to separate the head from the body. To wrap it in an old canvas bag, to fill up and smoothe off the grave, is the work of a few minutes. He hurries home, puts on dry clothes, and goes to work to unravel the mystery of that dead man's brain; and he finds a remarkable bony projection on the inside of the skull, such as will make it a curious addition to his anatomical museum. He must preserve it, that's certain.

It was still raining when he had finished his investiga-

tions, and rather than again venture out in the rain to the place of concealment in the stable, he locked it up in a closet, and retired to bed, where, after his fatiguing night, he was soon wrapped in sound sleep, and did not awake until so late the following morning that he arrived at the tavern after that meal was finished. As he returned, he saw Miss Nathalie emerge from her uncle's house with a calash and morning-dress, and walk slowly along towards him. He prepared to bow, but as she passed she turned her head away, and said in a low tone :

"Don't speak to me ! but if you've a head in your office get rid of it, *that's all !*"

He turned to look at her, but she stepped into a store, and appeared to be absorbed in making purchases.

A second warning ! could it be that they had discovered what had been done the night before ? It was clear that some one was watching him, but equally clear that an angel was protecting him.

The event proved that the warning was well founded, for hardly had he transferred the head to a place of concealment before he was visited by his old acquaintances, the constable and justice, who ransacked his offices in every part, and then proceeded to the stable, looked behind the wood-pile, under the hay-mow, in the horse trough, and the buggy. In the loft was a small cutter-sleigh, turned up on end, which, from that circumstance, and apparent exposure of the seat, with the top open, they neglected to examine very carefully ; although they turned it down. They went away as wise as they came ; and soon after they had gone, Norton, with a quiet chuckle, went up to that cutter and felt for the mangled head under the straw packed into the seat where he had placed it, not having time to bury it under the stable as he had proposed to do. Now that the search was over, he thought it was as safe here as anywhere,

and concluded to leave it there until night, when he could dig a grave for it without interruption.

Of course the discovery that "the sanctity of the grave had been again violated," created no small stir in the town ; and the newspaper, that very morning, delayed its publication to publish a postscript stating that "this morning, at an early hour, as Mr. Godfrey Gaskins, sexton of this village, was entering the burial-ground to dig a grave, he observed, what was very unusual, the gate wide open, and was led by this circumstance to examine the grave of a pauper, known as 'Staggering Jim,' who had been interred the day before. A deep depression was found on the surface near the head of the grave, caused, as it appeared on digging down, by the fact that some miscreant had knocked out the coffin-head and neglected to replace it, so that the earth settled into the coffin, on examining which it was found still to contain the body of the beggar, but, like that of Holofernes, 'without any head.' Suspicions have been directed towards a certain quarter, but as yet there is no sufficient evidence to justify an arrest. When are these things to cease?"

Determined to live down all censure, Norton did not hesitate to mingle with the crowd of idlers at "the store," and laugh down all talk by saying:

"Oh yes, I've got it, of course. Go and find it."

That evening there was a large party, and Norton went with the hope that he might get a chance to question Miss Ellen as to the source of her mysterious knowledge, which was now occasioning great uneasiness. He had seldom met her in company, and then received scarcely more than a bow. She always went out soon after he came. This evening she was there, and was soon not unwillingly cornered, when a conversation took place something to this effect:

"You have never given me an opportunity, Miss Ellen, to thank you for that kind interest you have taken on my

behalf; and you cannot wonder that I am curious to know how you have obtained information so important. One deliverance and two warnings."

"And yet a third warning I must give you," said she. "This is no place to give reasons; and I hardly know whether a gentleman who profits so little by experience as to go into the stable-loft by day-light, and, in front of a window, put something into a cutter-sleigh, deserves to be warned again. Look to it to-night, *that's all*."

So saying, she hurried to join some companions who began to banter her about the doctor whom her evidence had saved, and with whom they had no doubt she was in a conspiracy to prevent the poor beggars from sleeping in peace; to all of which she replied in graceful badinage.

"Seriously, though," said one young lady observing that the doctor had gone out, "ain't it awful!

"Awful!" said all.

"The man who did it ought to be hung," said Ellen.

"So he ought!" said all.

"And yet he could only have done it to learn," timidly suggested Miss Augusta Sprigg, whose name had at times been coupled with Norton's by the gossips.

"Only to learn!" said all.

"To keep the staggers out of other people's heads, *that's all*," said Ellen.

"*That's all!*" echoed the group.

And so, on the whole, they all concluded it might have been worse.

Meantime, Norton had hurried home to his office and filled a bucket with a strong preparation of ley and acids, such as would blister the skin on contact. Removing the head from the sleigh and burying it under the floor, he supplied its place by the bucket, and taking his seat in his back office in the dark, quietly watched for the approach of any



outsiders. About twelve o'clock he heard footsteps moving up the alley which led to the stable. The lower door was closed; but two persons placed a ladder to the window above, and entered. He stepped under the window and listened, and heard some one say in a very low tone :

"He has put it in brine to preserve it, that's all."

"It makes my fingers feel queer," said the other.

"Pshaw!" was the reply; "your fingers must be very tender. I'll bring it out for you. Hello! it *is* rather strong; I guess we shall have to give it up."

"Who-o-o! how my fingers burn!"

The two soon descended the ladder, which they forgot to take with them; and as they ran away, Norton thought he recognised familiar forms.

Imagine Miss Abigail Prue's astonishment next morning, when she received a message from Ellen Nathalie, stating that her uncle, being somewhat indisposed, had requested Dr. Norton to respond to her summons for a physician. It was not greater than Norton's, when Dr. Bugbee's hired man brought him the request that he would attend to certain of that gentleman's patients. Going to Dr. Bugbee's house, Miss Nathalie met him at the door, with a countenance expressive of a struggle to look solemn while desiring to laugh, and told him that she had no idea her warning on the previous evening would have led to anything more than a removal of the obnoxious head, and she was sorry to find that her uncle had nearly lost the use of his hands thereby; but that she had not supposed he was going there himself, having simply overheard conversations between him and the sexton, on several occasions, which gave her occasion to caution him (Norton), while at the same time she had to be very circumspect in her manner towards him to avoid being suspected. She begged him to say nothing about it to any one, as her uncle, who was now

asleep, evidently felt very much chagrined, and had requested, in order probably to silence him, that he might be invited to attend his patients.

Had not Miss Abigail Prue been very sick in consequence of her excessive dissipation at the party, she would have probably dispensed with Norton's services; but as it was, he soon followed the note, and, by a little judicious flattery and some gentle remedies, which he said were all so *young* a person needed, he wore off her prejudice as well as sickness to such a degree, that she declared she didn't believe one word of what had been said against him, and became as loud in his praise as she had previously been in his censure.

Norton found himself cosily seated that evening at the tea-table in Dr. Bugbee's house with no other companion than Miss Ellen. No wonder that, under such circumstances, he did not remark much on Dr. Bugbee's remaining for a day or two in his room, and, for a week afterwards, keeping his right hand very carefully gloved.

But, although Norton kept his own counsel, the affair of the stable was soon the talk of the town. A busybody, who happened to see the sexton's ladder standing at the doctor's stable, concluded that some new discovery, in connexion with the resurrection cases, had been made, and, hurrying off to the sexton, inquired:

"What he'd been a finding of at the young doctor's *this* time?"

The sexton, thinking all was known, threatened to thrash him if he ever spoke of the young doctor again, adding, "they may get somebody else to catch their body-snatchers next time; it was old Dr. Bugbee that got me into this scrape, and he got the worst of it, as he deserved, for he run his wrist into the cussed stuff, while I only dabbled my fingers with it, and that was bad enough, for I can't hold a spade for a week to come."

The whole story was by degrees got out of him ; and it appeared that Dr. Bugbee had been secretly advising with this worthy and the justice about both the resurrection cases, in reference to the last of which the sexton was especially anxious to succeed, having been greatly irritated by the figure he had been made to play on the trial for the former. The constable, after his unsuccessful search, declared that he was not going to be laughed at for another abortive attempt, unless some better evidence was furnished that the head was there than the simple fact that Dr. Bugbee had seen, from his back-window, Norton press down something in the cutter.

He agreed, however, that he would go in and take possession if Bugbee and the sexton would first examine and report that it was there. Hence the night-expedition, which ended so unfortunately to the parties, not only taking the skin almost off their hands, and subjecting them to all the laughter of the town, but rendering them liable to be prosecuted and punished for trespass.

The joke was too good to be lost, and was repeated far and near, and made Dr. Norton wonderfully popular. Those who would have been most ready to crush him before, now applauded him for his enterprise, wit, and energy, as much as they condemned Dr. Bugbee for his meanness in trying to destroy a rival. Whether the latter was aware of the extent to which he was the subject of ridicule or not, he had the good sense to conceal it ; and this, together with the fact that he had suddenly joined Dr. Norton in his practice, puzzled many people not a little. All that could be got out of Norton was, that he had skinned the fingers of two men, but who they were he would not tell. And when, some months after, it became known that Norton was engaged to be married to Ellen Nathalie, some people were still more puzzled.

The old ladies gave it as their opinion that that girl had been a sly puss all the while. Miss Augusta Stagg said it was a shame for Ellen Nathalie to marry a man who had so shamefully abused her uncle ; and Miss Abigail Prue, next time she saw Dr. Bugbee, said :

"Now, Doctor, do tell me, didn't Ellen's testimony on the trial have something to do with the engagement?"

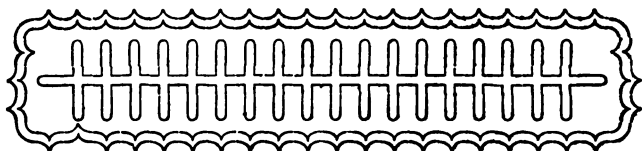
"Yes, yes, of course," replied the doctor ; "she saved him from the state-prison ; why shouldn't he love her ? and the fact is, she has persuaded me into the belief that he is a very clever fellow."

In later years, he used to give a sort of significant grunt when his eye lighted upon a very curious skull which Norton one day brought in. Mrs. Norton thought that he half suspected who it was that had thwarted his plans by putting the victim on his guard, for he occasionally patted her on the cheeks and said :

"All's fair in love as well as in politics, ain't it, Nelly?"

A regard for the old gentleman's memory generally leads her, as well as her husband, to gloss over his share in the transaction by saying that he was in his dotage, and misled by others ; but at Norton's little medical parties, he tells with great gusto the story of the three warnings, whereby he was saved from the state-prison, and secured to himself a wife and a practice, "and," adds one of his guests, "the faculty of medicine gained a valuable member, and the cause of morality suffered no damage."

Ellen generally finishes this list of blessings by reminding them that she got a good husband ; and she has no idea of losing him by the same trap from which she has rescued him ; *ergo* she makes him buy his subjects of the New York resurrectionists, instead of digging them up himself, which is much easier and less hazardous, although even here he is exposed to the law, but takes warning from the past to keep such things out of sight—that's all.



## The Mysterious Salute.

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As I sat in the ladies' room at the Peterborough station, waiting the arrival of the London train, two ladies came in together, whose appearance, though not exactly uncommon, caught my eye. They were nice-looking, and a certain number of years ago must have been pretty. They were not dressed alike, but there was a pervading tone about them alike in both. The large collar, whose antique shape and rich work proclaimed a reverence for the taste of past days; the cool white stockings and sandal-less prunella shoes; the dresses, not too long, of a prevailing grey color; the brown crape-shawl of the one, and the small white turn-over of the other lady; the Tuscan straw-bonnets, with their primrose and white trimmings, and the black and green veils appended to each; together with the long-shafted parasols without fringe, and the neat little baskets they carried—made it evident that these were what are called “old maids.”

“Caroline,” said one of them, who appeared the younger of the two, “we are in capital time. I really begin to think

it is less dreadful than we imagined; and if we can only get a nice carriage entirely to ourselves"—

"Ah!" replied Miss Caroline, who acted rather in the character of chaperone to her younger friend—"ah! there is nothing like being in good time. Better wait an hour, Clementina, than be late one minute. I feel quite glad to have brought my knitting; indeed, I never go anywhere without it; and now, that I cannot see very well without glasses, reading is out of the question. You have Dr. Gregory's *Letters* there, I see. How different the literary productions of the present day are! Really, the trash young people read now is terrible, when I think how *we* were brought up. But I wish Harriet Spyker would come. I begin to think we ought to take our places."

Very soon after this, I saw another little lady, apparently about their own standing, bustling about, turning round, looking into corners, behind doors, and into all sorts of impossible places, till suddenly she espied the two friends, and walking briskly up to them, began to talk very fast, answering the inquiries of both ladies in a tone so headlong, and with a manner so lively, that I could hardly refrain from smiling both with pleasure and surprise. This last lady was dressed in a dark-colored satin gown, with no stiffening or crinoline to lift its clinging folds from her short slight person. She wore a small black lace-shawl, and a white bonnet adorned with an immense purple "ugly," as they are too truly called.

"How many seats are in these carriages?" asked the new-comer, after mutual greetings had passed.

"I really do not know," said Miss Clementina. "I never travelled but once before in a train, and I cannot say I remember. But, you know, we could easily ask." So saying, she went leisurely up to a very active, busy official, who was greasing the wheels of the carriages, and said:

"Pray, my good man, can you tell me how many seats there are, and what time we start! Where is the station-clock? Ah! I see; it is quite wrong by my watch, which never either gains or loses." Then, seeing he paid no sort of attention to her, nor indeed heard her, she remarked; "It is very badly arranged that there is no information to be had, or any one to refer to at these places."

"All right, ma'am!" said the man, slamming down the iron lid with great noise, and moving off sharply to another wheel.

"How very rude those men are!" said Miss Caroline, in a condoling voice. "It is better to manage entirely for ourselves, my dear, than to be exposed to such insults."

"Ah!" rejoined Miss Clementina, "how different from the old stage-coach days, when one knew there were four seats inside which any ladies might have for the asking, and when a scream or a handkerchief from the windows would arrest instant attention from the gentlemen."

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Miss Caroline. "One cannot nowadays tell a gentleman from a grazier or a shop-boy—by the dress, at least; and the young men of the present time are so excessively satirical, and so devoid of that deferential respect, without which, a few years ago, a gentleman would have been shut out from ladies' society altogether."

"It is so, indeed," said Miss Spyker briskly; "and I declare to you, nothing would induce me to travel in the same carriage with one of those fast young men—nothing you could name to me, Caroline."

Here all three agreed that nothing in the whole world would induce them to do such a thing.

The crowd of passengers now began to thicken, and I therefore took up my book and satchel, and soon established myself comfortably in the far corner of a first-class carriage. I had not been there very long when I saw the

three friends approaching—the two first ladies arm in arm, and brisk little Miss Spyker peering first into one carriage, then into another, with a face of great anxiety; at length they stood still before the one I had chosen.

"It is pretty well away from the engine, Caroline," said Miss Spyker, in an encouraging tone of voice.

"And not too near the end of the train either," said Miss Clementina. "I think we might venture."

At this moment, a maid-servant who followed them, put into the carriage an infinite variety of brown-paper parcels of every shape and size. A small "tiger" also came up, armed with three umbrellas, and hung round with bonnet-boxes like a "bird-cage man," which he deposited as he best could within. The three ladies then took their seats.

"Thomas," said Miss Clementina, "have you seen the luggage safe?"

"Yes, 'um," said Thomas grinning, and pulling a lock of hair.

"And the two carpet-bags?" said Miss Caroline.

"And the baskets of fruit for Lady M'Gregor?" put in Clementina.

"Two baskets of fruit and the flowers is under the seat, 'um," said Thomas, holding up the valance of the seat. "Guard said they'd squash 'em in the van along with heavy luggage."

"Oh, very well. And Thomas," said Miss Caroline, "don't forget what I said to you about the garden, now; water those two square beds—weed the one on the lawn; and let me find the gravel walks clean when we return."

"And mind that we don't find half the roots dug up for weeds, and the rest washed bare, from using that large watering-can. They will do, Jane," added Miss Clementina to the maid: "you may go now."

They now began to arrange their bonnets, settle their



parcels, and make foot-stools of sundry little boxes they had brought with them. After a short pause, Miss Caroline said: "Don't like this at all—it is so very dark."

"What will it be in the tunnel?" said Miss Clementina in an unhappy voice.

"Caroline," said Miss Spyker, "I don't know what you will think of me, but I confess to you"—— Here she dropped her voice, and I only heard the words "gentleman in the carriage;" but I saw Miss Clementina bridle up and draw back, throwing suspicious glances at poor Miss Spyker, who seemed in an embarrassed minority.

Presently Clementina recommenced the conversation. "I don't in the least know," said she, "how we got off, but I began to feel rather poorly—the engine makes such a terrible noise—one never could be heard screaming."

"No," said Miss Spyker; "and I believe the guards are most inhuman. If you are ever so frightened, or faint, it's of no use: you are locked in, and no more thought of until you reach your journey's end; and *then*, if you don't hear the name of the place, you pass on, of course, for nobody asks you to get out."

"And *we*," said Miss Clementina, who began to be very nervous, "shall never know where to stop. How should we? No one can make out what the people say when they call out the names of the stations, and I am sure we shall miss seeing it written up."

"I wish anybody we knew very well—of course, if a gentleman, one of a proper and steady age—was coming the same way," murmured Miss Caroline, descending a little from the exalted position she had previously taken up with regard to Miss Spyker's hinted proposal. "It is in such cases as these only that one feels quite helpless. Oh, how I wish we were safe at home!"

At this moment an agitated little scream broke from the lips of Miss Spyker.

"What is it? What's the matter? Is it going off?" exclaimed Miss Clementina.

"I think—I really do think that is Mr. Smith," said Miss Spyker, in a nervous manner, looking out of the window as she spoke.

"It certainly is," said Caroline; "and, depend upon it, he is going by this train, and there is his servant behind with his carpet-bag. *Do* you think it would be improper to ask him to come in?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Clementina, hoping all the same to be overruled by the other two, "I am afraid it would be so very forward, and putting ourselves in his way."

"But," suggested Miss Spyker briskly, "if we were to give him the further seat there, all would be filled except one, and with our shawls and umbrellas we might make up a figure in the middle seat opposite Clementina; or else, you see, with two vacant places, we should be so very likely to have intruders. Shall we ask him in, Caroline?"

"Oh dear," said Miss Caroline, "I don't know what to do: what do you think?"

"I really do not see that in such an emergency it would be improper," remarked Clementina, in a tone vainly endeavoring to seem neutral.

"And I declare," said little Miss Spyker hurriedly, "I see two other gentlemen lingering here, close by. Don't you really think we might?—he is so very highly respectable—such a thorough gentleman, and not of the new school."

"Well, if you dare call out, Harriet?"

"You both really think I may, then?"

"Yes," said Miss Caroline, "we do."

"Then make haste," faltered Miss Clementina. And what with poking and urging from her friends, and her own

fears, with a dread of being too late, Miss Spyker put her head out of the window, and said, in a voice that slightly wavered between anxiety and her sense of the impropriety of the act: "Mr—Sm-i-ith, Mr. Sm-i-ith." I glanced at the three ladies, and saw they were trembling with the combined emotions of hope, fear, and dread of doing anything bordering on the improper, when the door opened, and Mr. Smith appeared.

He was a decidedly elderly gentleman, and wore a grey hat, an ample frockcoat of dark blue, white unmentionables and waistcoat; and an eye-glass in an embossed gold frame hung by a black ribbon from his neck. His face wore an expression of great suavity and benevolence towards the world in general; not remarkable for much talent or mental quickness, but rather indicative of a nature at once bland and obtuse. He raised his hat and bowed as he recognised Miss Spyker, which courtesy was acknowledged by all three in the court-minuet style. Miss Spyker, however, went straight to the point at once, by saying: "Very well, thank you, sir: and, Mr. Smith, *are* you going by this train?"

"Madam," he replied, "I contemplate doing so. Can I—can I be so happy as to be of use to any of you ladies?"

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" said little Miss Spyker, gaining courage from her success, "*would* you take one of the vacant seats here? We are so—so—so very much——"

"Frightened," put in Miss Caroline, emerging from her fauteuil.

"Very much frightened, *indeed*," earnestly repeated Miss Clementina.

"With the greatest pleasure, ladies. You honor me too much. I may have the happiness to be of service to you, perhaps. Allow me, Miss Caroline," said Mr. Smith, calling up the tone and air of one not unused to being what is called "a lady's man," as he raised from the floor of the

carriage Miss Caroline's knitting, which, in the extremity of her indecision, had fallen to the ground; and stepping in he was motioned to the furthest compartment near my own window. He was very polite and courteous; but, from the moment of his getting into the carriage, I observed a feeling creeping over the minds of the three maiden ladies, that their terrors had induced them to take a rather desperate and extreme step. They spoke much in low tones together, and replied distantly, and with a sort of bridling up of the figure, when Mr. Smith spoke—each appearing to feel it due to the others and to herself, to avoid as much as possible giving any opening for speeches even of common civility, and to treat the poor gentleman much after the fashion of a large house-dog, which it might be dangerous to encourage in any playful gambols, lest it should be difficult in the end to keep him within bounds. Their chief anxiety now appeared to be to fill up the remaining seat in the middle of the carriage, so as to make it look to a casual observer as if it too was occupied. There seemed, indeed, every reason to suppose the plan would succeed. Several people had looked in, as if in search of a seat, and retired under the impression that the carriage was full. The engine was apparently getting under-way, and the platform comparatively empty, when, as they were dressing up this spare fauteuil, the whistle rang shrieking through the station, and they all suddenly collapsed in the most direful state of fright.

"Good—ness me! how shocking!" gasped poor Clementina, whose small experience of railways made everything a source of terror and surprise. Miss Caroline sank back prostrated; and little Miss Spyker, with both hands to her ears, rocked herself to and fro in a state of suffering and dismay, talking loud and fast all the time. But at this juncture, every other feeling was lost in astonishment, when a porter looked in, hastily glanced round, detected the

transparent *ruse de guerre* of the "dummy" in the middle seat, and flung the door open, exclaiming:

"Room here, sir—just in time—I'll put your luggage in, sir—all right." And in there sprang a tall, handsome, bewhiskered and moustached young Guardsman, apparently in the extremity of "saving the train," and in a great state of excitement, caused by the uncertainty of the last few moments. Here was a pretty business! The feelings of the three ladies for a moment overpowered them, and they sat in silence, fixing looks of blank dismay on each other.

Things were unfortunately managed, certainly. In their anxiety to keep Mr. Smith at a respectful distance, they had so contrived that now the young Guardsman filled up their cherished vacancy. He was in the very midst of them: Miss Caroline on his right hand, and Miss Clementina and Miss Spyker immediately opposite. The involuntary shrinking into the depths of the carriage, the glances eloquent of feeling, were the first signs of their returning powers of mind. Miss Spyker pulled her blue "ugly" more completely over her brow, and all three began to look out of the window with determined curiosity at the two bare brown banks of earth which now rose on either side above the train. I really felt for poor Clementina, who appeared to be growing quite giddy from the sameness of view and the speed with which we passed along. At length she resolutely shut her eyes, as if, inside and out, nothing but objects of distraction met her sight.

We had not been on the move more than a few minutes, when I observed the young Guardsman looking at his fair fellow-travellers with an expression by no means consonant with the air of imperturbable gravity through which it shone. I saw he tried to catch the eye of the quiet gentlewoman in the corner, but I resolutely looked out of the

window, though not, I fear, before he detected the shadow of a smile at the corner of my lip.

Mr. Smith, glancing over the top of the newspaper which in self-defence he had unfolded, saw, despite his obtuseness, that something was amiss: the distressed looks of the three maiden friends showed their mental perturbation; and not knowing exactly what to do under the circumstances, he began, half absently, to survey the dress and general appearance of the new comer, from the boots upwards, with an eye from which he strove to banish its usual benign expression. He appeared, however, very much taken aback on perceiving, when he had gradually arrived at the face of the young officer, that his eye was fixed upon him with a meaning he could not quite make out; and he was betrayed involuntarily into saying: "Did you address me, sir?"

"Oh dear, no, sir—not at all," said the Guardsman, with a smile.

At the sound of the gruff voices of the gentlemen, the three friends whisked round, with difficulty suppressing their emotion. Miss Clementina, who was the most nervous, began to tremble violently, and turned still paler than she was by nature. Evidently, the least they anticipated was the preliminaries of a duel.

"Will you exchange papers, sir?" said the Guardsman; at which Mr. Smith bowed, and waved his paper in the air with a nervous flourish, which sent the corner of it nearly into the open mouth of the stricken Caroline, whose features were in an unnatural state of extension from the incidents of the last few moments. Both gentlemen then subsiding into silence, the ladies began to grow calm, the dreaded *vis-à-vis* offering no further cause for fear, and becoming apparently very passive and harmless over his paper. In the course of time they ventured to get up a little slow

formal conversation with Mr. Smith, whom, with a natural revulsion of feeling, they seemed to regard more benignantly than ever, looking upon him now in the light of a safeguard.

"Beautiful weather for the country," faltered Miss Spyker, always the most alert of the three.

"Superb indeed," replied Mr. Smith, blandly.

"Dreadful mode of travelling, this," ventured Miss Clementina. "Ah! Mr. Smith, how different from the days *we* remember! One could see the country then."

"I remember our drive from London to Ascot," said Mr. Smith, in the voice of one calling up, not unmoved, some thrilling memory of the past—"when the speed at which we are now going would have seemed slow to the pace we drove that day. It might," he went on in a lower tone, glancing at Miss Clementina as he spoke—"it might have been the *society*—it might have been the scenery."

Miss Clementina here grew very rosy, and said: "She thought the more entirely such recollections were considered as *past*, the better." Miss Spyker came to the rescue.

"Mr. Smith, have you a Bradshaw?"

"I am sorry to say I have not, madam; but perhaps my memory may serve your purpose. I have travelled on this line often—though not," he added, with a bow, "under circumstances equally agreeable."

Here again came a little bridling, and an involuntary glance of meaning at each other.

"Can you tell me the name of the station you want, Miss Spyker?" resumed Mr. Smith, more gravely.

"I only wanted to know whereabouts the tunnels are," she replied, apparently impressed with a conviction that they were marked in the publication she had asked for.

"I am sorry to say there are three tunnels very near each other," said Mr. Smith, with the air of one who desires

to make the best of unpleasant intelligence ; " but they are only a few minutes long—it is soon over ; and I think," added he, looking out of the window, and very suddenly looking in again, " we are now on the point of——"

At this juncture the whistle sounded ; I hastily drew up my window, and the young Guardsman drew up the further one. The sudden change from light to darkness made the faint glimmer of the lamp—which seemed to be disarranged at any rate—invisible ; and a moment of breathless silence ensued, for the rushing noise of the train was deadened by the closed windows. It was at this instant that a loud chirping sound within the carriage was heard, as of some one bestowing a hearty and unrepelled salute ! Who can paint the consternation of the three ladies, as we emerged blinded, dazzled, bewildered, from the tunnel ?

It was evident each, bridling up with virtuous indignation, regarded the others as concerned in the guilt ; but if any one excited more suspicion than another, it certainly was Miss Clementina. Her near neighborhood to Mr. Smith, his tender allusion to bygone days, and the fact that her bonnet was in a state of derangement the most unbecoming, all contributed to this impression. She, poor soul, feeling her perfect innocence, looked first at her friend Caroline, who with a confused and scared aspect sat bolt upright before her. She, very unfortunately, had for her neighbor the Guardsman ; but he appeared sleepily unconscious of what was passing. Nor did Miss Spyker escape—her bonnet and " ugly" were decidedly not *comme il faut*—for, in her anxiety to shut her eyes and stop her ears, she had given an involuntary jerk to the ugly, thereby imparting a wildness to her general appearance, which was considerably heightened by her manner.

But if each lady regarded the other thus, their feelings could not amount to more than suspicion. But Mr. Smith !



that *he* was guilty was only too evident, if only from his embarrassment; while the quiet young officer, who for some time past had apparently been slumbering, never attracted their suspicions for a moment.

They were still fluttered by the strange incident, when we plunged into another tunnel; and again the same chirping sound was heard—in fact, an unmistakable kiss—louder and more hearty than before; and we shot into daylight once more in a state of agitation more terrible than ever.

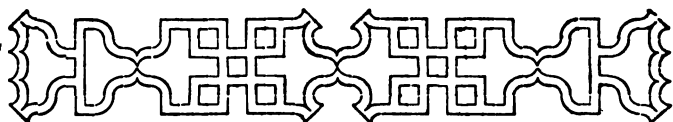
That Mr. Smith had had the daring impertinence to salute one of the three ladies whom he was bound by every sentiment of honor to protect, admitted no doubt; and indeed that gentleman himself seemed to feel his culpability, for he evidently shrank under the indignant eyes of his fair neighbors, and seemed perfectly paralysed in mind and body. The paper had fallen on his knee, his hat was awry, every particle of expression had vanished from his face, and his hands hung powerless by his sides.

The slackening of our pace now showed that we were close to some station. The train stopped a moment, and an unearthly cry from the officials without announced the name of the place, which to this day I have never ascertained; and the young Guardsman, having probably reached his destination, clapped his handkerchief suddenly to his flushed face, sprang from the carriage, and was out of our sight in a moment.

During the rest of the journey, not a word was spoken. Miss Caroline tried to knit, but signally failed, to the great damage of her work; Miss Spyker pursed up her mouth, and looked out of the window; while Clementina was absorbed in Dr. Gregory's *Letters*, holding the volume, as I observed, upside down. Mr. Smith was speechless, and remained like one under the influence of mesmerism for many miles.

By and by, I found that I was very near the end of my own journey ; I began therefore to collect my wrappings, when I heard Miss Caroline and Miss Clementina whispering to the effect that "if"—and they nodded in my direction—"got out, they dared not stay alone with Mr. Smith after what had happened." At this moment, he too observed that we approached the Barnet station ; and when the train stopped, whether he really had originally intended to get out there, or was now going to wait for the next train in self-defence, I cannot tell ; but he was in such haste to have the door opened, that I was quite afraid he was about to break the railway laws, and get himself into custody for leaping upon the platform while the train was still in motion. He, however, turned round respectfully and timidly, but with the look of an injured man, and raised his hat in token of farewell, which courtesy was received in the most chilling manner by the three ladies, who immediately looked another way.

I then got out myself, and watching the train as it moved out of sight, I saw Mr. Smith and his servant, who appeared mutually surprised at finding themselves there—the man's countenance seeming to express : "Do you think, sir, you're perfectly in your right senses, getting out at this here place, where you know nobody, and have nothing to do?" When I turned away, and got up into the town, I saw the Guardsman talking to some friends ; he was laughing violently, and, as I passed, kissed the back of his hand with a smack that reminded me of the mysterious sound in the railway-carriage.



## Tom Elliot's Prize.

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**M**RS. AGATHA NEEDHAM had lived in her house in the good old city of Nearford all her life, which was by no means a definite number of years, her own register saying forty-nine, and that of her baptism sixty-three. A niece of Mrs. Agatha's (she was a maiden lady, and only "Mrs." by courtesy) was the wife of a country clergyman, and one of that lady's sons, a medical student, came to Nearford to be inmate of Mrs. Agatha's, whilst he "improved" himself under Mr. Dicks, an eminent surgeon, attached to the Nearford Infirmary. Mrs. Agatha, in correspondence with his parents, had stipulated, before she would admit him, for his observing certain conditions—that he would never smoke, would never speak to her two maid-servants except in her presence, would always be in by ten o'clock at night, and in bed by half-past. To all of which Mr. Thomas Elliot vowed obedience, and said they were the exact rules he had laid down for himself. So Mrs. Agatha consented to receive him, and he arrived. A dashing young man of twenty-one, showy in dress, free in manner, but the pink of quiet propriety in the presence of

Mrs. Agatha. He speedily became popular in Nearford, and Mrs. Agatha grew intensely proud of him.

"My dear Thomas," she exclaimed to him, one morning at breakfast, "what an extraordinary smell of tobacco-smoke pervades the house when you are in it."

"It does, ma'am; it's highly disagreeable. Nearly makes me sick sometimes."

"But what can it proceed from, Thomas?" pursued Mrs. Agatha, sniffing very much over her muffin. "You assure me you do not smoke."

"I smoke!" echoed Mr. Tom—"I touch a filthy cigar! It comes from my clothes."

"How does it get into them?" wondered Mrs. Agatha.

"They are such a set, aunt, at that infirmary—have cigars in their mouths from morning till night. Sometimes I can't see across our dissecting-room for the smoke. Of course my clothes get impregnated with it."

"Dear me, Thomas, how sorry I am for you! But don't talk about dissecting rooms, if you please. The smell must also get into your eyes, and hair, and whiskers!"

"So it does, uncommon strong. But I douse my head into the big basin in a morning, and that takes it off."

"The governors of the infirmary ought to be reported to the lord-lieutenant," cried Mrs. Agatha, warmly. "I never heard of anything so shameful. How can they think of permitting the patients to smoke?"

"It's not the patients, aunt," returned Mr. Tom, smothering a grin. "What should bring them into the dissecting-room: unless—ahem!—they are carried there?"

"Then, is it the doctors?"

"No: it's the pupils."

"Misguided youths!" ejaculated Mrs. Agatha. "And you have to associate with them! Never you learn smoking, my dear Thomas. But about this smell; I really don't

know what is to be done. The maids commence coughing whenever they enter your bedroom, for the fumes of smoke there, they tell me, are overpoweringly strong."

"Ah, I know they are. It's where all my clothes hang."

"Suppose you were to get some lumps of camphor, and sew them in your pockets," suggested Mrs. Needham. "If it keeps fevers from the frame, it may keep tobacco-smoke from clothes. Get sixpen'orth, Thomas."

"I'll get a shilling's worth," said Tom. "Though I fear its properties don't reach smoke."

"Oh, Thomas, I forgot. Did you hear the noise in the house last night?"

"Noise?" responded Mr. Tom.

"A noise on the stairs like somebody bumping up them. It was just two o'clock, for I heard the clock strike. When Rachel came to dress me this morning, she said it must have been Minny racing after the mice. But I never heard her make such a noise before. I hope it did not disturb you?"

"Not at all, aunt," answered Tom, burying his face in his handkerchief; "I never woke till half an hour ago. Cats do make an awful noise sometimes. I'm off to the infirmary."

"And you have eaten no breakfast! I can't think what the lad lives upon."

In the hall, as Mr. Thomas was dashing across it, he encountered the housemaid, a pretty girl with cherry cheeks.

"Look here, sir," she said—"look what we picked up this morning. If mistress had found it, instead of me and cook, what ever would you have done?"

"My latch key! I must have dropped it when I came in, in the night, and never missed it. But after a punch

jollification, following on a tripe supper, one's perceptive faculties are apt to be obscured. That's a fact undisputed in physics, Rachel, my dear." And as Tom dropped the latch-key into his pocket, he acknowledged his obligation to the finder in a way of his own.

"Now, Mr. Thomas," remonstrated Rachel, "I have threatened fifty times that I'd tell missis of you, and now I will. You want to get me out of my place, sir, going on in this way."

"Do," cried Tom, "go and tell her at once. And harkee, my dear, if you and cook get talking to the old lady about the smoke in my bedroom, I'll shoot the first of you I come near. You should put the windows and door open."

Just as the incorrigible Tom walked off, Mrs. Agatha Needham opened the breakfast-room door, and down dropped the maid upon her hands and knees, and began rubbing away at the oilcloth.

"Rachel! was that my nephew? Talking to you?"

"Mr. Thomas has gone out, ma'am."

"Yes. Who was he talking to before he went?"

"Talking to, ma'am? Oh, I remember; he asked about his umbrella. I think he must have left it at the infirmary, or at Mr. Dicks'."

"Asking a necessary question I will look over," said Mrs. Agatha, "but should he ever show a disposition to speak with you upon indifferent subjects, you will come off straight to me and report him, Rachel; for it is not allowed."

"Very well, ma'am."

From the above specimen of Mr. Tom Elliot, it may be wondered how he contrived to remain an inmate of Mrs. Agatha Needham's, *and* continue in that lady's good graces. It was a marvel to Tom himself, and he was wont to say,

in that favorite resort, the dissecting-room, that though he had got on the ancient maiden's blind side, he had more trouble than enough to keep himself there.

One day sundry of the infirmary pupils were assembled in the above-mentioned choice retreat. A looker-on might have described them as being rather "jolly." There were seven of them; four had short pipes in their mouths, and the three others cigars, and they were smoking away with all their might, Mr. Tom Elliot being amongst them; while some pewter pots of beer stood on the table.

"How did old Moss come out last night?" inquired one, with a shock head of very red hair, as he sat on a deal table and kicked his feet against a neighboring wall. "Old Moss" being a botanist, who was then giving lectures in the city, which the infirmary pupils were expected to attend.

"What's the good of asking me?" responded Tom Elliot. "Pass the pot, Jones."

"I'd got a better engagement, and didn't show," resumed the first speaker. "Were you not there either, Elliot?"

"I just was there. And got jammed close to two of the loveliest girls I ever saw in all my life. One of 'em is a prize."

"I say," cried Davis, one of the oldest of the pupils, "who are those girls Tom Elliot's raving about?"

"Who's to know? There were fifty girls in the room. Very likely they were the Thompsons."

"Annihilate the Thompsons!" interrupted Elliot; "the one's cross-eyed, and the other's sickly. D'ye think I don't know the Thompson girls? These were strangers. At least, I have never seen their faces at lectures before."

"Whereabouts did your two beauties sit?"

"About half-way up the room, on the left-hand side," responded Tom. "Close underneath the astronomical map."

"I know!" shouted a youngster. "They had got a big fat duenna between them, hadn't they?"

"Just so, little Dobbs. In a scarlet hat."

"A scarlet hat!" echoed Davis.

"Or a turban," added Elliot: "might be meant for one or the other. A glaring red cone, three feet high."

"Over a flaxen wig, which she puts in papers and makes believe it's her own hair," rejoined little Dobbs. "It's their aunt."

"You insignificant monkey—their aunt!" broke forth Elliot. "If you don't tell the name without delay, I'll dissect you. You see I'm expiring under the suspense."

"I don't think much of the girls myself," persisted the young gentleman, delighted to exercise Elliot's patience. "The dark-eyed one's the best, and that's Clara."

"Out of the way, Jones. Let me get at him. I'll Clara him."

"Hallo, Elliot! sit down," cried Davis. "Dobbs, you young limb, if you cause this confusion again, I'll turn you out. Keep still, Elliot, and I'll tell you. They were his cousins, the Blake girls, Clara and Georgy."

"That they were not," said Mr. Dobbs. "They were the two Freers."

"Oh, the Freers," echoed Davis; "they don't often show. Old Bagwig keeps them up tight. They are the prettiest girls in Nearford."

"Who's old Bagwig?" demanded Elliot.

"The papa Freer. As cute a lawyer as any judge on the bench. He sports a wig with a bag behind: the only relic of bygone days to be seen in the town."

"I intend to monopolize one of those girls for myself," announced Elliot.

"Phew! wish you joy of your chance. Bagwig's laying by sacks of gold, and designs those two female inheri-



tors of it to marry on the top of the ladder. Nothing under a foreign prince. You'd never get admitted inside their house, if you tried for a year."

"I tell you that girl's a prize, and shall be mine; and I'll bet you two crowns to one that I'm inside their house within a week. Tell me I can't get in where I choose! *you* can't, perhaps," added the audacious Elliot, drawing his handsome figure up, in his vanity.

"Done!" cried Jones.

"And I'll take him too," echoed Davis. "Which of the two is the prize?"

"There's one with piercing dark eyes, giving out wicked glances," answered Elliot.

"And splendid black hair."

"Yes."

"That's Clara."

"And a Roman sort of a nose, and rosy pink color."

"That is Clara."

"Tall; fine shape; lovely fall in her shoulders," went on Elliot.

"Yes, yes, no mistaking Clara."

"Well, then, it's not she."

"Now, Elliot, don't try on any gammon. It must be the young one then, and that's Loo."

"Hark! hush! listen, will you! There's Dicks's voice, as I'm alive!"

The metamorphosis was like magic. Certain overcoats of the pupils which lay in a heap in the corner of the room were raised, and the pewter pots hidden under them; slops of beer, rather prevalent, were rubbed dry with handkerchiefs; cigars and pipes, all alight, were thrust into side-pockets; tables, as sitting places, were abandoned; and when Mr. Dicks, M.R.C.S., entered, every student presented the appearance of sober industry; some with the

operating knives, some buried deep in surgical books of reference.

If fortune ever favored any venturesome layer of bets, Tom Elliot was certainly the one that day. On his return home in the afternoon, he found Mrs. Agatha Needham cutting most extraordinary capers. She was evidently in a desperate state of excitement and anger. Tom's conscience took alarm; he believed something had come out about himself, and felt as if a cold bath had been dashed over him.

"Dear aunt, what ever is the matter?" he ventured to ask, finding she did not speak, and thinking silence might look like self-confession. "You are surely not taken with St. Vitus's dance in the legs?"

"Never was such a thing heard of! never was such a wicked act perpetrated! Rachel—my bonnet and velvet mantle. Thomas, nephew, don't stand peering at my legs. It's not in them, it's in my mind."

Mr. Thomas sat down, completely cowed. What on earth had come to light? The latch-key—or kissing Rachel—or smoking in his bed-room at night—or had that sexton——? "By all that's awful, that must be it!" reasoned Tom. "The bungling fool has mistaken me, and sent the thing home, and she and the girls have turned Bluebeard's wife, and opened the box." Tom's face began to stream down. What ever could he do?

"Has a—a case—been brought here, ma'am, a heavy one?" he stammered. "I came home on purpose, because there's been some mistake. It belongs to Mr. Davis, senior student, and ought to have gone to his lodgings. I'll get a man and have it moved directly."

"Mercy, boy," cried Mrs. Agatha, "I don't know anything about cases. If they had sent a dozen here, I should never have seen them to-day. There has been a wicked man here, Thomas, that's what there has been. A lawyer

I believe he calls himself, and—that's right, Rachel—I'll go and consult mine now."

Tom's spirits went up like mercury. "Then I have not offended you, dear aunt! I feared—I don't know what I didn't fear—that somebody might have been trying to traduce my character to you."

"Child and woman have I lived in this house for six—over forty years," went on Mrs. Agatha, unheeding Mr. Tom's fears, "my own leasehold property, and my father's and mother's before me. And now an impious wretch comes forward and says there's a flaw in the lease, and I must turn out, and am responsible for back rent! I'll go and consult the first lawyer in town. Come along with me, Thomas."

"It's impossible, dear aunt. I have got six hours' work before me to-day: reading-up for Mr. Dicks." The truth was he had made an appointment for billiards.

"That's exceedingly vexatious. I should like to have had you with me for witness. But you are quite right, Thomas; never put your studies aside for anything. I'll wish you good afternoon. Rachel, if anybody comes, you don't know when I shall be at home, for I am gone to Lawyer Freer's."

"Lawyer Freer's!" screamed Tom, rushing after his aunt, and nearly upsetting Rachel. "Of course you must have a witness, aunt, if you are going there. Just wait one moment while I slip on another coat and waistcoat."

"What's the matter with those you have on?" demanded Mrs. Agatha.

"Oh—this is my professional suit. And when I walk with you, I like to look as your nephew ought."

"Dutiful lad!" aspirated Mrs. Agatha. "He shall not be a loser by his attachment to me."

Lawyer Freer was at home, and ensconced Mrs. Agatha

in his consulting-room. Her dutiful nephew slipped aside as they were going in, and shut the door on the old lady and the attorney. Mrs. Agatha was too full of her subject to notice, at first, the absence of her nephew; and afterwards she would not disturb the consideration of her case by calling for him. They both concluded Mr. Tom was exercising his patience in the company of the clerks in the front office.

Not he. He was as daring as he was high, and he went along the passage, peeping here and peeping there, till he came to a room where two young ladies were seated—his beauties of the previous night. Clara, the eldest, a splendid girl; Louisa (the prize), prettier still, with dancing eyes and shining curls.

"I beg pardon," cried Mr. Tom, as the young ladies rose in surprise; "do not let me disturb you. I am sent here to wait, while my aunt holds a private consultation with Mr. Freer. Mrs. Agatha Needham."

The young ladies bowed. They had a speaking acquaintance with Mrs. Agatha, and hoped she was well. Tom assured them she was very well, went on talking upon other subjects, and made himself entirely at home. Mr. Tom Elliot had won his bet.

Mrs. Agatha Needham found her lease, and its flaw could not be settled by the lawyers. The cause in due time was entered for trial at the March assizes, "*Newcome versus Needham*." It caused an extraordinary sensation in Nearford: all the holders of leasehold property arguing that if Mrs. Agatha Needham was disturbed in her long and peaceful occupancy, where was their security? As to Mrs. Agatha, it may be questioned if she enjoyed a full night's rest during the period of suspense. Nothing could exceed the sympathy and interest evinced by Tom Elliot in the affair: as Mrs. Agatha observed, what she should

have done without him, she did not know. His legs were kept on the run between his aunt's house and Lawyer Freer's; and the numerous messages forwarded by Mrs. Agatha nearly drove the lawyer wild. *She* was fidgety, and Thomas pressed her on.

"Do you want my services with Mr. Freer, this morning, aunt?"

"No, Thomas, I think not this morning."

"You'd do well to send to him, if only the slightest message. No trouble to me. These lawyers require perpetual looking up. They are so apt to forget the interests of one client in those of another. It's 'out of sight, out of mind' with them."

"Very true, Thomas. Thank you. Go down then to Mr. Freer: my compliments, and I have sent to know if there's anything fresh. But I am ashamed to give you this frequent trouble."

"Trouble's a pleasure, aunt, when you are concerned," responded Thomas.

"The comfort of possessing such a nephew!" ejaculated Mrs. Agatha.

Tom flew off, but the stars were against him that day. Lawyer Freer was out! so much the better: for Tom could more safely find his way to the young ladies, as he had now done many and many a time. They had also taken to look for him, and they saw him coming down the street.

"Here's Mr. Elliot, Loo," observed Clara; and a blush of satisfaction rose to her face, as she turned from the window to a mirror and smoothed her hair, here and there, with her finger. Louisa did not answer, but a much brighter blush rose to *her* face, and she bent lower over the piece of drawing she was preparing for her master. For Louisa, scarcely eighteen, still had masters attending her, and Clara, who was two years older, looked upon her

as a child. Child as she might be, though, she had grown to love Tom Elliot.

Why did they both blush? somebody may ask; surely they were not both in love with him? Not exactly. Tom Elliot was a general admirer, and whilst he had become really attached to Louisa Freer, and had striven privately to gain her affections, he had evinced a very fair share of admiration for Clara, partly in homage of her beauty, partly to divert suspicion from her sister. And Clara Freer, who had no objection in the world to receive admiration from so handsome and popular a man as Tom Elliot, certainly did not repel him.

"He's over head and ears in love," Clara was proceeding to add; but her sister interrupted her in a startling voice—

"In love! With whom?"

"With me," complacently replied Miss Freer, "who else is there? His next move will be to make me an offer—in his random way."

Louisa's heart beat fast against her side, and her blood tingled to her fingers' ends.

"Make *you* an offer!" she gasped forth. "Would you marry him?"

"Bless the child! I marry a medical student, an embryo surgeon! I look a little higher than that, Loo. But if Tom Elliot were as rich in wealth as he is in attractions—why, then you might stand a speedy chance of being a bridesmaid. I know he adores me."

No more was said, for Tom entered, and began rattling away, after his own fashion. An attractive companion he undoubtedly was. Presently Miss Freer was called from the room by a servant, upon some domestic affair.

"My dearest Loo," he whispered, as soon as they were alone, "you look sad this morning. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing," she answered, bursting into tears. And

Tom, all alive with surprise and concern, clasped her in his arms, and was in the very agreeable act of kissing off the tears, when Clara returned. It was sooner than they had expected her, and they were fairly caught.

Clara, her features naturally of a haughty cast, could put on a *look* when she liked. Mr. Elliot had never yet been favored with it; but it shone out in full force, as she imperiously demanded an explanation from both of them.

"The truth is, Miss Freer," said Tom, speaking up like a man, "that I love your sister. Until I saw her, all young ladies were alike to me—that is, I was fond of them all. But now she is the only one I care for, or ever shall care for in the world. I did not intend this to come out yet; and I hope you will keep our secret."

"And pray," returned Clara, boiling over with rage and mortification, "when *did* you intend it to come out, sir?"

"When? Not till I was well established in my profession, and could ask for her as I ought to do, of Mr. Freer."

"Clara," uttered the younger sister, her tears falling fast in agitation, for she had read the expression in the elder's eye, "for the love of Heaven, do not betray me to papa. Dear Clara!"

"I shall acquaint your father instantly, as is my duty," was the cold reply. "We shall have a baby in leading-strings entangling itself in a matrimonial engagement next!"

"Clara, my dear sister—let me call you so for the first, though I hope not for the last time—be reasonable, be kind," said Mr. Elliot, trying *his* powers of persuasion. But, effectual as they had hitherto proved with the young lady, they failed now.

"What I can do to oppose your views on my sister, I will do," she vehemently answered. "You have played a

traitor's part, Mr. Elliot, in seeking her affections. I beg you to leave the house at once, and you will never be admitted to it again."

"But, Clara," he remonstrated, "you—"

"I have told you to leave the house," she reiterated, pale with anger. "If you do not quit it this instant, I shall ring for the servants to show you out."

"Very well, Miss Freer," he said, all his customary equanimity returning to him. "Louisa, my darling," he impressively added, turning to her for a last farewell, "we may be obliged to bend to circumstances and temporarily separate, but remember—come what may, I will be true to you. Be you so to me. Will you promise?"

"I will," she whispered; and Mr. Tom Elliot bent down, and sealed it on her lips, regardless of Miss Clara's energetic appeal to the bell.

Clara Freer made her own tale good to her father, and Thomas made his good to Mrs. Agatha. For in the violent indignation of the attorney, he had informed that lady of her nephew's having presumed to make love to his daughter, and Mrs. Agatha, overwhelmed with the first shock of the news, wrote off an imperative summons to Tom's father, telling him to post to Nearford, upon a matter of life and death, which summons brought the alarmed parent flying at express speed.

Everybody who heard of the affair pronounced them both a couple of simpletons. A medical student of twenty-one, without any definite hopes or money whatever, to have talked of marriage was ridiculously absurd; and for a young lady, *with* money and prospects, to listen to him, was more absurd still. The clergyman, when he arrived, and found what the matter was, wished to treat it as a joke; the lawyer was too outrageous to treat it in any way but in earnest, while Tom strove to deny it to Mrs. Agatha.



"There's nothing in it, dear aunt," he pleaded; "don't you believe any of them."

"But Miss Freer affirms that she caught you kissing her sister," persisted Mrs. Agatha. "How do you account for that?"

"I'm sure I don't know how it is to be accounted for," answered Tom, demurely. "I believe I must have dropped asleep with my eyes open, and done it in a dream. I was sitting there, waiting for the lawyer to come in, and had got tired to death."

Mrs. Agatha was staggered. She had not much faith in those sort of dreams, but she had great faith in Tom's word.

"Kissing is very bad, Thomas," she observed, doubtfully.

"It's shocking," promptly answered Thomas. "You cannot believe, ma'am, I should be guilty of it—awake. Never tried to kiss any young lady in all my life—except my sisters."

Not, however, to his father and Mr. Freer did Thomas Elliot make a similar defence. To them he told the truth boldly—that he was in love with the young lady, and meant to marry her if she would wait for him.

His impudence struck Lawyer Freer speechless. "Sir," he stuttered to the parson, when his tongue came to him, "I insist upon it that you find means to stop this presumption of your son's. You are a clergyman, sir, and must feel that it is a disgrace to him, to my family, and to the age we live in."

"I'll talk to him," responded the parson, meekly. "I am sure he will hear reason."

So he took his graceless heir all alone into the bedroom of the hotel where he had put up, and did "talk" to him. But Tom remained as hard as flint, protesting that no

father had a right to control his son in the choice of a wife.

"You will find they have," angrily replied Mr. Elliot, provoked to warmth. "I forbid you—do you hear me?—*I forbid* you to think any more of this."

"I shall be sure to marry her in the end, if it's twenty years to come," persisted Tom. "I have told her so."

"At your peril," uttered Mr. Elliot—"at the peril of disobedience. And deliberate disobedience to a father never goes unpunished, remember."

"I'll risk the punishment if ever I get the luck," dutifully concluded Mr. Tom to himself.

The Reverend Mr. Elliot returned to his home, and matters went on quietly for a week or two—Tom finding no opportunity of seeing Louisa, except on Sundays; when he went to St. Luke's, which was Mr. Freer's parish church, and enshrined himself in a pew within view of the lawyer's, always telling Mrs. Agatha, who expected him to go to church with her, that there was an unusual press of in-door patients at the infirmary. Meanwhile the affair was talked of abroad, and a country squire, who was intimate with the attorney's family, and very much admired Louisa, came forward when he heard of it, and made her an offer, fearing he might lose her. All the blame, be it observed, was laid by everybody upon Tom Elliot; Louisa got none. The proposal was complacently received by Lawyer Freer, for it was a first-rate match for his daughter. He, like others, had not cast much reproach at Louisa, his indignation being concentrated on the audacious infirmary pupil; and now that the intimacy between the two was broken off, the lawyer concluded the affair was at an end, and so dismissed it from his mind.

"If I could have chosen from all the county for you,

Louisa, I should have fixed on Turnbull," observed the lawyer to his daughters. "What do you say, Clara?"

Clara said nothing: she was sulky and cross. She considered herself much handsomer than that chit Louisa, yet all the offers were going to her.

"His rent-roll is two thousand a year, all clear and unencumbered. I had the settlement of affairs last year, at his father's death. You are a lucky child."

"I should not like to live in the country," timidly remarked Louisa, not daring to make any more formidable obstacle.

"Not like—what, raise an objection to Turnbull Park! There's not a prettier spot—for its size—in all the county!" cried the attorney. "I wish *I* had the chance of living there."

"If Mr. Thomas Elliot were its owner, we might hear less of objection to 'living in the country,'" *very* spitefully exclaimed Miss Freer.

"Thomas Elliot!" repeated the lawyer, "hang Thomas Elliot." He looked inquiringly from one to the other: Clara's face was pale and severe, Louisa's burning. "Harkee, young ladies," he said, "we will dispense with the naming of that person in future. Had Louisa not given him up, I would have discarded her in disgrace. I would, on my solemn word. Squire Turnbull dines here to-morrow, Clara. Let the dinner be handsome."

Once more were the pupils assembled in a private sanctum of the infirmary. Their pots of porter were absent, but their careless jokes were not.

"He is late this morning," observed Jones. "Won't we have a shy at him when he comes?"

"I wonder if he knows it?"

"Not yet," answered little Dobbs; "I'll bet two bobs to one he doesn't. It was only through my aunt Blake drinking tea there last night that it came out."

At this moment Tom Elliot entered, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Well, Elliot," little Dobbs cried, "have you heard the news?"

"I've heard no news."

"About a friend of yours," Davis interposed, "going to be married?"

Mr. Elliot puffed on apathetically, and made no reply.

"I say, Elliot," began Jones again, "do you know Turnbull?"

"I don't know any Turnbull," responded Tom, who, as little Dobbs phrased it, seemed "cranky" that morning.

"Turnbull, of Turnbull Park. Drives iron-grey horses in his drag?"

"Oh, that lot! A short, stout cove, looks a candidate for apoplexy. Splendid cattle they are."

"He's going into the matrimonial noose, Elliot."

"He may go into another noose if he likes. Who called him a friend of mine?"

"No, the lady's your friend. A clipper she is, too."

"Only Elliot does not think so. Oh, no, not at all," cried Mr. Dobbs.

"Come, Elliot," Davis said, "guess who Turnbull's going to splice with?"

"You perhaps," was the sulky answer.

"I'll bet he *has* heard it," grinned Davis, "he is so savage. It's your prize, little Loo Freer."

"What!" shrieked Elliot.

"Squire Turnbull marries Louisa Freer. Settlements are being drawn up, and wedding-dresses made."

"A lie!" shouted Elliot.

"It's not," interrupted Jones; "it's true. Dobbs's family have had the official announcement, and"—

They were interrupted by a low whistle from Davis. "Silence, boys. I hear Dicks coming down stairs."

Now I am not going to defend either Mr. Tom Elliot or Miss Louisa Freer. On the contrary, they deserve all the reproach that can be cast at them. They took alarm at the advances of Squire Turnbull, and planned a runaway marriage; though how they contrived to meet and consult, was a matter of wonder, afterwards, to Nearford. It probably appeared to both as the only certain way of extricating Louisa, but a more lamentably imprudent step was never taken.

Prudence, however, was no concern of Tom Elliot's; all he cared for was to get it accomplished, and he went to work in a daring and unusual way. He determined to marry her in her own parish church, and he ran up to London by the night mail, procured a license, and brought a confidential friend down with him, who entered with gusto into the secret, and enjoyed the fun. The incumbent of St. Luke's, a bachelor, and still a young man, was as much fitted for a parson as I am. He was given to following the hounds more than following his parishioners, was fond of gentlemen's after-dinner society, but painfully awkward and nervous in the presence of ladies; good-natured, unsuspicious, the very man to be imposed upon by Tom Elliot.

Nearford assizes came on; and late on the evening of the first day, Monday, a confidential note from Lawyer Freer was delivered to the Reverend Simon Whistler, calling upon him to perform the marriage ceremony between his youngest daughter and Mr. Thomas Elliot the following morning at ten. Mr. Freer added a request that the matter might be kept strictly secret, for reasons of which he would himself inform him when they met the following day. Now, if the Reverend Simon had an objection to perform one part of his clerical duties, it was that of tying the nup-

tial knot. Baptism he did not mind, burials he was quite at home in, but a gay wedding was his aversion, for the ladies and their fine clothes scared all his nerves and set them shaking. So he groaned aloud when he read the lawyer's letter, but was forced to resign himself to what there was no help for.

On Tuesday morning, at twenty-five minutes past nine precisely, Lawyer Freer bustled into the town-hall, in the wake of two counsellors, specially retained for Mrs. Agatha Needham. That lady herself, escorted by her nephew, and accompanied by several maiden friends, also arrived, just as the learned baron who presided at *Nisi Prius* took his seat. With difficulty places were found for Mrs. Needham's party, for the court was crammed, all the town being anxious to hear the great cause tried.

"And now, aunt, as you are comfortably fixed, I'll be off to the infirmary for an hour. It's my day to go round the wards with the surgeons."

"Why, Thomas!" uttered the startled Mrs. Agatha, "you'll never think of leaving us unprotected! Mr. Dicks will excuse you on so important an occasion as this. Those gentlemen in wigs are staring here very unpleasantly already. How extremely ugly they are!"

"Staring, are they!" cried Tom. "I'll go and stop that. Just one moment, aunt; you'll take no harm. Back in a brace of shakes."

At ten o'clock the Reverend Mr. Whistler was in St. Luke's vestry, putting on his surplice. He had not to wait long for the wedding party. It consisted only of Mr. Elliot, Louisa Freer (in her every-day clothes, and a thick black veil), and a strange gentleman as groomsman.

"This is sadly unfortunate, Mr. Whistler," began Tom, in his off-hand manner; "my aunt's cause is on, and everybody's at it. Mrs. Agatha is in court, Miss Freer, and

other witnesses. Mr. Freer of course is obliged to be there. He's excessively annoyed, charged me with his compliments to you, and trusts that his absence would make no essential difference."

The parson bowed, inwardly blessing the great cause, "Newcome v. Needham." He had anticipated a string of ladies as long as the aisle, with a proportionate show of veils and feathers. He never performed the marriage service so glibly in his life—and he thought he had never seen a bride tremble more violently.

The fees were paid, the register signed, and the parties left the church. At the entrance, which was situated, like the church, in an obscure neighborhood, stood a post-chaise and four. Mr. Tom Elliot, clearing a way through the collection of young nurses and infants there assembled, placed his bride in it, followed her in, banged to the door, and off dashed the post-boy at a gallop.

"Never accomplished a feat more cleverly in my life," chuckled Tom. "Loo, my darling, all the fathers in Christendom shan't separate us now."

The stranger, meanwhile, after watching the chaise fairly away, returned to the vestry, and addressed the clergyman.

"Mr. Freer's compliments, sir, and he begs you will be at the house at seven to-night to celebrate the wedding."

Mr. Whistler replied in the affirmative, though not without hesitation. He had a horror of evening parties, and concluded this was nothing less than a dance. But he did not like to refuse on such an occasion.

It was seven that evening when Mr. Freer returned home, having snatched a hasty dinner off a pocket sandwich in the guildhall. Clara had got tea ready on the table, with a nice ham, for she knew what her father's dinners on assize days were.

"Well, papa," she said, "is it over? How's the verdict?"

"For Miss Needham, of course," replied Lawyer Freer, throwing aside his wig and bag, for he was addicted, when fatigued, to sitting in private life in his bald head. "I knew we should have it. There was a clapping of hands in court when it was delivered. Just get me my slippers, Clara. Where's your sister?"

"She went out after breakfast, telling Nancy she was going to court with Mrs. Stevens, and might not be home till late."

"Told Nancy she was going into court!" repeated the amazed lawyer, pausing in the act of pulling off his boots. "*My* daughter to appear in a public assize court! If Squire Turnbull should hear—Good Heavens, Louisa must be out of her mind. And where were my eyes that I did not see her? Ring the bell, Clara."

"I thought it very extraordinary, papa," rejoined Clara, not sorry to get her sister into a row.

"Nancy," cried the lawyer, in a fume, when the housemaid appeared, "go instantly to Mrs. Stevens! Ask to speak to Miss Louisa, and tell her it is my desire that she return home with you immediately. Stay—call at Ford's and take a fly; go in it and return in it. A pretty night assize-night is, for women to be in the streets," muttered the discomfited lawyer.

No sooner had Nancy departed than there came a rat-tat-tat to the street-door, and in walked the Rev. Mr. Whistler, ushered in by the cook, who, to her own mortification, happened that day, of all days in the year, not to have "cleaned" herself. The lawyer started, and Clara stared, for the parson had arrayed himself in evening attire, white kid gloves, silk stockings, tights, and pumps. He went all over as red as his hunting-coat, and sat down



dreadfully embarrassed, feeling convinced he had mistaken the night, and ready to swear—if he had not been a parson—at his own stupidity. Clara asked if he would take a cup of tea, and he stammered that he would, though he hated tea like poison.

"You must allow me to congratulate you, sir," he began, believing he was expected to say something about the wedding, and clearing his throat to help overcome his diffidence. "I am sorry not to have had that pleasure this morning."

Lawyer Freer knew of no cause for congratulation save the verdict in favor of Mrs. Agatha Needham. "Thank you," he said, "it is not a pleasant thing to lose a cause."

The parson expected his host to say daughter, and if the word sounded to his ear like cause, he attributed it to his own bewilderment.

"Indeed it is not," answered the parson. "I remember when my sister was married, my mother and the bridesmaids cried all day."

The attorney looked up with undisguised astonishment, and Miss Freer was certainly laughing. He felt sure it was at those wretched tights, and pushed his legs under his chair as far as he could without overbalancing himself.

"Were you amused in court to-day?" was his next question, addressing Miss Freer.

"In court! I!" cried Clara.

"It was her sister who went," broke in the lawyer,— "my youngest daughter. Clara would not have acted so indiscreetly. Louisa's not come home yet."

"Your youngest daughter went to the hall to-day!" echoed the clergyman, staring in his turn. "That is rather—rather uncommon—is it not?"

"Uncommon? It's unpardonable."

"And Mr. Elliot. Was he there too?"

"Mr. Elliot!" roared the attorney, firing at the name.

"I don't know anything about Mr. Elliot. What's Mr. Elliot to me?"

"A—a—a—no quarrel or misunderstanding, I hope, since the morning?" cried the parson hopelessly mystified.

"Not that *I* am aware of, sir," coldly answered the offended attorney.

"I supposed they were leaving the town to-day," returned Mr. Whistler. "Indeed, I believed they had left it."

Mr. Freer considered, and concluding the "they" must have reference to the learned judges, he made no remark.

At that moment the cook put her head into the room. "Mrs. Agatha Needham's compliments—she was sorry to trouble Mr. Freer on the subject, but did he know anything of her nephew? He had left her in a mysterious way in the morning, as soon as she got into court, and nothing had been heard or seen of him since?"

"I know nothing of him," growled the lawyer—"nothing. My respects to Mrs. Needham herself."

Before the cook could turn away with the message, a fly was heard rattling up to the door, and in came Nancy. "Mrs. Stevens's kind regards to Mr. and Miss Freer: she had been at home all day, but Miss Louisa had not called." The lawyer was seriously disturbed now.

"You may rely upon it, sir," interposed the clergyman, "that there is some misunderstanding, and they are gone."

"Gone! who gone? gone where?" said the host, in agitation. "Were your mind in a sane state, you should be brought to account for your vile insinuations."

"You appear to take me for a madman, sir, but I think, if anybody's mad, it's yourself," retorted the clergyman, growing more perplexed with every sentence. "I have not insinuated a breath against your daughter. But what

more natural than that she should leave town with her husband?"

"And pray, sir," Mr. Freer cried, with forced calmness, "as you say my daughter has got a husband, perhaps you will inform me when she was married, and who married her?"

"Why I married her, sir: married her this morning to Mr. Tom Elliot. Married them at your own request, sir."

Lawyer Freer sat down in a chair, and broke out into a white heat.

"What do you suppose, sir, brought me here to-night, in these kickshaw things," cried the unhappy parson, "but your own invitation to celebrate their marriage?"

"Oh, papa," screamed Clara, "I see it all! Tom Elliot and Louisa are married."

"Married, Miss Freer, what should hinder them? Here's your papa's note—'Mr. Freer presents his compliments,' and so on—requesting me to perform the ceremony at ten this morning, which I did," said Mr. Whistler, thrusting his hands into his pockets for the note. Alas! he was in momentary oblivion of having sported the uncomfortable tights: the note was in the pantaloons he had left at home.

Clara Freer went off into strong hysterics, and the lawyer into an explosion of stronger expletives. The clergyman came in for his share of the latter; Mr. Freer insisting that he ought to have ascertained whether the note really came from him, before marrying a child like Louisa to a graceless medical student.

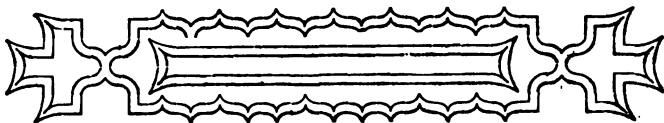
"How could I suspect anything wrong?" humbly deprecated the Reverend Simon. "The handwriting was like a lawyer's, and of course I thought it was yours. I heard some time ago that Mr. Elliot was paying his addresses to one of your daughters, so that when the note came, it

seemed a natural sequence. I am very sorry now, and would join in undoing the wedding if I could. Is it any use following them? I'll go in pursuit for one, if you like, sir. My hunter's as fresh as a daisy to-night."

"Pursuit," reiterated the irritated Lawyer Freer. "Eight o'clock at night and ten hours' start! what use do you think pursuit would be, now? And I would advise you, sir, as a lawyer, not to countenance these clandestine matches in future, or your bishop may stop your power to perform them, in a way you won't like."

"I wish he would," answered the browbeat parson—"I wish he'd unlicense St. Luke's for marriages. I'd rather do fifty funerals, all in a day, than one wedding. I would indeed."

So Mr. Elliot got clear off with his prize.



## Forty-one Tons of Indigo.

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**L**ET us begin with a maxim. "In matters of business, if you can help it, as far as possible, never commit yourself by speaking hastily."

If the above proposition can be tolerated by the reader, let him read on, and know that the hero of this little moral sketch was a dounce and canny Scot, making up by their great variety, for the limited extent of his dealings. He was a chapman in a promiscuous line. In fact—why should we attempt to disguise the truth?—he kept what in London would be called a chandler's shop. He condescended, merely for the convenience of his immediate neighbors, to sell candles as low as a farthing apiece—indeed, he would, for the nonce, furnish a light so attenuated that you might purchase two for a farthing, and yet he had small beer in his emporium more attenuated still. He also sold dyeing materials, among which he might have classed his small ale, and he had *coccus indicus* to set off against a halfpenny's worth of salt, *barilla* against two sheets of parliament cake for a baubee, and indigo by the pound against snuff by the half ounce.

Indeed, our trustworthy friend, Donald M'Grie, had no small pride in this shop; and the street in which he lived, in the gude old town of Aberdeen, had just as much pride in Donald. Really, Donald was a safe chiel; he kept his accounts accurately, both with God and man, for he was as punctual at kirk as in his payments, and as he allowed no long scores with his neighbors, he took care never to run in debt by crimes of omission, which must some day be settled before a tribunal awful.

Having thus sufficiently described Donald's circumstances, we must now proceed to narrate the first grand step that he made towards acquiring the splendid fortune he so well deserved, and lived so long to enjoy.

He was out of indigo, that is to say, all the indigo he lately had, had gone out of his warehouse by driblets. Thereupon he writes a letter to the house in London, a dry-salter's in the most extensive line of business, ordering "forty-one *pons* weight of indigo," stating, at the same time, that if there was not a vessel they must "*get one*." Such were the exact words he used. Now at the time this occurred, communication between Aberdeen and London was rare, and at the furthest, four times in the year was the utmost extent that Donald M'Grie and his wholesale dealers addressed each other. These latter were very much surprised at the extent of the order, and the reader will not wonder at it when he is informed that they never could suppose for a moment that a vessel could be ordered on purpose to carry forty-one pounds of indigo; so, after much scrutiny of the very hieroglyphical marks of M'Grie, all the heads of the firm took it firmly into their heads that their correspondent had fairly written forty-one tons.

They knew very little of the man, and the nature and extent of his business; all, however, they did know, was most satisfactory. They had done business with him nearly

twenty years, and had, during all that time, been extremely well pleased with the punctuality of his payments; added to which, they had heard that he was wealthy. Upon all these grounds they without hesitation executed the order; but, as they had not anything like the quantity on hand, they were themselves obliged to become purchasers in order to fulfil the commission. Having collected the quantity they supposed that Donald had specified, they shipped it for Aberdeen, sending with it an invoice, and also a bill of lading by post.

When M'Grie received this precious bill of lading, his astonishment was at once ludicrous and stupendous. At length, in order to give himself a little mental relief, he determined to set it down for a hoax, "for," said he, "what can the people in London mean by sending me forty-one tons of indigo?" It was more than sufficient, with the then consumption, to supply Aberdeen for a gude Scotch generation—twenty-one years. However, his prudence still prevailed over every other operation of his mind.

Like a canny Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was further from his thoughts than to run hither and thither with his mouth wide open and the letter in his hand, in order to tell his tale of wonder, and excite the stupid acclamations of his neighbors. Notwithstanding this stoical conduct, he could not so far command his deportment but that those about him remarked a definite, though a mysterious change in his whole man. He was nearly silent; but the activity of his feet made up for the idleness of his tongue. He was fidgety, repeatedly leaving his shop without any conceivable reason, and then returning as hastily on the same rational grounds. For once in his life, his neighbors thought that wily Donald did not know very well what he was about.

In the midst of this agitation, time and tide, which wait

for no man, brought the vessel that bore the indigo to Aberdeen. It would seem, that in order to quicken Donald's apprehensions, she had an extraordinarily quick passage. No sooner was she moored, than the captain hastened to find the merchant to whom this large and valuable cargo was consigned. Having gone previously to the very first merchants, he, by nice gradations, at length arrived at the actual consignee, honest Donald M'Grie. Indeed, the skipper was as much astonished at the minuteness of the warehouse as M'Grie had been at the magnitude of his cargo; that warehouse, had it contained nothing else, would not have held one-fifth part of the consignment.

After the few first introductory sentences, that made each aware of what was their mutual business, the captain became convinced that all was right from the quiet conduct of Donald, who betrayed neither emotion nor surprise, though at the same time his very heart was melting within him, as melts an exposed rushlight on a sunshiny summer's day.

"And sae, sir, ye'll be sure ye hae brought the tottle of the forty-one tons? A hugeous quantity, eh, sir? And did ye ever ken any one mon hae sae mickle before?"

"Never, Mr. M'Grie, never. Why, sir, do you know that the difficulty of getting all the indigo together had an effect on the market? It was fully three farthings the pound dearer on 'Change' the very day I left London."

"O, aye—purely. It was—was it? Now, I'll put ye ane case—not that it is o' the slightest consequence, but merely to satisfy my conjecture—supposing, mon, ye had all this indigo, what would ye just do wi' it?"

"Why," said the skipper, "I should not have bought it unless I wanted it. This is, Mr. M'Grie, precisely your case."

"Ah, weel, my mon, but, you're an unco canny chiel.



Do ye no ken whether his precious majesty, may God bless him, aint gaen to make volunteer blue regimentals—blue is a pure standing color?”

“Why, I don’t know but some report of that sort may be stirring; for, what with your large demand and other matters, indigo is certainly getting up. But my time is precious. Here’s your bill of lading—so just sign my papers—ah, all right—when and where shall I discharge the cargo?”

“Don’t fash yourself, there’s nae hurry. I’ll just speak to two or three of my worshipfu’ correspondents, and let you know on the morrow, or aiblins the next day after. I may hae to send to Edinboro’ anent the matter.”

“Ah, yes, I understand; a joint consignment. It wont prove a bad speculation, I’m thinking. Morning, morning, Mr. M’Grie.”

So away trudged the skipper, leaving the owner of much indigo in a state of doleful perplexity, such as ought not to befall any honest man. All that night he kept exclaiming, “Gude Lord, gude Lord, what shall I do with all this indigo? Na, na, Donald will commit himself. But it’s a mickle heap.”

Very early was Donald abroad the next morning inquiring of everybody all the possible uses to which indigo could be put. He got but very little satisfaction on that point. He began himself to look dark blue. He had almost resolved upon a journey to London, awful as it appeared to him, to have this mistake explained, but he still resolved to wait a little, and to do nothing in a hurry.

The next thing that happened to Donald, with his forty-one tons of dye, was his sad reflection when an old woman came and bought of him a farthing’s worth of stone blue.

“Had ye na better try indigo, my gude falen?” says Donald to the washerwoman, quite powkily.

"And what think ye, gude mon M'Grie, I'll be doing with indigo in the suds? Out awa, mon; but ye're gaffing a puir auld body." So off the old lady trudged with a damaged temper.

"Had I sold but a farthing's worth of this dommed indigo, 'twould have been a beginning. Had the auld washer bodies has taken to it! and every little helps."

About this time, as the skipper who had just brought the indigo was passing the principal inn of Aberdeen, he observed a post-chaise and four, with the horses all foam, stop with a most imposing jerk at the door, and the managing and confidential clerk of the firm of Hubbens, Hobbins & Robbins, the eminent drysalters, alight from it. The clerk almost flew into the arms of the skipper, and with breathless eagerness asked him if he had delivered the indigo to Donald M'Grie?

"No, it is still in the vessel, but he has the manifest and the bill of sale."

"Then the property is now vested in him?"

"As securely as the hair upon your own head is your own property. He seems cautious, even for a Scotchman."

"Is he in a large line of business?"

"I can't really say that. We should call his place of trade nothing better than a chandler's shop, in London. But they manage things in another way here."

"What can he possibly want of this indigo? He has actually drained the market, and we have just received advices that all the crops of indigo have failed in the West Indies. There is also a large demand for it from government, and it is now actually worth its weight in gold."

"You don't say so? Why, he was saying something like it. No doubt but that some West Indiaman has made the run by herself, and reached this place without waiting

for a convoy, and brought the news of the failure of crops. Besides, he talked loud about his correspondents."

"And I am losing all this precious time! Where does he live? I know nothing of the place."

"I will go with you, if you choose. I should like to see how our douce Scot manages it."

"No, good captain. Just show me the door. If I prosper, you will have to take the stuff back to London."

"So I thought. But mind your bearings and distance with M'Grie. He is an over-cautious tradesman."

It had been a dull morning with Donald. He had sold a little snuff and a little sand, a little cheese, and a half score of ballads for a halfpenny, but not a particle of indigo, and no more stone or powdered blue. He was never known to give such short weight. He had wrangled awfully with his customers, and was altogether in a misty humor.

"I would just gie twa pounds Scotch to get out of this scrape, and some odd silver over;" and as he thus exclaimed aloud, he struck the pound of butter that he was making up, with his wooden paddles, a blow so spiteful that it resounded like the report of a pistol.

At this moment the clerk entered. He paused for a space just within the threshold, scornfully surveyed the shop and its contents, looked with an air that was not far short of contempt on its proprietor, and immediately settled in his mind his plan of action. He was something of the *petit maitre*; so he placed his white cambrio handkerchief before his nose and mouth, and then jerking it away, exclaimed, "Faugh!" taking from his waistcoat pocket a smelling-bottle, which, like Shakspeare's popinjay,

"Ever and anon he gave to his nose,  
And took't away again."

"What would you please to buy, honest man?" said Donald, pettishly.

"Buy, my good fellow, buy? Does any one ever buy anything here? You will pardon me, but the stench is intolerable."

"Ye fause young callant! Here be naething but wholesome smells, such as sic puir thread-paper bodies as your ainself might grow sleep upon. An ye no like the odor, healthful as it be, twist round yer ugly snout, and there lies the doorway. So tramp, ye ne'er-do-weel."

"Pardon me. I am sure, sir, that I did not come here to quarrel with you, but merely to rectify a mistake. I believe I am speaking to M'Grie—Mr. Donald M'Grie?"

"Ye don't lee noo," said Donald, moodily.

"I wish to release you from a great deal of uneasiness, in making right this little mistake of yours."

"And pray where do you come from?"

"London, Mr. M'Grie—the centre of the arts, the seat of sovereignty, the emporium of the world, but that is neither here nor there—I came from London, Mr. M'Grie."

"And how might ye hae made this long journey? Aib-lins by the slow wagon?"

"It is you that are slow, my good sir," said the clerk, flourishing his handkerchief tastefully. "A chaise and four—spanked along—astonished the natives—never lost a moment, I assure you."

"Ye'll be making a long stay, nae doubt, in bonny Aberdeen."

"Not a moment after I've rectified this little mistake. Southward, ho! That's the word!"

"So," thought Donald, "this spruce young chap is come, I'm sure, about the indigo. I'll save my two pounds Scotch and the odd silver. He did not travel post for nothing. I shall be clear of my bargain free. But let us not be in a hurry."

"Ye are come to Aberdeen about the indigo, doubtless?" said Donald, after a pause, and very deliberately.

"Yes. My principals feel sure that you have made a trifling mistake in the amount of your order; so, to relieve your anxiety, they have sent me down to you, to say that they are willing to take the indigo back, and release you from the bargain, provided that you will pay the expense of the freight—and a very generous offer it is, I can tell you."

"I am sure I am over obliged to the good gentlemen. But pray, sir, who may be yer ainsel? A modest young man, no doubt, but humble—yer preferment's all to come. One would just like to know whom one is treating wi'—some junior clerk, or perhaps one of the warehouse men?—surely ye no be ane of the porters?"

Very indignant indeed was the fop at these degrading conjectures. With much hauteur, he exclaimed, "I must acquaint you that I am the confidential, principal and managing director of the firm's vast mercantile operations; that I am a near relation of Mr. Hubbens, the head of the firm; and that I have full power and authority to do just what I please in this as in every other transaction. My name, sir, is Daniel Hubbens, at your service. What do you say to my offer?"

"I should like to glance at your authority—no offence."

Mr. Daniel Hubbens was offended; however; but finding the Scotchman firm, he was obliged to give him the necessary vouchers that he was empowered to treat with him for a re-sale of the merchandise. The examination of this document still further opened the eyes of Mr. M'Grie to the value of his late purchase; and he consequently became more dogged and consequential.

Mr. Hubbens, perceiving the turn that affairs were likely to take, and that he had a difficult task to perform, at once altered the loftiness of his manner, and said,

"Well, well, my dear sir, the fact is, you have long bought from us. I wish to see, if we, our very respectable firm, cannot purchase from you. So, come down to my inn, and we'll talk the matter over a bottle of the best you can call for."

"Oh, there's nae occasion; just say a' here."

"No, no, my dear sir. Come with me you must. I am very tired, and the best supper that Aberdeen can produce is providing for us two."

"Sae ye are prepared for me, I understand. Ye would na hae ta'en all this troublous work for little. I'll awa' with you, my man."

And away they both went;—in the short journey to the inn, Donald cogitating on the utmost that he should ask for the re-sale of the indigo, and the managing clerk endeavoring to divert his thoughts from the value of the goods in his possession.

The supper and accessories were the best that ever fell to the lot of Donald to share; but he was prudent, and the clerk gained no advantage through the means of his lavish expenditure of choice wines; so, after many flourishes and much circumlocution, he was forced to put the plain question to his guest, "What will you take to pass your cargo of indigo back to our firm?"

"Troth, Mr. Hubbens, I'm at a loss a bit. What will ye gie, truly?"

"Why, Mr. M'Grie, the fact is, we have received a very unexpected order for the article, and our people have empowered me to come to Aberdeen, and offer you a thousand pounds to return the cargo just as you got it. There is a glorious chance for you! A thousand pounds! Don't you feel yourself in heaven?"

"No, no; I'm better advised than that comes to. I did na buy the mickle lot but upon sound calculations. I have friends, sir, friends who have the first intelligence."

It is as I suspected, thought the clerk; he has had the first news of the general failure of the crops.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. M'Grie—it's a bold step, but I'll take it upon myself to double the offer. Two thousand, sir—two thousand! Hey!"

"Indeed no, my man, I can make mair o't than that."

"Well, I must let you keep it," said the youngster, with an air of well-affected indifference.

"Weel, weel, young sir, here's to yer vera gude health, and a pleasant journey back again."

"Thank you, sir. May the indigo prosper with you."

They drank two glasses of wine each, in silence. The mortification of Hubbens could not be concealed, while M'Grie's visage represented content carved out in stone.

After considerable pause the clerk lost his temper entirely—his patience had long been gone before—and he resumed the attack upon the imperturbable Donald. At length the would-be purchaser, not at all liking the prospect and the shame of an unsuccessful journey back to his principals, in a fit of desperation pulled out his private instructions, and said,

"Here, read that, obstinate man of iron that you are. Just so far am I permitted to go, and no further."

M'Grie read very deliberately that his host was empowered to offer him the freight both ways, and four thousand pounds.

"It is driving me hard," said Donald, "but as you are an uncommon amiable man, and not too fash with your employers, gude men, I'll just consent. And to show ye that I can be liberal too, why, when ye hae settled the reckoning, I'll stand a pint o' Glenlivet atween the twa o' us."

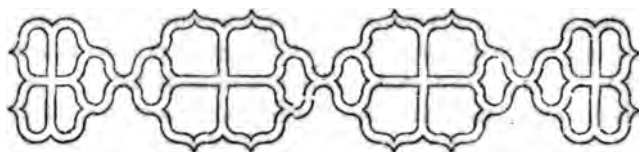
After this, the transaction was immediately finished, and the money paid down.

Donald M'Grie took accession of fortune coolly and tem-

perately. He reflected that men make a thousand unlucky for one lucky mistake, and that cargoes of indigo don't always quadruple themselves in price when bought by misadventures. Reflecting upon all this, he resolved at this, the proper season, to retire from business. So he made over his stock in trade, and his house, to a nephew—*for a consideration*, of course—and bought the lands of C—— C——, which said estate at this moment is worth five times the money paid for it.

We have made out our case, and that by means of no fiction. It well exemplifies our moral: "In matters of moment never speak hastily." In the lives of the most unfortunate among us, many lucky opportunities occur. It is neither the learned nor the clever who know the best how to seize them, and to turn them to the best advantage. This faculty belongs to the prudent. Had Donald M'Grie spoken first, and spoken the wish of his heart, he would have said, "pray take fifty pounds, and release me from my bargain." He held his tongue till it was the proper time to speak, and thus realized a handsome fortune for himself and children.





## The Golden Donkey.

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**T**HE Rothschilds of Paris, London, Vienna, and Naples, joined, in the year 1827, in offering a birthday present to the fifth brother, Baron Amschel von Rothschild, who was established at Frankfort, the headquarters of the family. This present was a group of figures, from the atelier of the most renowned goldsmith of the day, and represented a donkey tied at the door of an inn, and laden with a sack. The donkey-driver, who stands close by, is holding up another sack, out of the mouth of which a number of stones are tumbling on the ground. Donkey, sack, driver, and stones, are all chiselled out of a large block of the purest virgin gold.

As may be supposed, this curious group became the object of many a witticism amongst the laughter-loving Frankforters; but its proprietor seemed to care but little for the numerous jokes which were circulated on the subject, and for a long time the group stood on a marble mantel-piece in one of his splendid saloons. Baron Rothschild ever seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in relating its history, which was nearly this:

Once upon a time, before the discovery of steam-packets, and long before railroads were even dreamt of, nay, when even those machines miscalled diligences were quite unknown, and carriers' wagons were still in their infancy; in those days, which, be it remarked, are not so far distant from our own time of never-ceasing locomotion, the only regular and quick means of communication between Italy and Holland was supplied by a company of frugal and industrious Italians, stationed at intervals along the entire road, and each of whom kept constantly travelling backwards and forwards with a donkey, for the purpose of transmitting the packages that arrived from one point to another of the route. One of the donkey-drivers, "the subject of the present memoir," as the phrase is, did a little independent trade on his own account, buying silk stuffs in Strasburg, and transporting them into Westphalia for sale.

In those days of primitive innocence, or ignorance, as the encyclopedists of this generation will probably think them, people knew nothing of either sliding-scales or balances, whether financial or political; indeed, as will appear from the sequel, the common mechanical doctrines of weight and counterpoise seem not to have been very generally understood; at least our donkey-driver must have been perfectly ignorant of it, for in loading his beast with a sack of silk goods, which formed his stock in trade, he had recourse to a somewhat unusual expedient for establishing a counterpoise. This was neither more nor less than balancing the silk goods on one side by a sack of stones on the other; thereby procuring for the donkey an equal amount of pressure on both his sides. So long as this process of equilibrizing could be performed at home in the donkey's own stable, and free from the intrusive presence, the chat, and the unasked counsels of officious bystanders,

all went well and smoothly, and a proper balance was effected in a short time.

The donkey-driver, on one particular occasion, felt all the unpleasantness of a public performance of this intricate task: he had been obliged to reload his donkey in the open street of a small town on the Lower Rhine, and was soon surrounded by a crowd of idlers, who talked so incessantly, gave so much contradictory good advice, and offered so many opinions on the progress of his work, that at length the poor fellow quite lost his head, and, forgetting what he was about, packed and unpacked, loaded and unloaded, pulled the bag of stones one way and the bag of silk the other, quite mechanically, and just as he was desired by each of the lookers-on. At length, perceiving the fruitlessness of his endeavors, he sat down on a big stone and burst into a flood of tears, to the no small delight of the crowd of idle gamins, who evinced their satisfaction by shouting and dancing round him like a party of American Indians round a prisoner of war. The confusion and noise had just reached its climax, when a respectable-looking man forced his way through the crowd, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. This person, understanding the jargon of the poor Italian, soon ascertained the true state of the case, and took his measures accordingly. He first ordered the stones to be emptied out of the one sack; he then counted the number of parcels in the other, and leaving one half of them just where they were, he transferred the other moiety to the sack which had been previously filled with stones, and then hung one on each side of the pack-saddle.

The problem was thus solved, and the burden equally divided to the perfect contentment of the Italian, and the no less satisfaction of the donkey. The farmer took leave of his benefactor with many expressions of gratitude, and proceeded on his journey. On thinking the matter over, it

at length struck him that his unknown friend had not only helped him out of his present difficulties, but put him in the way of packing on his donkey, for the future, exactly twice the usual quantity of wares he had hitherto been enabled to carry, and having once arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, he was not slow in drawing the deduction that his profits would be thereby increased in the same ratio. Having once perceived the feasibility of this plan, his Italian love of gain induced him to put it into immediate execution on his subsequent journeys, and he found that it succeeded perfectly to his expectations, and to the realization of a considerable sum of money.

Many months afterwards, the Italian happened to be passing through the same town, and he felt an invincible desire to offer his most grateful thanks to the person whose good advice had brought him so much good luck. He had frequently seen his benefactor at a distance, when passing through the town on previous occasions: he appeared indeed to form no inconsiderable portion of the public. He spent his entire day in lounging up and down the streets, sometimes watching the girls drawing water at the fountain, at others looking at the soldiers at drill in the square before the barracks; sometimes helping the driver of a sulky horse out of a scrape, or picking up some little child that had been upset by a strong pig, or its own scarcely less rude and filthy companions; in fact, always busy, either in observing and treasuring up in his own mind anything interesting that presented itself to his notice, or in helping his neighbors out of their little difficulties.

Now, by good fortune, it so happened on the day in question, that this man was roving about as usual, and the Italian was thereby spared the trouble of seeking him out for the purpose of lightening his conscience by the payment of at least this one debt of gratitude. The donkey-driver,

therefore, went up to his benefactor, and, taking off his hat, began in a long and elaborate speech to return thanks, and express his great obligations to the man to whose good advice he was indebted for his present prosperity, protesting all the while, with great fluency, his eternal gratitude. The man replied with much modesty, and expressed his gratification at having been able to serve the Italian; by degrees they got into a long talk together, towards the conclusion of which the donkey-man, encouraged by the kind manners and condescension of his benefactor, plucked up courage, and thought he too would give a piece of good advice in return.

"How comes it," said he, with an expression of astonishment, "that so clever and well-educated a man as you are, to whom, no doubt, many other people besides myself have been indebted for success in their undertakings—how comes it that you do not deign to use your talents and knowledge in your own behalf, and that you do nothing but idle about the streets the whole live-long day, instead of exercising an honorable industry in your own behalf?"


"Yes," replied the man, "true enough, a great deal might be said on that score, and you are not the first person who has put that question to me; indeed, I often wonder at my own idleness myself. But," added he, with a heavy sigh, "I have tried everything, perhaps, in more different ways than most people, but nothing that I ever undertook would prosper with me, be it what it might. The fruits of bitter experience have taught me that it is better for me to put my hands in my pockets and do nothing at all, rather than to continue thus struggling on from bad to worse. In a word, *I have no luck.*"

With all the innate delicacy and *gentilezza* of his countrymen, who possess this in a high degree, the Italian endeavored to soothe the feelings of his benefactor as well

as he could ; he apparently succeeded in so doing, for the stranger listened to his expressions of sympathy with a kind and grateful smile, and after a while they parted from one another with many mutual protestations of friendship and regard.

The itinerant silk merchant drove his donkey out of the gate of the town in what may be called a brown study. Poets, historians, and novelists possess an admirable faculty of guessing other people's thoughts, and they can tell with wonderful precision the exact idea that sat on the pineal gland of their hero, at the very moment that the deadly bullet came whizzing through his brain, and destroyed its delicate organization. I do not pretend to belong to either of these distinguished human categories, and I confess myself to be utterly incapable of divining anybody's thoughts ; indeed my own are sometimes so unintelligible as to puzzle myself ; furthermore, I am by no means desirous of imposing on your credulity, gentlemen, and I have confined myself in this narrative to a statement of the facts as I have been told them myself. Nevertheless, I am enabled to tell you accurately, or very nearly so, what the Italian thought to himself, while he made his exit from the gates of the town, immersed in the above-recited brown study ; simply because he subsequently recounted to a friend of his, not only his entire train of thought on the occasion, but also the whole course of action which resulted from it.

"I found myself," said he, "on the one hand, penetrated with the liveliest sentiments of regard and affection for my benefactor, whilst, on the other hand, his confession 'that he had no luck,' sounded in my ears like the ill-omened warning of a screech-owl. '*Thou hast no luck,*' said I, '*then thou canst not give advice that will bring luck!*' With this reflection I ended my soliloquy, and immediately retraced my way to the little town I had just left."



Our hero had a mercantile acquaintance in that town, to whom he immediately went, offering him for sale the contents of one bag of silk goods. The merchant purchased it from him at a tolerably fair rate, and within a quarter of an hour afterwards he was on his road to Westphalia again, with but one bag of silk, which he supported on the donkey's pack-saddle with his hand as well as he could. He soon after came to a large quarry on the roadside, into which he turned to fill his empty sack with broken fragments, according to his old practice. It was towards evening, and the quarrymen had left off work, so that, having the whole quarry to himself, and no one either to look or to give him advice, he contrived within a reasonable time to establish a little equilibrium on the donkey's back. He then proceeded on his journey, and arrived at Münster without meeting any further adventure.

Now, it so happened that the news of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle arrived at Münster a day or two before our itinerant silk-merchant. But you will ask what the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had to do with so humble an individual? Much, my friends, as you will presently see; for the silk trade through Holland was thereby re-opened, and the price of silk goods fell exactly one half in consequence; in fact, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was as fatal to the donkey-driving, itinerant, Italian silk-merchant, as was Vasco de Gama's discovery of the Cape of Good Hope to the Signoria of Venice; much more so, for its fatal operation was much more rapid. What was he to do—warehouse his goods for a while, and try whether the market might not improve again? This was beyond his means; and, besides, it was very doubtful whether there might not in the meantime be a further decline in prices. He therefore said to himself:

“The first loss is always the best; and I will sell my

silks for whatever they may bring; it is fortunate that I have only half the usual quantity."

Seeing, under all the circumstances of the case, no probability of ever being able to carry on his trade, with any chance of realizing reasonable profits, and thereby recover his present losses, he determined on getting rid of his entire travelling equipage, and turning himself to some other means of gaining a livelihood. He began, first of all, with the bag of stones, which he proceeded to empty out on the ground, not expecting to realize any great profit from that part of his traps. As he turned it up and let its contents roll out on the pavement, some of the passers-by stopped to see what he was doing.

"Where did you get those pieces of marble?" said one. "I will give you five dollars for them."

The Italian was on the point of saying "done," but being a slow speaker, he fortunately had no time to edge in that monosyllable, before another shouted out—

"I'll give ten dollars."

"And I forty," said a third.

At length, the last bidder bought the lot for a hundred dollars. This was about the amount of the poor fellow's loss on his bag of silk goods, whereas he would have lost double that sum without having the slightest chance of making it good again, if he had not known the right moment for acting against the advice of "*the clever man who had no luck.*"

Old Rothschild used often to tell this story to his five sons, and say, "Take warning by this example, and when you come hereafter to do business on your own account, avoid those who have talents without luck."

The sons remembered this saying, and when they had thriven well in the world, they resolved on typifying the adage that "luck rules the world," by the above-mentioned "golden donkey."





## A Game of Chess with Napoleon.

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♦♦ **I** HAVE played chess," said Wolverdenden, emphatically, "with the greatest chess-player of the century : with a far greater player than De la Bourdonnais or Des Chapelles."

"And who might that be?"

"With Napoleon Bonaparte. I have played a game of chess with Napoleon, and beaten him. Who else living can say this?"

"Chess with Bonaparte!" cried the lady of the mansion. "How droll—how exceedingly remarkable! How did he look?—how did it all happen?—what did he say?—were you not afraid? How very extraordinary! Oh, we must hear all about it! Come, tell us, there's a kind creature!—Do, now, tell us all about it!"

"When I was a petty clerk in R——'s, the narrowness of my finances allowed me to indulge in no amusement but chess; and, as a constant *habitué* of the Café de la Régence, I had attained a certain degree of force; that is to say, a first-rate player could only give me the advantage of a couple of pieces. It is necessary I should premise all this,

before I come to my encounter with the emperor. I gave, then, all my leisure time to chess; but to conceal the poverty of my appointments, maintained the most rigid secrecy at the Régence as to who or what I was, and was universally supposed to be living on my means—a mere Paris *flâneur*. Do not lose sight of this fact. Well, I bore my condition cheerfully, practised the most rigid economy as to ways and means, and sat early and late at my desk, during business hours; *existing* on the present, *living* on the future; watching the opportunity to better my hard fate, by seizing that critical moment (should it present itself) which they say fortune offers once, at least, in the life of every man.

“On the 5th of March, in the year 1815, we were all at our posts in the evening making up the monthly mail for Constantinople. It was late—between eight and nine o'clock. I was rocking on my very hard wooden stool as usual, scribbling away for dear life, in company with some nine or ten other clerks, all of superior grade in the office, when the door flew open, and our chief, R——, stood before us, with a face as pale as a pretty woman's when the doctor says her aged husband *will* recover!

“Every sound was hushed, every stool ceased to rock, every pen stopped scratching. Something important had evidently happened—some dire event, ‘big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.’ Mexico was engulfed by an earthquake, or Peru was washed to powder by a tornado. R—— spoke, and his voice quivered. ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘though I opened not the black-book, I could not prevent others, many hours, from unfolding its leaves. France is no longer France! The whirlwind has smitten her! The thunder-cloud has burst upon our happy shores! I may be announcing to you the ruin of the house of R—— and Brothers!’

"Ruin and R——! The association of terms appeared too ridiculous. We thought the governor mad!

"Gentlemen," resumed the mighty Israelite, 'hear me out, and appreciate the magnitude of this communication. Napoleon Bonaparte has left Elba, has landed in France, the army join him, and his eagles are flying to Paris with lightning speed! I come now from the Tuileries. Louis XVIII., by the grace of God, will be off for Flanders in a few days as fast as his fat will let him. The ministers are drawing up a bombastic proclamation to issue to-morrow to the people, but I foresee their downfall is assured. The folly of the Bourbons again breaks the peace of Europe, and France is about to plunge anew into a thirty years' war!'

"Hurrah!" shouted two or three clerks, stanch Bonapartists.

"Forgive me, my dear sir," cried one of them to R——, 'forgive the interruption, but this cannot touch the house. Be yourself. This alarm is surely premature. Hurrah! the emperor must have money. He will want a loan. We shall have crown jewels, worth fourteen millions of gold, in pledge; and the fat citizens of Paris, who swear by the house of R——, will furnish the cash! Hurrah then! *Vive l'Empereur!—A bas les Bourbons!—Vive Napoléon!*'

"Sir," replied R——, sternly,—'sir, you are a fool! and you talk like the fool you are! The emperor must have money instantly, true enough, too true! but Louis is even now packing up the crown jewels, in case he is obliged to fly to Ghent; trust the old fox for that, and all his private treasure of gold and diamonds to boot. The emperor can offer no guarantee capable of being quickly realized. He will tender me his note of hand—bah! and the congress at Vienna still sitting! and the armies of the allies not dis-

banded! and the Russians in Germany! and the Cossacks of the Don in sunny Europe, like vultures eager to whet their filthy beaks in the dearest blood of France! Sir, you talk like a child! Do you forget our cash operation of last week? Do you remember that in our vaults lie five millions of golden Napoleons? and, doubtless, Talleyrand and Fouché will try to make their peace with Bonaparte, by advising that this sum should be seized as a forced loan. Five millions!’

“The allied armies will dissolve like snow beneath the sun of June!’ retorted the Bonapartist clerk.

“Never!’ cried R——, emphatically: ‘Napoleon has laid too many obligations upon Russia and Austria. They groan beneath the weight of his favors. Benefit a scoundrel, and be sure he flies at your throat when he can!’

“Prophetic speech! The Austrian requited the preserving the integrity of his domain, by furnishing some years afterwards, a little kingdom to a little king—a realm six feet by three, to her beloved grandson, Napoleon II., King of Rome and Emperor of the French! *Vive la haute politique!* Well, excuse my showing this feeling; I cannot, for my life, help it. Our friend’s wine here is so excellent, it breaks the formula of cant, and truth will out. I am about to conquer Napoleon at chess; but, from the moment I beat him, I loved him!

“Yes,’ continued R——, ‘five millions in gold, one hundred millions of francs! My brain reels—the house must go! Nothing but a miracle can save us. Five millions!’

“But,’ asked the imperialist clerk, ‘can we not hide the gold?—can we not send it away?’

“And what can we do with it?’ impetuously interrupted R——. ‘Where can we hide it, that its place of concealment will not be known? The barriers are closed,

sir, and no person may leave Paris. The moment Napoleon sets foot in the Tuileries I shall be summoned thither, and this gold will be demanded as a loan. A loan indeed !'

" ' But, perhaps, Lafitte ———

" ' Lafitte the devil, sir ! To Lafitte's house I shall be politely invited to send the money. I must give up this vast sum, or perhaps be tried by court-martial and shot for petty treason ! Think you Bonaparte comes this time to play anything but the game of life or death ? Do we not know the man ? Remember the active part I have taken in arranging the affairs of these Bourbons, and think not my exertions in their cause can ever be overlooked, except by themselves. A hundred millions ! Oh, brother ! my dear brother ! of all men on earth, you alone could save me by your counsel ; and I am in Paris, and you are in London !'

" ' The emperor cannot be here yet ; why not send to your brother ?' asked the imperialist.

" ' The barriers are, I repeat, closed, and guarded by the artillery with loaded guns. I applied myself for a passport, and was refused. The gratitude of kings ! I was refused this by the Bourbons, who wish naturally to delay the heavy tidings of lament for France, until their own personal safety is insured. The peasants love Napoleon, and might arrest them. A hundred millions !'

" ' And no one can then leave Paris ? This is really so !' ejaculated the Bonapartist, beginning himself to tremble for the safety of his idol, *the house*.

" ' Such is literally the case. None may pass, but one courier for each ambassador. The messenger of the English embassy this moment leaves with despatches for the Court of St. James. I have spoken with him, and have offered him 500*l.* to bear a letter to my brother, and the

man refuses! The post, too, is stopped. All is stopped, or will stop. Five millions of gold!

"The English courier is a German, named Schmidt, is he not?" queried the Bonapartist clerk, by way of saying something.

"He is! may he break his neck on the road! The moment he communicates his news in London, the British funds fall ten per cent., as they will do here to-morrow morning, and in both cities we hold consols to an immense amount. Oh, for some heaven-inspired idea to circumvent this fellow, Schmidt! But I talk as a child! my brain reels! Five millions of Napoleons in our cellars! Oh, my brother! why cannot the spirit of our father arise and stand before thee to-morrow in London, ere the arrival of this courier!"

"The climax had arrived. R——'s heart was full. He sank into a chair, and hid his face in his hands. The deep silence of profound consternation prevailed throughout the office.

"Now, whatever was the feeling of my fellow-clerks, I cannot convey to you the slightest idea of the revolution which had sprung up in my breast during the foregoing conversation. I had not spoken, but eagerly watched and devoured every word, every look of the several speakers. I was like the Pythoness of Delphi awaiting the inspiration of her god, my 'Magnus Apollo' being my poor 1500 franc salary. Never was there more burning genius of inspiration for an enterprising man than an income limited to 1500 francs! My frame dilated like that of Ulysses in Homer, when breathed on by the sage Minerva; or, to pair my Greek with a Latin simile, I might be likened to Curtius, resolved to save Rome by leaping into the gulf; only, as an improvement upon this latter hero, I fancied I could take the plunge without breaking my neck! Any how, I

jumped up, kicked my wooden stool away, and presented myself before R——.

“‘If being in London three hours before the English courier may advantage the house,’ cried I, ‘here do I undertake the task, or will forfeit life. Give me some token of credence to hand your brother, sir, gold for my expenses on the road, and trust to me!’

“‘What mean you? Are you mad?’ said R——, surprised, while my fellow-clerks began to mutter at my pretensions.

“‘I have my plan,’ returned I. ‘Oh, do but trust me! I am acquainted with this courier—with Schmidt. I have a hold on him—a certain hold, believe me! Though I am but the junior here, I will travel with Schmidt, aye, in his very carriage, and will win the race, though I should be guillotined afterwards for strangling him by the way! Time flies, sir—trust me—say I may go!’

“R—— hesitated.

“‘Is he trustworthy?’ asked he of the head clerk, with whom I was luckily a favorite, because I was in the habit of mending his pens, and taking his seven children *bonbons* on New-Year’s day.

“‘Wolverdenden,’ answered the head clerk, ‘is as steady as time. He is prudent and clever. I would trust him with my children—and wife, too!’

“There was little time for parley. Great men decide quickly. The truth was, I presented myself as a *pis aller*—a sort of forlorn hope. Even if I went over to the enemy, nothing could be lost, matters being evidently at their worst, and the critical moment all but on the wane. R—— resolved to trust me. All was the work of a few seconds of time. He took from his finger the carbuncle I now wear, the stone cost 60,000 francs in the Levant, and placed it in my hand.

“ ‘Show this ring to my brother,’ said he; ‘he knows it well; and stay—quick—give me ink!’ Snatching up a slip of paper, our chief wrote in the Hebrew character, ‘Believe the bearer!’ ‘Put that in his hands,’ said he. ‘What your plan is, I know not. You have *carte blanche*. Explain all to my brother. He is the genius of the family. The fortunes of the house of R—— are this day in your keeping. Be thou, as David says, “a dove for innocence, but a very serpent in guile.” The courier starts at the stroke of ten. It wants twelve minutes!’

“ ‘He goes, of course, from the house of the embassy?’ asked I, clapping on my hat, snatching a cloak from the wall, and pocketing a heavy bag of gold, all in a breath.

“ ‘He does—he does—away with you—away!’ and R—— literally pushed me out of the door, amid the varied exclamations of the clerks. I took the steep stair-fall at half-a-dozen bounds, and in half-a-dozen more found myself in the Place du Palais Royal.

“Through life we find that to narrate important events frequently consumes more time than their realization. Thus it is with me at this moment, and I must hazard weakening the interest of my narrative, to state here the grounds of my calculation. In almost everything runs an under-current, not seen by the world. Schmidt and I were bound together by but a silken thread, and yet on that I reckoned. We were both frequenters of the Café de la Régence, and constantly in the habit of playing chess together.

“Nobody but a chess-player can appreciate the strong tie of brotherhood which links its amateurs. When men spend much time together, they become accustomed to each other, like horses used to run in the same coach. For a fellow chess-player, a man will do that which he would refuse his father and mother. The habit of breathing the same air, and looking at the same chess-board, creates a



friendship to which that of Damon and Pythias was mere 'How d'ye do?' This it was upon which I reckoned. Schmidt and I had played thousands of chess-games together, and barely exchanged three words. He no more suspected me of being a banker's clerk, than of being the King of the Sandwich Islands. We had mostly singled out each other as antagonists, because pretty nearly matched; and Schmidt loved me the more, as I knew, because it was not every man who would play with him.

"Schmidt was the slowest chess-player I have ever seen. He has been known to sit three quarters of an hour over a move, his head covered by his hands, and then to be discovered fast asleep! In everything he was the same. Correct as the sun; but a slow sort of person, for all that. Schmidt was the kind of man who, meeting you in a pouring rain, says, 'What a wet day this is!' A wholesale dealer in prosy truisms, and nothing brighter; and yet covered all over with a portly assumption of consequence, which famously dusted the eyes of the vulgar. I had ever been a judge of physiognomy, and knew my man. How many Schmidts there are in the world! Excuse my moralizing at the dinner-table, if only for its novelty.

"Did you ever see a conjuror at a fair showing off tricks upon the cards? He shuffles the pack beneath your very nose as he offers them in detail; but while you vainly think you can draw which you will, he adroitly manages to make you select the very card to suit his purpose. Something like this must be my first step. I had as yet no plan beyond fixing myself upon him, and trusting to consequences; but, under the strong stimulus of my poor 1500 franc salary, I seriously made up my resolve to risk even life itself rather than rest in my abject position. Who could have so much gold run through his fingers as I was in the

daily habit of telling, and not long to see a little of it stick by the way ?

"I depended, then, partly on the native force of impudence ; or, in words more refined, on the influence of a strong mind over a weak one ; that magic spell which Concini at the block owned to having practised so successfully upon the queen, her mistress. You see I am historical, as well as classical—anything but poetical !

"The English embassy at this time occupied a hotel adjoining the Café de la Régence ; at the door of which latter temple of fame I planted myself in a careless-looking attitude, with my pulse beating like a sledge-hammer. The night was dark above, but bright below, shining forth in all the glory of lamp-light. At the *porte-cochère* of the British envoy's hotel stood a light travelling-carriage. I was in the nick of time. Schmidt was ready, enveloped in a heavy *redingote*. Five horses were being caparisoned for the journey. I went up to the carriage, and addressed my chess friend :—

"How's this, Schmidt ? no chess to-night ? I've been looking for you in the Régence !"

"Chess ! no, indeed, I've other fish to fry. Have you not heard the news ? It's no secret. Bonaparte has landed from Elba on the coast of France. Paris will ring with the tidings in an hour or two. I am off this moment for London with despatches."

"I don't envy you the journey !" said I. "What a bore ! shut up in that machine all night ; not even a pretty girl to keep you company !"

"But duty, you know !" exclaimed Schmidt, with a smile.

"Duty, indeed ! but, perhaps, you light up, *en grand seigneur*, and read all the way ? To be sure, you can study our new gambit !"

"What a pity you can't go with me!" responded Schmidt, in the pride of five horses and a carriage all to himself. "What a pity you can't go with me, we'd play chess all the way!"

"My heart leaped to my mouth. The trout was gorging the bait. Schmidt had drawn the marked card!"

"Don't invite me twice!" said I, laughing, "for I am in a very lazy humor, and have no one earthly thing to do in Paris for the next few days." This was true enough.

"Come along, then, my dear fellow!" replied Schmidt, "make the jest earnest. I've a famous night-lamp, and am in no humor to sleep. I must drop you on the frontiers, because I dare not let the authorities of Calais or Boulogne see that I have a companion, lest I should be suspected of stock-jobbing, but I'll pick you up on my return. Now, are the horses ready, there?"

"Do you really mean what you say, Schmidt?"

"Indeed I do!"

"Then, I'll tell you what," said I, "I am your man, and famous fun we'll have!"

"I darted into the Café de la Régence, snatched up the first chess equipment that came to hand, and stood in a moment again by the side of 'my friend.' The postilions were on their saddles, in we leaped, bang went the door, round rolled the wheels, and away bounded our light calash at the rate of ten French miles an hour!"

"Gad!" said Schmidt, with a grin, "what a joke this is! We shall have something in the chess way to talk about for the next hundred and fifty years!"

"We shall, indeed!" replied I. For a moment we were stopped at the barrier of St. Denis, and here I became sensible of the truth of R——'s reasoning. The gates were closed, and a heavy force of horse and foot drawn up by the portals. My friend's passport was strictly scanned, and

we learned that no other carriage could pass that night, the order being special. I may here say, that throughout the route, thanks to the telegraph, our horses were always changed at the various post-houses with lightning speed.

"'Good night, gentlemen!' cried the officer on guard, and away we went through the barriers, dashing over stone and sand, rut and road, like the Phaeton running away with its master. I looked back on Paris for the last time. '*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnoissante!*' thought I. Should I succeed, the R——s will at least bury me in the church of St. Geneviève!

"Now at this point, my friends, the chess-board, I consider, was in reality placed between Napoleon and myself, its type only being the chequered piece of wood on which Schmidt, poor fellow! was setting up the chess-men. By-the-by, if you ever play chess in a carriage, and for want of the men being pegged at their feet you cannot make them stand, wet the board with a little *vin de Grave*, as we did, and you'll find no difficulty.

"Yes, Napoleon and I were about to play a game at chess, and although he might be said to have taken the first move, his attack was necessarily clogged by so much incumbrance, that our chances, at least, became equal. 'To beat the emperor,' thought I, 'all must be risked in a rapid attack, which shall countermine his plans. The position must not be suffered to grow too intricate. My first stroke must be successful, or I may as well throw up the game at once. Nothing, however, can be done for some hours; so, *voyons!* there's a Providence for the virtuous,'

"Imagine for yourselves the details I am compelled to omit. We played chess all night, talked, laughed, and enjoyed ourselves. We supped *en route* in the carriage; and, as my courteous antagonist was deeply engaged in discussing the relative merits of a *Perigord pâté* and a bottle of

old Markbrunner, I could but sigh that time had been denied me to put a vial of laudanum in my pocket. Schmidt should have slept so soundly!

"Time wore on. 'Shall I pitch him out by main force?' reflected your humble servant. 'Shall I decoy him forth, leave him like one of the babes in the wood to the care of the redbreasts, assume his name, and dash on alone?' Too hazardous. I must take care not to find my way into that dirty old gaol at Calais, where the starving debtors are so everlastingly fishing for charitable pence with red woollen nightcaps. The Code Napoleon does not allow of 'robbery with premeditated violence.' More the pity! and then, probably, if alone, I could not procure horses. Shall I tell Schmidt the whole truth, and throw myself on his friendship? No; I should be checked and checkmated. We have rattled through Abbeville, we are even passing Montreuil, and I am just where I was. But, stop! a thought lights up my brain. Will it do?"

"Luckily my adversary was, as I have said, the slowest of all slow chess-players—heavy, sleek, and sleepy. This gave me the more time to ruminate while he concocted his views upon the chequered field; and my scheme, such as it was, became at length matured. While Schmidt, the innocent, with his fishy eyes, was poking over the board, how little he thought upon the real subject of my meditations! At this moment some persons would liken Schmidt to the Indian traveller, laughing in the fulness of his joy, while the Thug, his companion, makes ready the fatal scarf wherewith to strangle him! Others would compare him to a calf grazing in a butcher's field. You may liken him to what you will.

"'Do you cross from Calais or Boulogne, Schmidt?—Check to your king!'

"'Check? I shall interpose the rook.—Oh! through

the Anglomania of the Bourbons, our embassy has worked the telegraph double duty, and at both ports a fast-sailing boat awaits me.—I think I shall win this game. Your queen seems to me not upon roses. If the wind hold strong south-west as now, I shall prefer crossing from Boulogne.’

“By this time we had reached that little village, I forget the name of the dog-hole, seven miles on the Paris side of Boulogne. It was half-past four in the afternoon, and we had eaten nothing since our scanty breakfast of bread, butter, and *café au lait*, at eight in the morning. Chess, chess, still had our chess gone on. I knew Schmidt was rather of the gourmand order, and now or never must the buffalo be taken in the lasso; I easily prevailed on him to alight at the little inn of the village, which was also the post-house, for a quarter of an hour, to snatch a hot dinner; which, I assured him, was far better than his dining at Boulogne and crossing the sea on a full stomach; so, chess-board in hand, away went Schmidt the simple into a dark little back room to study his coming move while dinner was dishing. ‘Now or never!’ I say, was my battle-cry. I rushed out, and demanded—what think you?—a blacksmith! I was gazing on our carriage when the man stood before me. No one was within hearing.

“‘What a curious thing is a carriage like this, friend!’ said I, musingly.

“‘It is!’ responded he, in a tone which seemed to say, ‘Have you come from Paris to tell me that?’

“‘A strange wilderness of wheels and springs, of wood and iron. Now what would follow were that large screw there taken out? Answer me promptly!’

“‘What would follow! Why the coach would go on very well for a few hundred yards, and then would overturn with a crash, and smash all to shivers!’

“‘Hum!’ said I; ‘and the travellers would doubtless go

to *shivers*, as you call it, also? And what if only that tiny screw there were drawn?

"The body of the vehicle would equally fall upon the hind axle, but without material consequences; causing, however, some inevitable delay."

"Are you the blacksmith always in attendance here? I mean if this carriage overturned descending yonder hill, would it fall to your lot to right it?"

"It would!" and the Frenchman's eye sparkled with intelligence. I could have hugged the swarthy man to my bosom. I adore a blacksmith!

"Here are ten Napoleons," said I, "give me out that little screw, I have a fancy for it." And the screw was in my hand.

"And now," continued I, "here are other ten Napoleons. I *hope* no accident will happen to us as we leave the village; but, should the carriage overturn, have it brought back here to repair, and take a couple of hours to finish the job in, that you may be sure the work is done properly, you know. And remember, O most virtuous of blacksmiths! that a man who earns twenty Napoleons so lightly has two ears, but only one tongue."

"Assez, assez, mon maître!" grinned Vulcan, emphatically; "je comprends; soyez tranquille! Allez donc!"

I pocketed the precious screw, and rushed in to dinner while the horses were putting to. Schmidt was so tranquil, I felt provoked I had such a lamb to deal with. I intend that screw to go down in my family as an heirloom.

"We left the inn at full gallop. A very small quantity of pace like ours proved a dose. The body of the carriage dropped gently into a 'critical position.' The postillions pulled up."

"We are overset!" cried I.

"God forbid!" said Schmidt; "say it's the English

courier!' The man was so deep in that dear chess. 'What's to be done!' cried he, coming to his senses.

"I had already sprung out.

"There seems little the matter, Schmidt. Back the carriage to the inn, and all will be right again in a twinkling.'

"So said, so done. My friend the blacksmith assured us he would repair all damage directly; and while he began to hammer away, like a Cyclops forging thunderbolts, we philosophers coolly resumed our chess in the inn-parlor. The position of the game was now highly critical, both for me and Napoleon, and also for me and Schmidt. My latter adversary was decidedly under a mate, and his coming move I felt must occupy twenty heavenly minutes! Surely his guardian angel must have been just now taking his siesta!

"I left the room and darted to the stable. A groom was busy at his work.

"Have you a saddle-horse ready for the road?"

"Yes, sir, we've a famous trotting pony—won the prize last——'

"Enough! I am sent on in advance. Tell the landlord my friend within settles all. Give me the bridle!"

"I mounted my Bucephalus, and galloped off like the wind.

"Boulogne! Boulogne!' cried I, aloud, as I raced through the village in a state of ungovernable excitement. I was playing the great game with a vengeance. If that horse yet lives, be sure he recollects me.

"I rattled into Boulogne, the St. Pelage of Great Britain, and the very *gendarmerie* quailed before me at the gates. In a minute more I had alighted at the water-side. The soldiers shouted behind for my passport. I threw them some gold, which, as none of their officers happened



to be in sight, they were vulgar enough to pick up from the beach. I cast my eyes around. It was six o'clock, and the scene was deeply interesting.

"The breeze had set in well from the west. The evening was cold, but bright; the air slightly frosty. The sun yet shone, and lighted up the harbor, tinging the far-off waves with ten thousand different shades of emerald hue. It was known already that Napoleon had escaped from his prison-house, and was marching on Paris; and the English residents were flying from France like sheep before the wolf. A golden harvest was reaping on this narrow sea, and I was hailed in a moment by several bronzed fishermen, with offers of service and vaunts of the superior qualities of their several respective vessels. I selected at a glance a stout trim-looking boat, and leaped on board, leaving my horse to his meditations. I hope, for the hospitality of Boulogne, he was taken care of.

"'For Dover!' cried I to the master of the boat. 'My pay is five guineas a man; I must have eight men on board in case it should come on to blow. Be smart, fellows, and away!'

"The men were active as eels. The police were about to detain me with some infernal jargon about my passport again.

"'Cut off!' cried I, eagerly.

"My captain (if I may so term a Breton sailor, half-smuggler, half-fisherman) severed the rope which held us to the pier-head, our heavy brown sails were flung to the wind, and we were sweeping across the waters.

"We dashed under the bows of a large English-built packet, straining at her lashings like mad, ready to kick off in ten seconds. Her sails were flying abroad, and several stout hands were at the tacks, ready to sheet them home. The captain was reading the very stones and windows of

the town, impatiently through a glass. The mob of idle spectators were so busily engaged watching his proceedings, I was hardly noticed.

“‘A nice craft, that!’

“‘Yes, sir; waiting for the English courier. If he don’t make haste she’ll lose her tide.’

“‘I should be sorry for that,’ said I. ‘Give her a wide berth, and go ahead.’

“And we did go ahead! I have crossed Calais Straits many times, but never under such exciting circumstances. Every bit of canvas we could stretch was spread, and the billows washed our deck from stem to stern. The men were on their mettle, and the little vessel answered gloriously to the call; shaking herself after each wash like a wild duck, and dipping her wings again to kiss the briny waters. At one moment I verily thought we should have been swamped. My fellows themselves hesitated, and seemed inclined to take in sail.

“‘Carry on!’ cried our captain.

“A little more washing, and we were in comparatively smooth water under the chalk cliffs of Albion. By half-past nine I had left Dover, and was tearing along the London road behind four fleet horses. Canterbury and Rochester were won and lost. I took the direction of London, and my carriage pulled up before the gates of R——’s villa at five o’clock in the morning. I had come from Paris in thirty hours.”

“Thirty-one!” here interrupted the accurate Mr. Goldhall.

Wolverdenden smiled.

“The inmates must have thought I had come to take the mansion by storm, so powerful were my appeals to the great bell, as I stood at the gates in the early sunbeams of the morning. In five minutes more I found myself by the

conjugal bed of R——. God only knows how I got there!

"Assuredly the R——s received me as they had never done visitor before, sitting up both in bed, side by side, rubbing their eyes, as just awakened from a deep sleep. I had made my entry *vi et armis*, and by the time R—— was fully wakened up, had handed in my credentials. Without pausing a moment in my hitherto successful career, I rapidly explained the circumstances of the case, and minutely detailed the situation of our Paris house. What words I used I cannot remember. Indeed, I spoke as in a state of delirium. I had not slept for two days and nights, and my brain began to reel for want of rest.

"'Go into my dressing-room there,' said R——, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*. 'Do me the favor to open the shutters, and in three minutes I will be with you.'

"I retired mechanically; a heavy load seemed already removed from my chest. In every tone of the great man's voice was something more than authority; there was genius, talent, and power. I felt that our position was fully understood, and so profound was my confidence in the king of the London merchants, I already felt assured we should find relief in his counsels. How extraordinary that so much effect should have been produced by half-a-dozen commonplace words!

"I threw myself upon a sofa. R—— joined me. He wore a scarlet nightcap, and enveloped in the blanket he had hastily dragged off the bed, he looked, with his grisly beard and massive throat, like a chief of the Cherokee Indians about to give the war-whoop. But I thought at the moment of neither nightcap nor blanket; I thought only of Napoleon Bonaparte on the one hand, and R—— on the other; and I would have staked my life on the latter,

simply because he seemed master of himself. It is so easy to govern others!

"R—— was grand, he was sublime! Startled abruptly from his sleep, informed that the whole fortunes of his house were trembling in the balance—that the mighty European edifice he had for so many years been laboring to establish was tottering in the wind—that name, fame, and fortune were being rent asunder, he was still R——. He was the lion of the desert awakened to battle by the jungle tiger of the East, and rushing at once to the desperate conflict. Only, be it remarked, that lions of the desert seldom appear in flannel, even in the Zoological Gardens.

"Return to France," said he—"to my brother with all speed. Spare no exertion, at all hazards, to be in Paris some little time before Napoleon enters, and all will go well. Your services in this affair will not be forgotten by our house. To thank you here were waste of time. Now mark my words! I have no faith in the Napoleon dynasty. The emperor has returned too soon. The army will declare in his favor, but the nation, torn by war, will not stand by him. The natural cry of France is—Peace, peace! that we may heal up our wounds. The emperor may win a battle, but he must fall before numbers, and his fall this time will be for ever. I give him a hundred days' reign, and no more. Very well. If I believed in the endurance of Napoleon, I should say, *Make a friend of him—lend him this gold*; but as it is, the bullion must be preserved. I know the Bourbons. If the emperor borrow the gold, even in the name of the government, and pawn the palaces of Fontainebleau and the Louvre for the amount, the others are capable of disavowing the transaction. And although the absolute loss of this sum would not of itself shake us, yet the credit of our name would be severely damaged; a run upon our branch houses would

inevitably follow, and we should be compelled to stop payment before we could realize our assets. And yet true policy forbids our now directly affronting the emperor. How then to act? The problem to be solved is this—to keep the gold out of his hands, and yet to remain friends with him. And thus would I have my brother proceed. Treasure up my every word, sir, and digest it *en route*. All paper money in France will now be depreciated. Any premium will be given for gold to hoard during the crisis. We have undue bills to the amount of millions and millions flying about Paris. I pray you mark this, sir. Seek out the holders of our paper, call it all in, and pay it off in gold. The money market will be so pressed that even our name will be at a discount. Work out this scheme, and watch the result. Every holder of a note of hand will be glad to allow ten per cent. discount for gold. Call in all. Leave not a rag of paper existing, in any corner of Paris, with our name thereon as acceptors. Should it chance that even then you do not find bills enough come in to absorb the gold, let my brother extend the operation, and discount equally the flying bills of the three Paris houses, marked in his secret memorandum-book as A, B, C. Never mind whether the bills have two, four, or six months to run. I say pay off all. Ferret them out from every corner of Paris. Lock your paper in your desk, and the ship will ride out the storm. How like you the plan, sir? Ha! The bills will be useless to Napoleon. Gold alone will meet his views, and he must get it through those houses who have been in the secret of his return. Meanwhile, bid my brother be foremost at the Tuileries-levees, and profuse in his assurances of devotion to the emperor, with regret that he has no gold.'

"R—— paused, as if to demand my applause for his plan. I saw it all; the riddle was solved. Success was all

but certain. Check to Napoleon! and probably check-mate; for other blows are yet in reserve for him! R— resumed, with the gravity of a veteran commanding in a battery with the bullets flying around him—

“ ‘Tell my brother, moreover, to operate on the French funds for a rise, the moment they recover from their first depression. Operate largely, and in the certainty that the Bourbon star will shine again, in less than four months, brighter, and more enduring, from this dark cloud having passed away. Remind my brother, however, to operate against the emperor only through third parties, and to beware; for Napoleon will owe us a grudge for present proceedings, though at first he will be too eager to court public opinion to dare to seek revenge on our house. And now, away with you, sir, on the wings of the wind; but hold! what is the earliest hour at which the courier of the English embassy can be at the foreign office here?’ ”

“ ‘I should say, eight or nine.’ ”

“ ‘Ha!’ said R—; ‘then stop yet a moment. Thy coming is, indeed, a God-send!’ ”

“ Seating himself, R— hastily wrote and sealed a short note, addressed to Lord C— ”

“ ‘Leave London by Westminster, and hand in this note as you pass Downing street (of course you know London), to be delivered as early as possible. Lord C— comes punctually to business at nine o’clock, and will find it on his desk. It is right that I should briefly acquaint his lordship with the outbreak of Napoleon.’ ”

“ ‘But,’ remarked I (child as I was, compared with R—), ‘would you not prefer my leaving it at his lordship’s private residence; in which case he will get it at least two hours sooner?’ ”

“ ‘Content yourself, young man,’ returned the chief, with a grim smile; ‘obey orders without reasoning upon

them. Ahem! he might not like to be disturbed so early. Besides; how do we know he is at home? There: I date my envelope "half-past five, A. M." Can man do more? And now away, sir. We shall soon meet again. Return by Calais. The Boulognais might lay hold of you.'

" 'But allow me to remark, one difficulty remains,' observed I; 'I have no passport.'

" 'Oh, I can remedy that in a moment. The English government allow me to keep a few blanks for emergencies.'

" 'With R——, to will and to do appeared to be the same thing. He filled me up a passport ready signed, describing me as on 'a special mission;,' and we parted with a cordial squeeze of the hand. I can truly say, I neither ate nor drank in or near the British metropolis.

" 'How shall we drive, sir?' asked the postboys, as we crossed Westminster bridge.

" 'Drive,' said I, 'as if the devil were after us!'

" 'Luck was on my side throughout this eventful chess game; for such I contend it was in the highest signification of the world. Life is chess on a grand scale, and chess is an emblem of life, with its hopes and its fears, its losses and its gains; only, in chess, if you lose one game through a false move, you can set up the pieces and play another. My chances of checkmating the emperor now increased hourly. The ball was at my foot. It may be said, the greater share of the laurel branch ought to be R——'s. Never mind, I was not puffed up with my pride. Could I have a more worthy partner than the mighty monarch of European finance? It was king against Kaisar, and mine own was, at least, the hand that moved the pieces.

" 'Fate was constant throughout my journey. I reached Dover and Calais without an accident, and reeled into our Paris counting-house, more dead than alive, soon after noon,

on the 8th day of March. I need not say how delighted was our French R—— at the counsel I brought. All hands went immediately to work, to carry out the scheme. As for me, I went to bed.

“R——’s behavior was perfect. He made me keep the ring I wore, and thus I gained my carbuncle. More valuable orders of merit have been given by monarchs for services of inferior value.

“To make my narrative complete, I must here trouble you with a chapter of dates.

“Bonaparte had landed in France on March 1, and the news came to the Tuileries, as I have said, by the Lyons telegraph, on the 5th. On the 6th, Louis le Désiré issued his first proclamation, and ran away from Paris, his loved city, on the 19th. March 12, the emperor entered Lyons; left that city next day; was at Fontainebleau on the 20th; and came into Paris on the same day, at nine o’clock at night. *Le petit Caporal* had covered two hundred French leagues, partly hostile, in twenty days; not bad work, considering a part of the journey was performed on foot, that armies were to be conquered, and municipal authorities harangued, *en route*, in every town. On my part (for, as I am playing chess with the emperor, I may here contrast my doings with his), I had left Paris on the night of the 5th of March, and was back at my post on the 8th. We were, morally speaking, assured of at least a clear week, even should the troops sent to oppose the emperor unite themselves to his cause. A good deal may be done in a week!

“The success of the house of R—— was complete; and Napoleon, as far as our game went, was irrevocably checkmated. All our gold was paid away; barely a single twenty-franc piece remained in our treasure vaults. We stood upon our bills, and waited the event.



"On the 21st of March, the emperor had a grand levee at the palace of the Tuileries, to which our chief went, though with a trembling heart. Bonaparte looked at him from head to foot, with anything but a pleasant expression of countenance, and turned on his heel with this one significant phrase, 'I see that there are *two* Napoleons in Europe!'

"The courtiers stared at each other, but could not read the riddle. Our R—— saw that his counterplot was known and appreciated, though not perhaps gratefully! During the hundred days' reign—that meteor-flash of regained power—the emperor took no further notice of the matter, but subsequently alluded to it at St. Helena, in his conversations with Las Casas. He then laughed at the trick, and owned we had completely foiled him. A Napoleon to confess himself beaten is twice vanquished.

"My friend, Schmidt the heavy, never can have forgotten the last game of chess we played together, but was fortunate enough to be able to conceal the thing from his employers. He is still in the land of the living, but we have never seen each other since I left him studying how to parry the impending checkmate. Should we ever meet, I shall be happy to finish the game, though I have never had leisure to play even a single party of chess since. Chess is a game for the poor, the idle, and the infirm; and, thanks to R——, I am now none of these. A liberal advance of capital on the part of the two brothers of Paris and London enabled me to call into existence the house of Wolverenden and Co., bankers and merchants, of Hamburg, of which firm I am, as friend Goldhall there knows, the head partner. I have never divulged this affair before; but, after twenty-eight years, feel at liberty to treat it as a matter of history: only, as I should not wish it to go further, I will thank the company present to respect my desire. The finance

of Europe is its very heart's blood, and the multitude should not be too easily initiated into the mysteries of the temple.

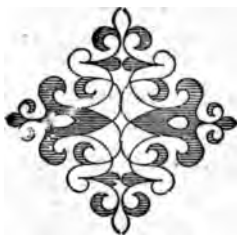
"And now, in the manner that conquerors count over their spoils, let me briefly sum up the gains of the R——s. The net is thrown into the waters, and drawn to land; let us tell over the fish taken.

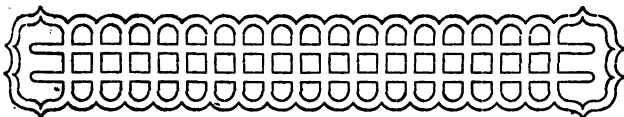
"Firstly, you will take notice, that, in our exchange of gold for paper—hailed at the time like the changing of the new lamps for the old in the Arabian tale of Aladdin—in this exchange, I say, we cleared a profit of ten per cent.; making ten millions of francs net of itself. The emperor lost Waterloo—commerce was restored—oil was poured upon the waters—the Bourbons crept forth from their holes, like mice when the cat is out of sight. Gold became a dead weight—bills were in requisition for remittal to foreign countries—the bullion all came back to our vaults—and we favored our friends, by charging them only 5 to 8 per cent. premium for taking the cumbersome burden off their hands!

"The Bourbons were not ungrateful. With an incomparable degree of adroitness, R—— made them see that we had been instrumental in crippling the resources of the emperor! Thus goes the world. In return for our fidelity to the *fleur-de-lis*, we were permitted to suck some of its sweetest honey. The records of French finance yet ring with our gains upon the Bourse, through our buyings and sellings of stocks upon this occasion.

"On the morning I bore the news to England, R—— went down to the stock exchange of the British metropolis at nine o'clock. He was always a punctual man. At this very time, Schmidt was about to open his budget to his employers at Westminster. Acting through agents, R—— operated in the funds to an enormous amount for an antici-

pated fall. His brokers did all this, while the great man was quietly reading the *Times* newspaper. I will not dwell upon the results in figures. The crop was enormous! At ten A. M., the news came to the stock exchange from the government home office, and the thing was blown. It was the interest of R——'s brokers to keep the secret, and they did so. In the course of the same day, Lord C—— forwarded to the illustrious R—— an autograph letter from the Prince Regent, thanking him for his personal attention, as well as for his disinterested conduct, in placing his own private information at the service of government, before the arrival of their own courier! Now it is all over, I look back with astonishment. We have many great financiers, but no R——. My story is done."





## Father Tom and the Pope ;

OR A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN.

AS RELATED BY MR. MICHAEL HEFFERMAN, MASTER OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL AT BALLYMAGTAGGART, IN THE COUNTY OF LEITRIM, TO A FRIEND DURING HIS OFFICIAL VISIT IN DUBLIN, FOR THE PURPOSE OF STUDYING POLITICAL ECONOMY IN THE SPRING OF 1888.]

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HOW FATHER TOM WENT TO TAKE POT-LUCK AT THE  
VATICAN.

**W**HEN his Riv'rence was in Room, ov coorse the Pope axed him to take pot-luck wid him. More be token, it was on a Friday; but, for all that, there was plenty of mate; for the Pope gev himself an absolution from the fast on account of the great company that was in it—at laste so I'm tould. Howandiver, there's no fast on the dhrink, anyhow—glory be to God!—and so, as they wor sittin', afther dinner, taking their sup together, says the Pope, says he, "Thomaus," for the Pope, you know, spakes that away, and all as one as one of uz—"Thomaus *a-lanna*," says he, "I'm tould you welt them English heretics out ov the face."

"You may say that," says his Riv'rence to him again. "Be my sowl," says he, "if I put your Holiness undher the table, you won't be the first Pope I floored."

Well, his Holiness laughed like to split; for, you know, Pope was the great Prodesan that Father Tom put down upon Purgathory; and, ov coorse, they knewn all the ins and outs of the conthravarsy at Room. "Faix, Thomaus," says he, smiling across the table at him mighty agreeable—"it's no lie what they tell me, that yourself is the pleasant man over the dhrop ov good liquor."

"Would you like to thry?" says his Riv'rence.

"Sure, and amn't I thrying all I can?" says the Pope. "Sorra betther bottle ov wine's betuxt this and Salamancha nor's there fornenst you on the table; it's raal Lachry-malchrysal, every spudh ov it."

"It's mortal could," says Father Tom.

"Well, man alive," says the Pope, "sure and here's the best ov good claret in the cut decanther."

"Nöt maning to make little of the claret, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, "I would prefir some hot wather and sugar, wid a glass ov spirits through it, if convanient."

"Hand me over the bottle of brandy," says the Pope to his head butler, "and fetch up the materi'ls," says he.

"Ah, then, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, mighty eager, "maybe you'd have a dhrop ov the native in your cellar? Sure it's all one throuble," says he, "and, troth, I dunna how it is, but brandy always plays the puck wid my inthrails."

"'Pon my conscience then," says the Pope, "it's very sorry I am, Mither Maguire," says he, "that it isn't in my power to plase you; for I'm sure and certaint that there's not as much whiskey in Room this blessed minnit as 'ud blind the eye ov a midge."

"Well in troth, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "I

known there was no use in axing ; only," says he, "I didn't know how else to exqueeze the liberty I tuck," says he, "of bringing a small taste," says he, "of the real stuff," says he, hauling out an imperi'l quart bottle out ov his coat-pocket, "that never seen the face ov a gauger," says he, setting it down on the table fornenst the Pope ; "and if you'll jist thry the full ov a thimble ov it, and it doesn't rise the cockles ov your Holiness's heart, why then, my name," says he, "isn't Tom Maguire!" and wid that he outs wid the cork.

Well, the Pope at first was going to get vexed at Father Tom for fetchin' dhrink thataway in his pocket, as if there wasn't lashins in the house ; so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I'd have you to comprehend the differ betuxt an invitation to dinner from the successir of Saint Pether, and from a common mayor of a Prodesan squireen that maybe hasn't liquor enough in his cupboard to wet more nor his own heretical whistle. That may be the way wid them that you wisit in Leithrim," says he, "and in Roscommon ; and I'd let you know the differ in the prisint case," says he, "only that you're a champion of the Church and entitled to laniency. So," says he, "as the liquor's come, let it stay. And in troth I'm curis myself," says he, getting mighty soft when he found the delightful smell ov the *putteen*, "in inwistigating the composition ov distilled liquors ; it's a branch of natural philosophy," says he, taking up the bottle and putting it to his blessed nose. Ah ! my dear, the very first snuff he got ov it, he cried out, the dear man, "Blessed Vargin, but it has the divine smell !" and crossed himself and the bottle half-a-dozen times running.

"Well, sure enough, it's the blessed liquor now," says his Riv'rence, "and so there can be no harm anyway in mixing a dandy of punch ; and," says he, stirring up the

materi'ls wid his goolden meedlar—for everything at the Pope's table, to the very shcrew for drawing the corks, was ov vergin goold—"If I might make boold," says he, "to spake on so deep a subje afore your Holiness, I think it 'ud considerably whacilitate the inwestigation ov its chemisthry and phwarmaceutics, if you'd jist thry the laste sup in life ov it inwardly."

"Well, then, suppose I do make the same expiriment," says the Pope, in a much more condescinding way nor you'd have expected—and wid that he mixes himself a real stiff facer.

"Now, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "this bein' the first time you ever dispinsed them chymicals," says he, "I'll just make boold to lay down one rule ov orthography," says he, "for conwhounding them, *secundum mortem*."

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"Put in the sperits first," says his Riv'rence; "and then put in the sugar; and remember, every dhrop ov wather you put in after that spoils the punch."

"Glory be to God!" says the Pope, not minding a word Father Tom was saying. "Glory be to God!" says he, smacking his lips. "I never knewn what dhrink was afore," says he. "It bates the Lachrymalchrysal out ov the face!" says he—"it's necthar itself, it is, so it is!" says he, wiping his epistocal mouth wid the cuff ov his coat.

"'Pon my secret honor," says his Riv'rence, "I'm raaly glad to see your Holiness set so much to your satis-whaction; especially," says he, "as, for fear ov accidents, I tuck the liberty of fetching the fellow ov that small ves-shel," says he, "in my other coat-pocket. So devil a fear ov our running dhry till the butt-end of the evening, anyhow," says he.

"Dhraw your stool in to the fire, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "for faix," says he, "I'm bent on anilizing

the metaphysics ov this phenomenon. Come, man alive, clear off," says he, "you're not dhrinking at all."

"Is it drink?" says his Riv'rence, "by Gorra, your Holiness," says he, "I'd dhrink wid you till the cows 'ud be coming home in the morning."

So wid that they tackled to, to the second fugil apiece, and fell into larned discourse. But it's time for me now to be off to the lecthir at the Boord. Oh my sorra light upon you, Docthor Whately, wid your p'litical econimy and your hyderastatics! What the *divul* use has a poor hedge-masther like me wid sich deep larning as is only fit for the likes ov them two that I left over their second tumbler? Howandiver, wishing I was like them, in regard ov the sup ov dhrink, anyhow, I must brake off my norration for the prisint; but when I see you again, I'll tell you how Father Tom made a hero ov the Pope that evening, both in theology and the cube root.

#### HOW FATHER TOM SACKED HIS HOLINESS IN THEOLOGY AND LOGIC.

Well, the lecther's over, and I'm kilt out and out. My bitter curse upon the man that invinted the same Boord! I thought onct I'd fadomed the say ov throuble; and that was when I got through fractions at ould Mat Kavanagh's school, in Firdramore—God be good to poor Mat's sowl, though he did deny the cause the day he suffered! but it's fluxions itself we're set to bottom now, sink or shwim! May I never die if my head isn't as throughother as anything wid their ordinals and cardinals, and, bedad, it's all nothing to the econimy lecthir that I have to go to at two o'clock. Howandiver, I musn't forget that we left his Riv'rence and his Holiness sitting fornenst one another, in



the parlor ov the Vatican, jist afther mixing their second tumbler.

When they had got well down into the same, they fell, as I was telling you, into learned discourse. For you see the Pope was curious to find out whether Father Tom was the great theologinall that people said; and says he, "Mr. Maguire," says he, "what answer do you make to the heretics when they quote them passidges agin thransubstantiation out ov the Fathers?" says he.

"Why," says his Riv'rence, "as there is no such passidges I make myself mighty asy about them; but if you want to know how I dispose of them," says he, "just repeat one ov them, and I'll show you how to catapomphericate it in two shakes."

"Why, then," says the Pope, "myself disremimbers the particular passidges they allidge out of them ould felleya," says he, "though sure enough they're more numerous nor edifying—so we'll jist suppose that a heretic was to find sich a saying as this in Austin, 'Every sensible man knows that thransubstantiation is a lie,'—or this out of Tertullian or Plutarch, 'the bishop of Rome is a common imposther,'—now tell me, could you answer him?"

"As easy as kiss," says his Riv'rence. "In the first, we're to understand that the exprission, 'Every sinsible man,' signifies simply, 'Every man that judges by his nath'ral sinse;' and we all know that nobody foleying them seven deludhers could ever find out the mysthery that's in it if somebody didn't come in to his assistance wid an eighth sinse, which is the only sinse to be depended on, being the sinse of the Church. So that regarding the first quotation which your Holiness has supposed, it makes clane for us, and tee-totally agin the heretics."

"That's the explanation sure enough," says his Holiness;

"and now what div you say to my being a common imposther?"

"Faix, I think," says his Riv'rence, "wid all submission to the better judgment of the learned father that your Holiness has quoted, he'd have been a thrifle nearer the truth, if he had said that the bishop ov Rome is the grand imposther and top sawyer in that line over us all."

"What do you mane?" says the Pope, getting quite red in the face.

"What would I mane?" says his Riv'rence, as composed as a docther ov physic, "but that your Holiness is at the head ov all ov them—troth I had a'most forgot I wasn't a bishop myself," says he, the deludher was going to say—as the head of all of *uz*,—"that has the gift of laying on hands. For sure," says he, "imposther and *imposithir* is all one, so you're only to undherstand *manuum* and the job is done. Auvuich!" says he, "if any heretic 'ud go for to cast up sich a passidge as that agin me, I'd soon give him a lesson in the p'lite art of cutting a stick to welt his own back wid."

"'Pon my apostolical word," says the Pope, "you've cleared up them two pints in a most satiswhaethory manner."

"You see," says his Riv'rence—by this time they wor mixing their third tumbler—"the writings ov them Fathers is to be threatad wid great veneration; and it 'ud be the height of presumption in any one to sit down to interpret them widout providing himself wid a genteel assortment ov the best figures ov rhetoric, sich as metonymy, hyperbol, cattychraxis, prolipsis, mettalipsis, superbation, pollysyndreton, hustheronprotheron, prosodypeia, and the like, in order that he may never be at a loss for shuitable sintiments when he comes to their high-flown passidges. For unless we thrate them Fathers libe-

rally to a handsome allowance of thropes and figures, they'd set up heresy at onct, so they would."

"It's thrue for you," says the Pope; "the figures of spache is the pillars ov the Church."

"Begad," says his Riv'rence, "I dunna what we'd do widout them at all."

"Which one do you prefir?" says the Pope; "that is," says he, "which figure of spache do you find most usefullest when you're hard set?"

"Metaphour's very good," says his Riv'rence, "and so's mettonymy—and I've known prosodypeia stand to me at a pinch mighty well—but for constancy, superbation's the figure for my money. Devil be in me," says he, "but I'd prove black white as fast as a horse 'ud trot wid only a good stick ov superbation."

"Faix," said the Pope with a sly look, "you'd need to have it backed, I judge, wid a small piece of assurance."

"Well now, jist for that word," says his Riv'rence, "I'll prove it widout aither one or other. Black," says he, "is one thing and white is another thing. You don't conthra-vene that? But everything is aither one thing or another thing; I defy the apostle Paul to get over that dilemma. Well! If any thing be one thing, well and good; but if it be another thing, then it's plain it isn't both things, and so can't be two things—nobody can deny that. But what can't be two things must be one thing,—*Ergo*, whether it's one thing or another thing it's all one. But black is one thing and white is another thing,—*Ergo*, black and white is all one. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

"Stop a bit," says the Pope, "I can't althegither give in to your second minor—no—your second major," says he, and he stopped. "Faix, then," says he, getting confused, "I don't rightly remimber where it was exactly that I thought I seen the flaw in your premises. Howsomediver,"

says he, "I don't deny that it's a good conclusion, and one that 'ud be of material service to the Church if it was dhrawn wid a little more distinctiveness."

"I'll make it as plain as the nose on your Holiness's face, by superbation," says his Riv'rence. "My adversary says, black is not another color, that is, white! Now that's jist a parallel passage wid the one out ov Tartulion that me and Hayes smashed the heretics on in Clarendon sthreet. 'This is my body, that is the figure of my body.' That's a superbation, and we showed that it oughtn't to be read that way at all, but this way, 'This figure of my body is my body.' Jist so wid my adversary's proposition, it mustn't be undherstood the way it reads by no manner of manes; but it's to be taken this way,—'Black, that is, white, is not another color'—green, if you like, or orange, by dad, for anything I care, for my case is proved. 'Black,' that is white,' lave out the 'that,' by sinalayphy, and you have the orthodox conclusion, 'Black is white,' or by conversion, 'white is black.'"

"It is as clear as mud," says the Pope.

"Begad," says his Riv'rence, "I'm in great humor for disputin' to-night. I wisht your Holiness was a heretic jist for two minutes," says he, "till you'd see the flaking I'd give you!"

"Well then, for the fun o' the thing, suppose me my namesake, if you like," says the Pope, laughing, "though by Jaminy," says he, "he's not one that I take much pride out ov."

"Very good—devil a bitther joke ever I had," says his Riv'rence. "Come, then, Misther Pope," says he, "hould up that purty face ov yours, and answer me this question. Which 'ud be the biggest lie, if I said I seen a turkey-cock lying on the broad of his back, an' picking the stars out ov the sky, or if I was to say that I seen a gandher in the same

intherestin' posture, raycreating himself wid similar asthronomical experiments? Answer me that, you ould swaddler!" says he.

"How durst you call me a swaddler, sir?" says the Pope, forgetting, the dear man, the part that he was acting.

"Don't think to bully me!" says his Riv'rence. "I always daar to spake the truth, and it's well known that you're nothing but a swaddling ould sent ov a saint," says he, never letting on to persave that his Holiness had forgot what they were agreed on.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "I often hard ov the imperance ov you Irish afore," says he, "but I never expected to be called a saint in my own house either by Irishman or Hottentot. I'll till you what, Mister Maguire," says he, "if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you had betther be walking off wid yourself; for I beg lave to give you to undherstand, that it won't be for the good ov your health if you call me by such an outprobrious epithet again," says he.

"Oh, indeed! then things is come to a purty pass," says his Riv'rence (the dear funny soul that he ever was!) "when the like of you compares one of the Maguires ov Tempo wid a wild Engine! Why, man alive, the Maguires was kings of Fermanagh three thousand years afore your grandfather, that was the first ov your breed that ever wore shoes and stockings" (I'm bound to say in justice to the poor Prodesan, that this was all spoken by his Riv'rence by way of a figure ov spache) "was sint his Majesty's arrand to cultivate the friendship of Prince Lee Boo in Botteney Bay! Oh Boyan dear," says he, letting on to cry, "if you were alive to hear a *bodagh Sassenagh* like this casting up his country to me ov the name ov Maguire."

"In the name ov God," says the Pope, very solemnly, "what is the maning ov all this at all at all?" says he.

"Sure," says his Riv'rence, whispering to him across the table, "sure you know we're acting a conthrawarsy, and you tuck the part of the Prodesan champion. You wouldn't be angry wid me, I'm sure, for sarving out the heretic to the best of my ability."

"Oh begad, I had forgot," says the Pope, the good-natured ould crethur; "sure you were only taking your part as a good Milesian Catholic ought, agin the heretic Sas-sanagh. Well," says he, "fire away now, and I'll put up wid as many controversial compliments as you plase to pay me."

"Well, then, answer me my question, you santimonious ould dandy," says his Riv'rence.

"In troth, then," says the Pope, "I dunna which 'ud be the biggest lie; to my mind," says he, "the one appears to be about as big a bounce as the other."

"Why, then, you poor simpleton," says his Riv'rence, "don't you persave, that forbye the advantage the gandher 'ud have in the length ov his neck, it 'ud be next to empossible for the turkey-cock lying thataway to see what he was about; by rason ov his djollars and other accouthrements hanging back over his eyes? The one about as big a bounce as the other! Oh, you misfortunate crethur! if you had ever larned your A. B. C. in theology, you'd have known that there's a differ betuxt them two lies so great, that, begad, I wouldn't wondher if it 'ud make a balance ov five years in purgathory to the sowl that 'ud be in it. Aye, and if it wasn't that the Church is too liberal entirely, so she is, it 'ud cost his heirs and succissors betther nor ten pounds to have him out as soon as the other. Get along, man, and take half-a-year at dogmatical theology; go and read your Dens, you poor dunce, you!"

"Raaly," says the Pope, "you're making the heretic's shoes too hot to hould me. I wundher how the Prodesans can stand afore you at all."

"Don't think to delude me," says his Riv'rence, "don't think to back out ov your challenge now," says he, "but come to the scratch like a man, if you are a man, and answer me my question. What's the rason, now, that Julius Cæsar and the Vargin Mary was born upon the one day—answer me that, if you wouldn't be hissed off the platform?"

Well, my dear, the Pope couldn't answer it, and he had to acknowledge himself sacked. Then he axed his Riv'rence to tell him the rason himself: and Father Tom communicated it to him in Latin. But as that is a very deep question, I never hard what the answer was, except that I'm tould it was so mysterious, it made the Pope's hair stand on end.

But there's two o'clock, and I'll be late for the lecther.

#### HOW FATHER TOM MADE A HARE OF HIS HOLINESS IN LATIN.

1799

Oh, Docther Whately, Docther Whately, I'm sure I'll never die another death if I don't die aither ov consumption or production! I ever and always thought that asthronomy was the hardest science that was till now—and, it's no lie I'm telling you, the same asthronomy is a tough enough morsel to brake a man's fast upon—and geoliddy is middling and hard too—and hydherastatics is no joke—but ov all the books of science that ever was opened and shut, that book upon P'litical Economy lifts the pins! Well, well, if they wait till they persuade me that taking a man's rints out ov the counthry, and spinding them in forrain parts, isn't doing us out of the same, they'll wait a long time in truth. But you're waiting, I see, to hear how his Riv'rence and his Holiness got on after finishing the disputation I was telling you of. Well, you see, my dear,

when the Pope found he couldn't hold a candle to Father Tom in theology and logic, he thought he'd take the shine out ov him in Latin any how: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I quite agree wid you that it's not lucky for us to be spaking on them deep subjects in such languid-gis as the evil spirits is acquainted wid; and," says he, "I think it 'ud be no harm for us to spake from this out in Latin," says he, "for fraid the devil 'ud understand what we are saying."

"Not a hair I care," says Father Tom, "whether they undherstand what we're saying or not, as long as we keep off that last pint we were discussing, and one or two others. List'ners never heerd good of themselves," says he, "and if Belzhebut takes anything amiss that aither you or me says in regard ov himself or his faction, let him stand forrid like a man, and never fear, I'll give him his answer. Howan-diver, if it's for a taste ov classic conversation you are, jist to put us in mind ov ould Cordarius," says he, "here's at you;" and wid that he lets fly at his holiness wid his health in Latin.

"Vesthræ Sanctitatis salutem volo," says he.

"Vesthræ Revirintæ salutitati bibo," says the Pope to him again (faith, it's no joke, I tell you, to remimber sich a power of larning). "Here's to you wid the same," says the Pope, in the raal Ciceronian. "Nunc poculum alterum imple," says he.

"Cum omni jucunditate in vitâ," says his Riv'rence. "Cum summâ concupiscintiâ et animositate," says he, as much as to say, "Wid all the veins of my heart, I'll do that same,"—and so wid that, they mix'd their fourth gun apiece.

"Aqua vitæ vesthra sane est liquor admirabilis," says the Pope.

"Verum est pro te,—it's thrue for you"—says his Riv'.



rence, forgetting the idiom of the Latin phwraseology in a manner.

"Prava est tua Latinitas, domine," says the Pope, finding fault like wid his etymology.

"Parva culpa mihi, small blame to me, that is," says his Riv'rence, "nam multum laboro in partibus interioribus," says he—the dear man! that never was at a loss for an excuse!

"Quid tibi incommodi?" says the Pope, axing him what ailed him.

"Habeasne id quod Anglicè vocamus, a looking-glass," says his Riv'rence.

"Immo, habeo speculum splendidissimum subther operculum pyxidis hujus starnutatoriæ," says the Pope, pulling out a beautiful goold snuff-box wid a looking-glass in under the lid—"Subther operculum pyxidis hujus starnutatorii—no—starnutatoriæ—quam dono accepi ab Archiduce Austriaco siptuagisima prætherita," says he—as much as to say that he got the box in a prisint from the Queen ov Spain last Lint, if I rightly remimber.

Well, Father Tom laughed like to burst. At last says he, "Pather Sancte," says he, "sub errore jaces. 'Looking-glass' apud nos habet significationem quandam peculiarem ex tempore diei dependentem,"—there was a sthring ov accusatives for yes!—"nam mane speculum sonat," says he, "post prandium vero mat—mat—mat"—sorra be in me but I disremimber the classic appellation ov the same article. Howandiver, his Riv'rence went on explaining himself in such a way as no scholar could mistake. "Vesica mea," says he, "ab illo ultimo eversore distenditur, donec similis est rumpere. Verbis apertis," says he, "Vesthræ Sanotitatis præsentia solvata, aquam facere valde desidhero."

"Ho, ho, ho!" says the Pope, grabbing up his box, "si inquinavisses meam pyxidem, excoimnicari debuisses—Hillo,

Anthony," says he to his head butler, "fetch Misther Ma-guire a"—

"You spoke first!" says his riv'rence, jumping off his sate: "you spoke first in the vernacular! I take Misther Anthony to witness," says he.

"What else would you have me to do?" says the Pope, quite dogged-like to see himself bate that-a-way at his own waypons. "Sure," says he, "Anthony wouldn't undherstand a B. from a bull's foot, if I spoke to him any other way."

"Well, then," says his Riv'rence, "in considheration ov the needcessity," says he, "I'll let you off for this time! but mind now, afther I say *præstho*, the first of us that spakes a word ov English is the hare—*præstho*!"

Neither ov them spoke for near a minit, considhering wid themselves how they wer to begin sich a great thrial ov skill. At last, says the Pope—the blessed man, only think how 'cute it was of him!—"Domine Macguire," says he, "valde desidhero certiozem fieri de significatione istius verbi *eversor* quo jamjam usus es"—(well, surely I *am* the boy for the Latin!)

"*Eversor*, id est cyathus," says his Riv'rence, "nam apud nos *tumbleri*, seu eversores, dicti sunt ab evertendo ceremoniam inter amicos; non, ut Temperantiæ Societatis frigidis fautoribus placet, ab evertendis ipsis potatoribus." (It's not every master undher the Boord, I tell you, could carry such a car load uv the dead langidges.) "In agro vero Louthiano et Midensi," says he, "nomine gaudent quodam secundum linguam Anglicanam significante bombardam seu tormentum; quia ex eis tanquam ex telis jaculatoriis liquorem facibus immittere solent. Etiam inter hæreticos illos melanostomos" (that was a touch ov Greek) "Presbyterianos Septentrionales, qui sunt terribiles potatores, Cyathi dicti sunt *faceres*, et dimidium Cyathi *hæfa*—

*glossus*. Dimidium Cyathi vero apud Metropolitanos Hibernicos dicitur *dandy*—”

“En verbum Anglicanum !” says the Pope, clapping his hands,—“leporem te fecisti;” as much as to say that he had made a hare ov himself.

“*Dandæus*, *dandæus* verbum erat,” says his Riv’rence—oh, the dear man, but it’s himself that was handy ever and always a getting out ov a hobble—“*dandæus* verbum erat,” says he, “quod dicturus eram, cum me intherpillavisti.”

“Ast ego dico,” says the Pope, very sharp, “quod verbum erat *dandy*.”

“Per tibicinem qui coram Mose modulatus est,” says his Riv’rence, “id flagellat mundum ! *Dandæus* dixi, et tū dicis *dandy*; ergo tu es lepus, non ego—Ah, ha ! Saccavi vesthram Sanctitatem !”

“Mendacium est !” says the Pope, quite forgetting himself, he was so mad at being sacked before the sarvints.

Well, if it hadn’t been that his Holiness was in it, Father Tom ’ud have given him the contents of his tumbler betuxt the two eyes, for calling him a liar ; and, in troth, it’s very well it was in Latin the offince was conveyed, for if it had been in the vernacular, there’s no saying what ’ud ha’ been the consequence. His Riv’rence was mighty angry anyhow. “Tu senex lathro,” says he, “quomodo audes me mendacem prædicare ?”

“Et tu, sacrilege nebulo,” says the Pope, “quomodo audacitatem habetas, me Dei in terris vicarium, lathronem conwiciari ?”

“Interroga circumcirca,” says his Riv’rence.

“Abi ex ædibus meis,” says the Pope.

“Abi tu in malam crucem,” says his Riv’rence.

“Excimnicabo te,” says the Pope.

“Diabolus curat,” says his Riv’rence.

"Anathema sis," says the Pope.

"Oscula meum pod"—says his Riv'rence—but, my dear, afore he could finish what he was going to say, the Pope broke out into the vernacular, "Get out o' my house, you reprobate!" says he, in sich a rage that he couldn't contain himself widin the Latin no longer.

"Ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!" says his Riv'rence, "who's the hare now, your Holiness? Oh, by this and by that, I've sacked you clane! Clane and clever I've done it, and no mistake! You see what a bit of desate will do wid the wisest, your Holiness—sure it was joking I was, on purpose to aggravate you—all's fair, you know, in love, law, and contrhavsary. In troth if I'd thought you'd have taken it so much to heart, I'd have put my head into the fire afore I'd have said a word to offend you," says he, for he seen that the Pope was very vexed. "Sure, God forbid that I'd say anything agin your Holiness, barring it was in fun: for aren't you the father ov the faithful, and the throe vicar of God upon earth! And aren't I ready to go down on my two knees this blessed minnit and beg your apostolical pardon for every word that I said to your displeament?"

"Are you in arnest that it is in fun you wer?" says the Pope.

"May I never die if I aren't," says his Riv'rence. "It was all to provoke your Holiness to commit a brache ov the Latin, that I tuck the small liberties I did," says he.

"I'd have you to take care," says the Pope, "how you take sich small liberties again, or may be you'll provoke me to commit a brache ov the pace."

"Well, and if I did," says his Riv'rence, "I know a sartan preparation ov chymicals that's very good for curing a brache either in Latinity or friendship."

"What's that?" says the Pope, quite mollified, and

sitting down again at the table that he had ris from in the first pluff of his indignation. "What's that?" says he, "for 'pon my Epistological davy, I think it 'udn't be asy to bate this miraculous mixthir that we've been thrying to analize this two hours back," says he, taking a mighty scientific swig out ov the bottom ov his tumbler.

"It's good for a beginning," says his Riv'rence; "it lays a very nate foundation for more serious operation: but we're now arrived at a pariod ov the evening when it's time to proceed with our shuperstruchture by compass and square, like free and excipted masons as we both are."

My time's up for the present; but I'll tell you the rest in the evening at home.

#### HOW FATHER TOM AND HIS HOLINESS DISPUTED IN METAPHYSICS AND ALGEBRA.

God be wid the time when I went to the classical seminary ov Firdramore! when I'd bring my sod o' turf under my arm, and sit down on my shnug boss o' straw, wid my back to the mather and my shins to the fire, and score my sum in Dives's denominations ov the double rule o' three, or play fox and geese wid purty Jane Cruise that sat next me, as plisantly as the day was long, widout any one so much as saying, "Mikey Hefferman, what's that you're about?"—for ever since I was in the one lodge wid poor ould Mat I had my own way in his school as free as ever I had in my mother's shebeen. God be wid them days, I say again, for it's althered times wid me, I judge, since I got undher Carlisle and Whately. Sich sthrictness! sich ordher! sich dhrilling, and lecthiring, and tuthoring as they do get on wid! I wish to gracious the one-half ov their rules and rigilations was sunk in the say. And they're

getting so sthricht too about having fair play for the heretic childer! We're to have no more schools in the chapels, nor masses in the schools. Oh, by this and by that it'll never do at all! The ould plan was twenty times betther; and, for my own part, if it wasn't that the clargy supports them in a manner, and the grant's a thing not easily done widout these hard times, I'd see if I couldn't get a sheltered spot nigh-hand the chapel, and set up again on the good ould principle: and faix, I think our metropolitan 'ud stand to me, for I know that his Grace's motto was ever and always, that "Ignorance is the thrue mother ov piety." But I'm running away from my narrative entirely, so I am.

"You'll please to ordher up the housekeeper, then," says Father Tom to the Pópe, "wid a pint ov sweet milk in a skillet, and the bulk ov her fist ov butther, along wid a dust ov soft sugar in a saucer, and I'll show you the way of producing a decoction that, I'll be bound, will hunt the thirst out ov every nook and corner in your Holiness's blessed carcidge."

The Pope ordhered up the ingredients, and they were brought in by the head butler.

"That'll not do at all," says his Riv'rence, "the ingredients won't combine in due proportion unless ye do as I bid yes. Send up the housekeeper," says he, "for a faymale hand is ondispensably necessary to produce the adaptation ov the particles and the concurrence ov the corpuscles, without which you might boil till morning and never fetch the cruds off of it."

Well, the Pope whispered to his head butler, and by and by up there comes an ould faggot ov a *Cuillean*, that was enough to frighten a horse from his oats.

"Don't thry for to deceive me," says his Riv'rence, "for it's no use, I tell yes. Send up the housekeeper, I bid yes: I seen her presarving gooseberries in the panthry as

I came up: she has eyes as black as a sloe," says he, "and cheeks like the rose in June; and sorra taste ov this celestial mixthir shall crass the lips ov man or mortéal this blessed night till she stirs the same up wid her own delicate little finger."

"Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "it's very unproper of you to spake that way ov my housekeeper; I won't allow it, sir."

"Honor bright, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, laying his hand on his heart.

"Oh, by this and by that, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "I'll have none of your insinivations: I don't care who sees my whole household," says he, "I don't care if all the faymales under my roof was paraded down the high street of Room," says he.

"Oh, it's plain to see how little you care who sees them," says his Riv'rence. "You're afeard, now, if I was to see your housekeeper, that I'd say she was too handsome."

"No, I'm not!" says the Pope, "I don't care who sees her," says he. "Anthony," says he to the head butler, "bid Eliza throw her apron over her head, and come up here." Wasn't that stout in the blessed man? Well, my dear, up she came, stepping like a three year old and blushing like the brake o' day: for though her apron was thrown over her head as she came forrid, till you could barely see the tip of her chin—more betoken there was a lovely dimple in it, as I've been tould—yet she let it slip a bit to one side by chance like, jist as she got fornenst the fire, and if she wouldn't have given his Riv'rence a shot, if he hadn't been a priest, it's no matther.

"Now, my dear," says he, "you must take that skillet, and hould it over the fire till the milk comes to a blood hate; and the way you'll know that will be by stirring it

one't or twice wid the little finger ov your right hand, afore you put in the butther: not that I misdoubt," says he, "but that the same finger's fairer nor the whitest milk nor ever come from the tit."

"None of your deludhering talk to the young woman, sir," says the Pope, mighty stern. "Stir the posset as he bids you, Eliza, and then be off wid yourself," says he.

"I beg your Holiness's pardon ten thousand times," says his Riv'rence, "I'm sure I meant nothing onproper; I hope I'm uncapable ov any sich dirilection of my duty," says he. "But, marciful Saver!" he cried out, jumping up on a suddent, "look behind you, your Holiness—I'm blest but the room's on fire!"

Sure enough the candle fell down that minit and was near setting fire to the windy-curtains, and there was some bustle, as you may suppose, getting things put to rights. And now I have to tell you ov a really unpleasant occurrence. If I was a Prodesan that was in it, I'd say, that while the Pope's back was turned Father Tom made free wid the two lips of Miss Eliza; but, upon my conscience, I believe it was a mere mistake that his Holiness fell into on account of his being an ould man, and not having aither his eyesight or his hearing very perfect. At any rate, it can't be denied but that he had a sthrong imprission that sich was the case; for he wheeled about as quick as thought, jist as his Riv'rence was sitting down, and charged him wid the offence plain and plump. "Is it kissing my house-keeper before my face you are, you villain!" says he. "Go down out o' this!" says he to Miss Eliza; "and do you be packing off wid you!" he says to Father Tom; "for it's not safe, so it isn't, to have the likes ov you in a house where there's temptation in your way."

"Is it me?" says his Riv'rence; "why what would your Holiness be at, at all? Sure I wasn't doing no such thing."



"Would you have me doubt the evidence ov my sinses?" says the Pope; "would you have me doubt the testimony of my eyes and ears?" says he.

"Indeed I would so," says his Riv'rence, "if they pretend to have informed your Holiness of any sich foolishness."

"Why," says the Pope, "I seen you afther kissing Eliza, as plain as I see the nose on your face; I heard the smack you gave her as plain as ever I heard thundher."

"And how do you know whether you see the nose on my face or not?" says his Riv'rence, "and how do you know whether what you thought was thundher, was thundher at all? Them operations on the sinses," says he, "comprises only particular corporal emotions, connected wid sartain confused percipitions, called sinsations, and isn't to be depended upon at all. If we were to follow them blind guides we might just as well turn heretics at onc't. 'Pon my secret word, your Holiness, it's neither charitable nor orthodox ov you to set up the testimony ov your eyes and ears agin the caracther ov a clergyman. And now, see how aisy it is to explain all them phwenomena that perplexed you.—I ris and went over beside the young woman because the skillet was boiling over, to help her to save the dhrop ov liquor that was in it: and as for the noise you heard, my dear man, it was neither more nor less nor myself—dhrawing the cork out of this blissid bottle."

"Don't offer to thrape that upon me," says the Pope. "Here's the cork in the bottle still, as tight as a wedge."

"I beg your pardon," says his Riv'rence, "that's not the cork at all," says he; "I dhrew the cork a good two minits ago, and it's very purtily spitted on the end of this blessed cork-shcrew at this prisint moment: howandiver, you can't see it, because it's only it's real prisince that's in it. But that appearance that yqu call a cork," says he, "is nothing but the outward spacies and external qualities of

the cortical nathur. Them's nothing but the accidents of the cork that you're looking at and handling; but, as I tould you afore, the real cork's dhrew, and is here prisint on the end ov this nate little instrumint; and it was the noise I made in dhrawing it, and nothing else, that you mistook for the sound of the *pogue*."

You know there was no contravening what he said; and the Pope couldn't openly deny it. Howandiver he thried to pick a hole in it this way. "Granting," says he, "that there is the differ you say betwixt the reality ov the cork and these cortical accidents; and that it's quite possible, as you allidge, that the thrue cork is really prisint on the end of the shcrew, while the accidents keep the mouth ov the bottle stopped—still," says he, "I can't undherstand, though willing to acquit you, how the dhrawing of the real cork, that's onpalpable, and widout accidents, could produce the accident of that sinsible explosion I heard jist now."

"All that I can say," says his Riv'rence, "is, that it was a rale accident, any how."

"Aye," says the Pope, "the kiss you gev Eliza, you mane."

"No," says his Riv'rence, "but the report I made."

"I don't doubt you," says the Pope.

"No cork could be dhrew with less noise," says his Riv'rence.

"It would be hard for anything to be less nor nothing, barring algebra," says the Pope.

"I can prove to the conthrary," says his Riv'rence.

"This glass ov whiskey is less nor that tumbler ov punch, and that tumbler of punch is nothing to this jug ov *scaltheen*."

"Do you judge by superficial misure, or by the liquid contents?" says the Pope.

"Don't stop me betwixt my premisses and my conclusions," says his Riv'rence; "*Ergo*, this glass of whiskey is less nor nothing; and for that raison I see no harm in life in adding it to the contents ov the same jug, just by way ov a frost-nail."

"Adding what's less nor nothing," says the Pope, "is subtraction, according to algebra; so here goes to make the rule good," says he, filling his tumbler with the blessed stuff, and sitting down again at the table; for the anger didn't stay two minits on him, the good-hearted ould sow!l!

"Two minuses makes one plus," says his Riv'rence, as ready as you plase; "and that'll account for the increased daycrement I mane to take the liberty of producing in the same mixed quantity," says he, following his Holiness's epistolical example.

"By all that's good!" says the Pope, "that's the best stuff I ever tasted: you call it a mixed quantity, but I say it's prime."

"Since it's ov the first ordher, then," says his Riv'rence, "we'll have the less deffeequilty in reducing it to a simple equation."

"You'll have no fractions at my side any how," says the Pope. "Faix, I'm afeard," says he, "it's only too asy ov solution our sum is like to be."

"Never fear for that," says his Riv'rence. "I've a good stock ov surds here in the bottle; for I tell you it will take us a long time to extrahct the root ov it, at the rate we're going on."

"What makes you call the blessed quart an irrational quantity?" says the Pope.

"Because it's too much for one and too little for two," says his Riv'rence.

"Clear it ov its coefficient, and we'll thry," says the Pope.

"Hand me over the exponent then," says his Riv'rence.

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"The shcrew, to be sure," says his Riv'rence.

"What for?" says the Pope.

"To dhraw the cork," says his Riv'rence.

"Sure the cork's dhrew," says the Pope.

"But the sperits can't get out on account of the accidents that's stuck in the neck of the bottle," says his Riv'rence.

"Accidents ought to be passable to sperit," says the Pope, "and that makes me suspect that the reality ov the cork's in it afther all."

"That's a barony-masia," says his Riv'rence, "and I'm not bound to answer it. But the fact is, that it's the accidents ov the sperits too that's in it, and the reality's passed out through the cortical species as you say; for, you may have observed, we've both been in real good spirits ever since the cork was dhrawn, and where else would the real sperits come from if they wouldn't come ov the bottle?"

"Well then," says the Pope, "since we've got the reality, there's no use throubling ourselves wid the accidents."

"Oh, begad," says his Riv'rence, "the accidents is very essential too; for a man may be in the best ov good sperits, as far as his immaterial part goes, and yet need the accidental qualities ov good liquor to hunt the sinsible thirst out ov him." So he dhraws the cork in earnest, and sets about brewing the other skillet ov *scaltheen*; but, faix, he had to get up the ingredients, this time, by the hands ov ould Moley; though devil a taste ov her little finger he'd let widin a yard ov the same coction.

But, my dear, here's the *Freeman's Journal*, and we'll see what's the news afore we finish the residuary proceedings of their two Holinesses.

## THE REASON WHY FATHER TOM WAS NOT MADE A CARDINAL.

*Hurroo*, my darlings!—didn't I tell you it 'ud never do? Success to bould John Tuam and the ould siminary ov Firdramore! Oh, more power to your Grace every day you rise, 'tis you that has broken their Boord into shivers undher your feet! Sure, and isn't it a proud day for Ireland, this blessed feast of the choir ov Saint Pether? Isn't Carlisle and Whately smashed to pieces, and their whole college of swaddling teachers knocked into sneidhereers? John Tuam, your sowl, has stuck his pasthoral staff in his hand and beathen them out o' Connaught as fast as ever Pathric druve the' serpints into Clew Bay. Poor ould Mat Kavanagh, if he was alive this day, 'tis he would be the happy man. "My curse upon their g'ographies and Bibles," he used to say; "where's the use ov perplexing the poor children wid what we don't undherstand ourselves?" No use at all, in troth, and so I said from the first myself. "Well, thank God and his Grace, we'll have no more thrigonomethry nor scripther in Connaught. We'll hould our lodges every Saturday night, as we used to do, wid our chairman behind the masther's desk, and we'll hear our mass every Sunday morning wid the blessed priest standing afore the same. I wisht to goodness I hadn't parted wid my seven Champions ov Christendom and Freney the Robber: they're books that'll be in great requist in Leithrim as soon as the pasthoral gets wind. Glory be to God! I've done wid their leathers—they may all go and be d——d wid their consumption and production. I'm off to Bally-mactaggart before daylight in the morning, where I'll thry whether a sod or two o' turf can't consume a cart-load of heresy, and whether a weekly meeting ov the lodge can't produce a new thayory ov rints. But afore I take my lave

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ov you, I may as well finish my story about poor Father Tom that I hear is coming up to chate the heretics in Adam and Eve during the Lint.

The Pope—and indeed it ill became a good Catholic to say anything agin him—no more would I, only that his Riv'rence was in it—but you see the fact ov it is, that the Pope was as envious as ever he could be, at seeing himself sacked fight and left by Father Tom; and bate out o' the face, the way he was, on every science and subjec' that was started. So not to be outdone altogether, he says to his Riv'rence, "You're a man that's fond of the brute craya-tion, I hear, Misther Maguire?"

"I don't deny it," says his Riv'rence. "I've dogs that I'm willing to run agin any man's, aye, or to match them agin any other dogs in the world for genteel edication and polite manners," says he.

"I'll hould you a pound," says the Pope, "that I've a quadhruped in my possession that's a wiser baste nor any dog in your kennel."

"Done," says his Riv'rence, and they staked the money.

"What can this larned quadhruped o' yours do?" says his Riv'rence.

"It's my mule," says the Pope, "and, if you were to offer her golden oats and clover off the meadows o' Paradise, sorra taste ov aither she'd let pass her teeth till the first mass is over every Sunday or holiday in the year."

"Well, and what 'ud you say if I showed you a baste ov mine," says his Riv'rence, "that, instead ov fasting till first mass is over only, fasts out the whole four-and-twenty hours ov every Wednesday and Friday in the week as reg'lar as a Christian?"

"Oh, be asy, Misther Maguire," says the Pope.

"You don't believe me, don't you?" says his Riv'rence, "very well, I'll soon show you whether or no," and he put


his knuckles in his mouth, and gev a whistle that made the Pope stop his fingers in his ears. The aycho, my dear, was hardly done playing wid the cobwebs in the cornish, when the door flies open, and in jumps Spring. The Pope happened to be sitting next the door, betuxt him and his Riv'rence, and, may I never die, if he didn't clear him, thruple crown and all, at one spring. "Göd's presence be about us!" says the Pope, thinking it was an evil spirit come to fly away wid him for the lie that he had told in regard ov his mule (for it was nothing more nor a thrick that consisted in grazing the brute's teeth): but seeing it was only one ov the greatest beauties of a greyhound that he'd ever laid his epistolical eyes on, he soon recovered of his fright, and began to pat him, while Father Tom ris and went to the sideboard, where he cut a slice of pork, a slice ov beef, a slice of mutton, and a slice of salmon, and put them all on a plate thegether. "Here, Spring, my man," says he, setting the plate down afore him on the hearth-stone, "here's your supper for you this blessed Friday night." Not a word more he said nor what I tell you; and, you may believe it or not, but it's the blessed truth that the dog, afther jist tasting the salmon, and spitting it out again, lifted his nose out o' the plate, and stood wid his jaws wathering, and his tail wagging, looking up in his Riv'rence's face, as much as to say, "Give me your absolution, till I hide them temptations out o' my sight."

"There's a dog that knows his duty," says his Riv'rence; "there's a baste that knows how to conduct himself aither in the parlor or the field. You think him a good dog, looking at him here: but I wish't you seen him on the side of Sleeve-an-Eirin! Be my sowl, you'd say the hill was running away from undher him. Oh I wish't you had been wid me," says he, never letting on to see the dog stale, "one day, last Lent, that I was coming from mass. Spring was

near a quarter ov a mile behind me, for the childher was delaying him wid bread and butther at the chapel door; when a lump ov a hare jumped out ov the plantations ov Grouse Lodge and ran across the road; so I gev the whiloo, and knowing that she'd take the rise ov the hill, I made over the ditch, and up through Mullaghcashel as hard as I could pelt, still keeping her in view, but afore I had gone a perch, Spring seen her, and away the two went like the wind, up Drumrewy, and down Clooneen, and over the river, widout his being able onc't to turn her. Well, I run on till I come to the Diffagher, and through it I went, for the wather was low and I didn't mind being wet shod, and out on the other side, where I got up on a ditch, and seen sich a coorse, as I'll be bound to say was never seen afore or since. If Spring turned that hare onc't that day, he turned her fifty times, up and down, back and for'ard, throughout and about. At last he run her right into the big quarryhole in Mullaghbawn, and when I went up to look for the fud, there I found him stretched on his side, not able to stir a foot, and the hare lying about an inch afore his nose as dead as a doornail, and divil a mark of a tooth upon her. Eh, Spring, isn't that thrue?" says he. Jist at that minit the clock sthruck twelve, and before you could say thrapsticks, Spring had the plateful of mate consaled. "Now," says his Riv'rence, "hand me over my pound, for I've won my bate fairly."

"You'll excuse me," says the Pope, pocketing his money, "for we put the clock half an hour back, out of compliment to your Riv'rence," says he, "and it was Sathurday morning afore he came up at all."

"Well, it's no matther," says his Riv'rence, putting back his pound-note in his pocket-book. "Only," says he, "it's hardly fair to expect a brute baste to be so well skilled in the science ov chronology."





In troth his Riv'rence was badly used in the same bade, for he won it clever; and, indeed, I'm afeard the shabby way he was thrated had some effect in putting it into his mind to do what he did. "Will your Holiness take a blast ov the pipe?" says he, drawing out his dhudeen.

"I never smoke," says the Pope, "but I haven't the least objection to the smell of the tobaccay."

"Oh, you had better take a dhraw," says his Riv'rence: "it'll relish the dhrink, that 'ud be too luscious entirely, widout something to flavor it."

"I had thoughts," said the Pope, wid the laste sign ov a hiccup on him, "ov getting up a broiled bone for the same purpose."

"Well," says his Riv'rence, "a broiled bone 'ud do no manner of harm at this present time; but a smoke," says he, "'ud flavor both the devil and the dhrink."

"What sort o' tobaccay is it that's in it?" says the Pope.

"Raal nagur-head," says his Riv'rence, "a very mild and salubrious spacies of the philosophic weed."

"Then, I don't care if I do take a dhraw," says the Pope. Then Father Tom held the coal himself till his Holiness had the pipe lit; and they sat without saying anything worth mentioning for about five minutes.

At last the Pope says to his Riv'rence, "I dunna what gev me this plaguy hiccup," says he. "Dhrink about," says he—"Begorra," he says, "I think I'm getting merrier 'an's good for me. Sing us a song, your Riv'rence," says he.

Father Tom then sung him Monatagrenage and the Bunch o' Rushes, and he was mighty well plased wid both, keeping time wid his hands, and joining in the choruses, when his hiccup 'ud let him. At last, my dear, he opens the lower buttons of his waistcoat, and the top one ov his

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waistband, and calls to Masther Anthony to lift up one of the windys. "I dunna what's wrong wid me, at all, at all," says he; "I'm mortal sick."

"I thrust," says his Riv'rence, "the pasthry that you ate at dinner hasn't disagreed with your Holiness's stomach."

"Oh my! oh!" says the Pope, "what's this at all?" gasping for breath, and as pale as a sheet, wid a could swate bursting out over his forehead, and the palms of his hands spread out to cotch the air. "Oh my! oh my!" says he, "fetch me a basin!—Don't spake to me. Oh! oh! blood alive!—oh, my head, my head, hould my head!—oh! ubh!—I'm poisoned! ach!"

"It's thim plaguy pasthries," says his Riv'rence. "Hould his head hard," says he, "and clap a wet cloth over his temples. If you could only thry another dhraw o' the pipe, your Holiness, it 'ud set you to rights in no time."

"Carry me to bed," says the Pope, "and never let me see that wild Irish priest again. I'm poisoned by his manes—ubplsch!—ach!—ach!—He dined with Cardinal Wayld yestherday," says he, "and he's bribed him to take me off. Send for a confessor," says he, "for my latther end's approaching. My head's like to split—so it is!—Oh my! oh my!—ubplsch!—ach!"

Well, his Riv'rence never thought it worth his while to make him an answer; but when he seen how ungratefully he was used, after all his throuble in making the evening agreeable to the ould man, he called Spring and put the butt-end ov the second bottle into his pocket, and left the house widout once wishing "Good night, an' plaisant dhrames to you;" and, in troth, not one of *them* axed him to lave them a lock ov his hair.

That's the story as I heard it tould: but myself doesn't

b'lieve over one half of it. Howandiver, when all's done, it's a shame, so it is, that he's not a bishop this blessed day and hour ; for next to the goiant ov Saint Garlath's, he's out and out the cleverest fellow of the whole jing bang.





## Milicent.

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“You cannot mean what you say, Milicent! Many a woman has sacrificed her happiness to her pride; take care, for your own sake, how you add to the number!”

Had there been any vacillation in Milicent Tyrrell's mind, this adjuration would have fixed it. She perceived in it the implied reproach upon the vehemence of her character, which had wounded her so often—which had brought her, in fact, to the alternative against which her lover warned her. It strengthened her, however; it gave fire to the eyes which might have softened, and firmness to the voice that would have trembled. She answered calmly enough:

“I do mean what I say,” she said; “and I shall not sacrifice my happiness. We should not be happy together; you are hard and cold, and I am passionate and headstrong as you tell me. Your faults lie deep; they never show on the surface—they mislead you as to yourself—they make you harsh and unforgiving to me. I could not live with a man that was always watching me to detect and reprove; I

should learn to hate my husband in the character of censor and judge. Life would be one fierce quarrel, ever growing fiercer. No, Luke, it is because I would have neither of us miserable that I am resolved to end our engagement."

She stood erect and resolute: it was impossible to doubt her earnestness. Luke made a few turns in the room: hard and cold as she called him, it was difficult for him to speak as firmly as she had done.

"But you are bound to me," he said at length, "by ties that the caprice of a moment cannot break: my ten years' love, your father's wishes; more than all—you constrain me to say it, Millicent—your own confessions and promises, must withhold you. Have you not loved me?" he asked passionately; "or has the past been a part and a lie?"

"If," she replied scornfully, "your words were anything to me now, I should resent such language. Have I loved you?—well enough to submit to be pupil, culprit, slave almost! I have learned to dread your presence in the height of any innocent enjoyment, knowing you would see some fault to blame. Hard constructions have been put on all I did and was. You have schooled me in every relation of life, in every petty detail of conduct, as if you had been, in fact, my husband. No husband, in fact, shall so school me: the wife's position is an equal one, and you would degrade it. No!" she cried eagerly; "I have borne much—I will *not* marry to such bondage! Often have I said: 'If Luke acts thus again, it shall be the last time.' The last time *is* now come; nothing will move me! As for your love, you delude yourself; you love rule and self too well——"

"Stop!" cried Luke, interrupting her, "for I can bear no more: I should be bent indeed upon my own misery if I urged you further. Strange, that we have thus deceived ourselves—that instead of loving me, such intense bitter-

ness is burning in your heart! What blind dreamers we are!"

"I, too, have dreamed," said Milicent; "you are not alone in your disappointment; but it is all over. Mr. Forrester, good-bye."

Her attitude, as she held out her hand, was as firm and stately as ever, but her averted eyes gleamed with suppressed emotion, and her flushed cheeks were wet with tears. He had meant to take his farewell without another word, but a glance into the proud troubled face of the girl moved him with an irresistible yearning. Was there not enough of noble-heartedness within her, after her faults were weighed, to risk his happiness upon? But what availed such calculation? Did he not love her with soul and strength?—had he hope or care for the future without her?

"Milicent!" he exclaimed with vehement tenderness; but a movement arrested the words. He saw it would be in vain; that she was prepared to reject his prayers as she had done his expostulations. Why should he subject dignity and love to be trampled under foot? "Milicent," he repeated more calmly, "farewell! I shall be able to wish you happiness apart from myself."

He held her hand for a moment in a passionate grasp. How still and proud she stood! He noticed, in spite of him, every point of her beauty, the very richness of her dress, and the accessories which surrounded her. He knew not the secret agony against which her indomitable spirit upheld her.

"Can she ever have loved me?" was the bitter doubt with which he hurried from her presence. The groom brought round his horse with the same alacrity and respectful cordiality as he had shown every day almost for years—his had been a long courtship, a Jacob's service—and

Forrester spoke to him in the same quiet friendly tone; but he pushed on at full gallop, becoming mad speed, as his Thoughts quickened, and the man was out of sight.

The glorious afternoon sunshine flooded the park, and cast the broad tree-shadows unbroken on the grass—the flower-garden was brilliant with a thousand dyes—the ripe harvest-fields and distant river burned in the unmitigated light: the far-off hills, crowned with woods and dark in shadow, shut the noble English landscape in—shut in the lands of which Milicent was heiress. She loved riches and luxury—oh, she had enough to satisfy her and console her, if she needed consolation. He might never find one to fill the place she had held in his tenacious heart; but she, whose beauty and position opened the highest circles, who loved society, and was worshipped by it—what credulous vanity to suppose some suitor as worthy and more successful than himself would not secure what he had lost! But was it lost? Was not his present misery the shorter, if sharper, pang to a union with a woman, so impatient of the lightest control, so cruelly unjust to the deepest and tenderest affection? Reversing the cause, was she not right in her own conclusion? It would not do even in the first moment of wrath. He thought of her scorn for all that was mean and little—her lofty truthfulness—the tender passion of a nature that was capable of all sacrifice for the being loved—the earnestness and fire of her mind, which ever seemed at the high point of vitality, but occasionally attained by others. Misconception, uncongeniality, and wretchedness there might be, but Milicent was still to him the chief good on earth.

He heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turned abruptly into an opposite path. He had no wish for companions, least of all for such as Mr. Tyrrell and his little daughter

Lilly. When secure from observation, he looked back to watch them, and send after them his last farewells.

Mr. Tyrrell's fine face looked brighter and more animated even than its wont, as he bent down towards his fairy companion, the fragile child and darling of the house. The little girl's fair curls danced in the wind as she urged her pony to its utmost speed; and her soft laugh rang through the clear air as she gained the race they were running, without the suspicion that her triumph had been an easy one. Forrester knew how Milicent loved her father; how Lilly was cherished with more than a sister's heart. It might be an unworthy emotion, but he thought bitterly that every good gift had been lavished upon her; that her life was so rich, she would scarcely miss one link from the glittering chain; and for the moment, selfish in his great sorrow, he would have had her solitary and miserable as himself.

Before another hour had struck, deep darkness had fallen upon this brilliant lot. The stumble of a horse's hoof revolutionized life for Milicent Tyrrell. Her father drew his last breath in her arms ten minutes after she had been summoned to his side—summoned from one strife and agony of soul to another scarcely keener; and he died intestate.

We must pass over the scenes immediately following; every adverse power seemed at work to exalt the sudden overwhelming misery to desperation. The death of her father to the daughter's heart, in which he had been supreme, would have smothered lesser woes, had not the first news of the accident brought down his elder brother, the heir-at-law, and subjected the proud, defiant girl to the bitter humiliation of his mastership. There was no gain-saying his right: the large estates of Roseneath had been left by an eccentric relative to the younger brother, on condition he took his name. They were left entailed upon



the male line, but with the momentous saving-clause, permitting the legatee to cut off the entail and will it at his pleasure, if he had no son, and a daughter twenty-one years of age. When Mr. Tyrrell died, Milicent wanted a few months of her majority; and her father, having waited for this event to dispose of his property, had not even secured to his children what fortune was under his independent control.

Mr. Rivington held no friendly feeling towards his nieces; he had looked upon himself as defrauded during his brother's lifetime, and was disposed to regard his sudden death as a manifest token of the will of Heaven to give him back his rights. He meant to take the orphans to his home, and treat them, he said, as his daughters; and had no more sense of his turpitude, in seizing thus their expected inheritance, than has been shown since the beginning of time by the lawless possessors of the coveted vineyards.

Fourteen days' intercourse with Milicent made him hate her; he wished to bury his brother with all possible pomp and ceremony; but Milicent, knowing intimately her dead father's wishes on the subject, roused herself from her stupor of anguish to oppose the idea. Mr. Tyrrell had often said, as they passed through the village churchyard, that he would rather lie under its willows than in the ancestral vault beneath the chancel; and he owed to his daughter's strength of will and energy of purpose that the wish was gratified. Milicent bore down her uncle's opposition with a resolution so absolute that he was constrained to succumb, and resented the necessity accordingly.

Immediate retaliation was in his power—to contract his business at Roseneath to the shortest possible space of time and hurry the sisters back with him to their new London home. He would have been better pleased had Milicent expostulated on the subject; but her character upheld her

from any complaint or protest against her uncle's tyranny. She perceived at once the feelings and motives which influenced his conduct, and she possessed precisely that strength of mind or refinement of pride which would have enabled her to bear the rack without uttering the groan her torturer listened to hear.

The agony of her father's death, after the first irresistible paroxysms of grief, she consumed in silence ; as well as the even sharper pang that her sudden fall from wealth and authority to poverty and dependence would inevitably produce in such a nature. Sharper, not because her love had been weaker than her pride ; but if it was comparatively easy to bow to the inevitable blow of Heaven, it was martyrdom to submit to what seemed the caprice of circumstance, the power of injustice and legal fraud. During this interval, she had a still greater trial to undergo in the ceaseless efforts of Luke Forrester to obtain an interview with her. The lover she had rejected with such decisive scorn in the recent days of her prosperity, could never receive anything from her now ; as for offers of friendship and service, they would be intolerable to a heart passionate and vehement as her own. Since the day they had parted, even in the height of her misery, or rather stimulated thereby, Milicent's love seemed on the increase : adding the master-grief of bitter self-reproach and vain regrets for a future lost for ever. The effect of all this mental strife was such, that, as they reached their journey's end, a fortnight after Mr. Tyrrell's death, Mr. Rivington, on looking at Milicent, consoled himself with the reflection that his two daughters had nothing to fear from her rival beauty.

Mrs. Rivington and her daughters were in a state of great excitement on the evening of the expected arrival of Milicent and Lilly Tyrrell. The latter, being a child, had little to do with the tremor of curiosity and anxiety that

agitated them ; it was all due to Milicent, the reputed beauty, the impoverished heiress, the rejected bride. Augusta Rivington, as she coquetted with her crape-trimmings and long curls, pleasantly conscious how well her mourning attire became her, was explaining to Maurice Halford, her reserved, dilatory, but assured admirer, how the case stood.

"Poor uncle could have settled everything on Milicent, and she was always brought up to expect it. Poor girl, it must be a dreadful blow to her. I should feel it myself keenly, little as I care for fortune. But then, you know, the property ought to have been ours before, so that we are getting only our rights after all."

Mr. Halford knew all about it, as it was the one subject of talk in their mutual circles, and bowed gravely in unmistakable acquiescence, as the young lady paused.

"It is shocking to think of!" subjoined Mrs. Rivington, stirring into a blaze the before hot fire. "For just one-and-twenty years my husband has been defrauded by his brother, without the smallest acknowledgment or attempt at compensation; but there is a providence that watches over these things. In spite of their father's robbery, his children shall always find a home with us."

"And sisters in your fair daughters?" asked Mr. Halford, with precisely the same inclination as before. "Pardon me, Mrs. Rivington, but few women could be capable of such magnanimity."

Augusta looked up a little uneasily; but, assured by her scrutiny, said, with a little laugh, in reply to his first remark:

"I hope so; but they say our poor cousin's temper is so difficult, and she has been so flattered and spoilt, that it will not be easy to be very fond of her. She has governed like an autocrat at Roseneath. It is really a terrible reverse."

"It is quite certain she could not be very amiable," remarked the elder Miss Rivington, in a slightly under-tone, "or Luke Forrester would never have jilted her——"

"Hush! my dear," interposed the mother quickly; "it is not fair for one lady to tell such tales of another. Nothing blights a young woman's prospects in society like the reputation of having been jilted. The secret is safe with you, I am sure, Mr. Halford?"

"Of course the lady was jilted in the days of her prosperity."

"I really can't take upon myself to say, but I fear not; Mr. Forrester is not even in that case less disinterested than—excuse me—the sex in general. Portionless maidens are little in demand, except in novels."

"A libel!" whispered Augusta softly. "Why don't you take up the gauntlet for mankind?" But Mr. Halford was in a muse, and did not hear her; indeed, he heard nothing till a sudden movement announced the guests were come; then he roused and looked about him. The room had a very pleasant aspect, with the glow of fire and lamp reflected in every opposing point of glass and gilding, and heightening the warm tints of the pictures on the wall, and the rich flower-painted carpet under foot. It was thick set with all kinds of fantastic couches, if the travellers were weary; and on the table was a dainty repast, ready spread, to tempt and gratify appetite if hungry; and then what intense anxiety in the faces of aunt and cousins—could the welcome be mistaken?

Mrs. Rivington and Augusta hurried down stairs to meet the strangers; they were so long in returning, that Eleanor said she would go and see if anything was the matter; and almost involuntarily, moved by an unusual curiosity, Mr. Halford followed her.

Millicent stood in the hall, giving, in clear calm tones,

some instructions respecting her luggage; the greetings had no doubt been exchanged, for Mr. Rivington was bustling up stairs, and his wife and daughter stood a little apart, watching their kinswoman. Her arm pressed closely to her side her little trembling sister; otherwise she would have stood erect, and her face was turned towards the light. Mr. Halford was a sensible man, but he had a great weakness for beauty; he was an absent one, too, and stood and gazed at Millicent, ignorant that his mistress's eyes were upon him. Very pale and worn her face looked with recent watching and anguish, and its expression was fixed and cold, but the perfection of feature, the fineness of outline, was unimpaired. There was no extraneous help; her hair, of the beauty of which much had been said, seemed to have been carefully concealed; but the clearly marked line of the brows, the shade of the lashes, hinted at color and character. These points were patent to all her observers; but only one carried the scrutiny deeper and detected, in spite of the careful self-possession, the latent expression of the deep-blue eyes—an occasional scintillation of passion and recklessness that touched him, together with the sudden dilation of the delicate nostril, the quiver of the lines round the flexible mouth.

Mr. Rivington stopped short at the head of the stairs. "Girls, take your cousins up stairs, if they have finished their orders, and help them to make haste down to tea, for we shan't stand on the ceremony of waiting. What, Halford, my dear fellow! How do? Always glad to see you. No need to introduce you to Millicent Tyrrell—you know who she is."

"But I shall feel obliged if you will let Miss Tyrrell know who I am," said Mr. Halford smiling, in order to mollify the roughness of the other's speech.

Mrs. Rivington introduced him. Millicent, who had not

condescended to notice her uncle's insult, bowed in a stately, unconscious way, and, still holding Lilly's hand, followed Augusta to a bedroom.

There was no fire in the spacious, cheerless apartment; they had had a long journey, and the child was benumbed with cold. Milicent hesitated what to do, and fixed a keen asking gaze on Augusta's face; her cousin had offered her services in a careless way, and they had been declined; she now leaned listlessly over the mantel-piece, but the attitude alone was languid—she was watching every movement of Milicent's with intense interest.

"I cannot—no, I cannot stoop to complain and ask a favor from her," thought Milicent. "Lilly, I could better die than beg for you."

She took off the heavy cloak and bonnet, smoothed the fair head, and then kneeling down before the little one, began to chafe her frozen feet between her hands. On looking up into her face, she perceived Lilly was crying—not in a childish, fretful way; her tears fell quietly, but large and fast. It was the one thing Milicent was not proof against; pride failed her, crushed under the rush of the restrained agonies and emotions of the day. She clasped the child in her arms with a cry of passion that startled Augusta to her very soul; and then throwing herself upon her knees, still folding Lilly in her straight embrace, burst into such an agony of weeping, that at length her cousin was moved.

"Milicent, don't cry like that. You will be very happy with us; we will all be very kind to you."

Milicent's bonnet had fallen off, and her dark hair in massive curls swept over cheek and throat; the face was raised as in appeal against her fate—how beautiful she was in spite of tears and pallor! Augusta had been bending over her, her hand resting on her shoulder: but she suddenly drew back from her caressing posture. "Had she

been less beautiful, I would have loved her." A presentiment of trouble seemed to haunt her.

"Calm yourself," she said coldly; "and try and come down to tea. Once more, can I help you, or shall I send our maid?"

Milicent was striving to master herself. She was not a stranger to such conflict, and she succeeded now. "The last time," she said, rising, and drying her tears, "that you will see me so weak. We want nothing, thank you; we will join you almost immediately."

When they entered the room, some ten minutes later, there was little trace of Milicent's late emotion. Mr. Rivington looked up from his meal. "Come, girls," he said graciously; "come to the table: I am sure you must be half-starved. And now, one word, Milicent, now I have got you home. I don't wish to be unkind to you, and I would rather we all agreed with one another. Your cousins are willing to treat you as a sister, provided you are disposed to keep your temper in check—otherwise, that temper will be your ruin. I have put up in the old house with more than I ever bore from any woman; but in my own, remember, I am master. For the rest, to end the subject for ever, if you marry, I shall give you a younger daughter's portion."

Milicent's lip had curled, and her eyes kindled, during this speech. At its close, on perceiving her uncle's look of self-complacency, she said quietly:

"I am sorry I cannot be grateful; but it is impossible to give me my own, or to unite the characters of defrauder and benefactor."

Mr. Rivington turned pale with hate and anger. A confused murmur of indignation rose from his wife and daughters. The former could not find adequate words for his feelings. A woman's wrath is more facile:

"I suppose, Miss Tyrrell," said Mrs. Rivington with a sneer, "you and your sister have a choice of asylums, as you risk ours so soon?"

Milicent was rising up. At that moment, she was reckless of her fate: wild thoughts of seeking some refuge from her present degradation, however abject, and laboring at some employment, however menial, that would preserve bare life to both, possessed her mind. She threw a mental glance into the field of strife—the huge city that was roaring outside the windows. It was appalling; still, she was equal to it! A restraining hand pressed her arm; she shook it off impatiently; then her eyes fell on Lilly.

Mr. Halford's mind was prompt. He interposed quickly:

"The poor little one yonder gets nothing to eat, and she is too cold and tired to enjoy it if she did. Mine is a warm seat, Miss Lilly, I have a stalwart knee, if you are not too big to sit upon it."

It produced its effect; for herself, no hardship but would be preferable to her present position; but it might kill her sister. Milicent sat down in silence. "God give me strength to bear!" she cried mentally, "for no slave is bound more surely."

We do not care to go into the details of the warfare that inevitably raged between Milicent and her relations. The oppressed and the oppressor cannot strike hands unless the former is worthy of his fate; and no consideration could prevent the proud vehement girl from betraying her feelings at times. For her sister's sake, she controlled such rash speeches as the one which had exasperated her uncle's aversion on the night of her arrival; but her profound scorn for his character and conduct could be read in tones and gestures which she did not try to propitiate. Mr. Rivington's hatred for the girl he had injured grew morbid under



been less beautiful, I would have loved her." A presentiment of trouble seemed to haunt her.

"Calm yourself," she said coldly; "and try and come down to tea. Once more, can I help you, or shall I send our maid?"

Milicent was striving to master herself. She was not a stranger to such conflict, and she succeeded now. "The last time," she said, rising, and drying her tears, "that you will see me so weak. We want nothing, thank you; we will join you almost immediately."

When they entered the room, some ten minutes later, there was little trace of Milicent's late emotion. Mr. Rivington looked up from his meal. "Come, girls," he said graciously; "come to the table: I am sure you must be half-starved. And now, one word, Milicent, now I have got you home. I don't wish to be unkind to you, and I would rather we all agreed with one another. Your cousins are willing to treat you as a sister, provided you are disposed to keep your temper in check—otherwise, that temper will be your ruin. I have put up in the old house with more than I ever bore from any woman; but in my own, remember, I am master. For the rest, to end the subject for ever, if you marry, I shall give you a younger daughter's portion."

Milicent's lip had curled, and her eyes kindled, during this speech. At its close, on perceiving her uncle's look of self-complacency, she said quietly:

"I am sorry I cannot be grateful; but it is impossible to give me my own, or to unite the characters of defrauder and benefactor."

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these provocations; the glance of her eyes, if they happened to fall upon his face—and all the more, it seemed—because of their beauty—excited in him an uneasy emotion of aversion. The tones of her clear rich voice grated on his ear; he followed every lithe and graceful motion with a fascinated repugnance. Almost to the same extent, but from a different cause, Augusta shared her father's feelings. The beauty of her cousin, the charm of her ardent conversation, lightened by the fire of a crude but brilliant genius, when circumstances overcame her haughty reserve—every gift and grace she possessed was a heavy cross under which she groaned daily. To be eclipsed was a new thing to Augusta, whose sister had never contended against her acknowledged inferiority of attraction; but to be eclipsed by Milicent, who rarely deigned to exert herself from her habitual indifference, and showed such contempt for her own arts of pleasing, was very hard to brook.

"How many admirers were you bent on securing this evening?" the young lady demanded bitterly on one occasion, when Milicent, being excited to talk, had engaged all ears by her grace and enthusiasm.

"None. To try to be admired is one of the humiliations to which nothing can bring me; but I don't deny that I enjoyed myself to-night. I found it pleasant to prove that I had not lost everything with my fortune."

Mrs. Rivington sneered: "Omnipotent in charms! I like your modesty. It was a pity they have not always been so powerful!"

It was impossible not to detect some insult in the implication. To have let it pass, would have been wisdom and dignity; but it would have been impossible to Milicent. With the keen intuition of her sex, she felt the blow was aimed where it would be sacrilege to let it fall.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, scarcely conscious

of the imperiousness of the tone, her whole form dilating, and cheek and eye kindling together.

"Look at the girl!" cried Mrs. Rivington, excited in her turn. "Are we her slaves, that she dares to take such a tone? You seem to defy me, madam, to tell my meaning. I allude to what all the world knows, that you were jilted by Luke Forrester!"

"Because I was no longer an heiress?" The words were spoken very softly. Milicent had covered her flushed face with her hands; the tears were falling unchecked through her fingers.

"Let them think it!" she said to herself. "To defend his character to these would be to humiliate him." She was dwelling on the recollection of his worth: it lowered her pride to the dust; it exalted it anew to think he had loved her. Memories of low words, scarcely heard, but never forgotten; kisses dearer with each reiteration; golden plans frustrated; life's happiness sacrificed to the resentment of an hour—possessed and moved her beyond control. Even his friendship rejected! "Offer it to me again, Luke, and I will take it humbly. Come, and teach me what now I ought to do, and I will be led; come to me, and I will confess my faults; come—or, rather, never come back, lest I sob out my love at your feet."

"If I had lost a lover, I would never cry for him," said Augusta's voice, breaking up the love-dream.

Milicent raised her tearful face with a proud smile. "Different principles move us, you know. I seldom shed tears; but there are some taunts a woman cannot bear."

Augusta's was not a thoroughly bad nature; and if she hated her cousin, and tormented her as only one young woman can torment another, over and above all was the excuse of jealousy.

Mr. Halford had never declared himself as a lover,



otherwise than by attentions sufficient to bind a man of a nice sense of honor; but Augusta had long accounted him as such. It would have been hard to say what had attracted him to her. He was a man of good fortune, much courted in society, and known as one of the most subtle and successful reviewers of the day. He held such a literary reputation very lightly: some men on less would have demanded laurels and a statue. Augusta was very pretty, very amiable to him; she sang well; and he had a prejudice, he said, against clever women. Moreover, he wanted a wife: that he esteemed her worthy of the honor, his attentions had seemed to prove. He still paid his court to her, but it was in languid form. Even while talking to her—or worse, turning over the leaves of his favorite songs—his eyes were continually engrossed in watching Milicent. It was not absolutely a gracious scrutiny, but it seemed an absorbing one; and Augusta trembled, not only lest the unexceptionable match should escape her—she was an heiress in her turn, and might have looked higher—but lest the man she loved in her degree should disappoint the hopes he had justly excited.

Mr. Halford was not a man of punctilious honor: he said to himself, no word pledged him to Augusta; the girl was the veriest butterfly, incapable of love. She was rich now, and could look higher; and, in truth, so attractive a woman as Milicent Tyrrell had never before crossed his path.

He did not see nearly as much of her as he wished. Lilly's health was very delicate; and, if the weather was fine, Milicent would be out walking with her in the adjacent park; otherwise, engaged in teaching her—for she had undertaken what education was practicable—in another room. The season was advancing into summer; and both sisters willingly availed themselves of the seclusion of their

bedroom—the only privacy secure to them—and here the long evenings were perpetually spent. Milicent left nothing untried to soften to Lilly the change in her lot; she tired her imagination in weaving stories for her amusement, sang in under-tones the songs which had a sting in every note, and talked, to please the tender drooping child, of Rose-neath, and the agonizing past, till her checked passionate heart was ready to burst.

“But I am almost as happy now with you, Milly, as I was then,” the younger would say, pressing against her sister’s side, and raising her heavy eyes to the anxious eyes that watched her; “only I never want to go down stairs.”

What hours Milicent passed when Lilly was asleep, after every point of love, regret, and desire, had been touched to the quick in her childish talk!—how her love grew under the pressure of self-reproach and hopelessness, until the force of the cumulating fervor startled herself! What could she do at such times but recall every trait of noble heart and generous principle which had been shown from the hour when the boy-lover had knelt at her almost childish feet, up to the day of their separation?—what could she do in her present misery but paint the future that might have been in impossible colors, and stretch out her vain hands after the unattainable?

“Does he love me still?” was the question perpetually silenced to return again.

Mr. Halford, who watched her whenever he had an opportunity, wondered a little at her ceaseless restlessness. The color for ever fluctuating on her cheek, the light for ever gleaming in the eyes, showed a heart never at rest. He had seen her in rare moments of abstract on, with her eyes fixed as if looking beyond present things, with an eager yearning expression, and then soften into tears. It was strange how this moved him; he longed to draw near and

speak gently and soothingly to her ; he longed to meet that asking look, and see the satisfied glance fall on himself. He had many a time been conscious of an entirely new emotion, when he had marked the tender passion with which she caressed the timid Lilly, or heard it vibrate in the tones of her voice.

“ I begin to fear I am in love,” he thought ; “ and with a woman with a temper ! ”

Circumstances precipitated this conviction. One evening on going to the house, he found Milicent alone in the drawing-room ; she was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the cushions, and her whole frame trembling with excitement. He divined there had been strife among the women : he knew what would be the chief weapons employed by the one side, and he felt a powerful emotion of indignation.

“ Miss Tyrrell, forgive my intrusion,” he said ; “ I thought the room was empty.”

Milicent sprang up precipitately, her cheeks burning with shame. “ That you should see me thus ! ” she began, warmly ; but her listener was gazing at her with such compassion, that it melted her pride, and she burst again into tears. “ I am overcome with what has just passed,” she resumed, struggling successfully against her tears, and turning a little away ; “ it shall be the last dispute we have. If I lived here much longer, God knows what I might become ! I can bear no more ; I ought to bear no more. You have shown a friendly feeling towards us, Mr. Halford ; will you help us to get a living ? ” She smiled as she spoke, and tried to throw a tone of gaiety into the words, but her earnestness mastered her. “ I am resolved to leave this house,” she pursued, interrupting Mr. Halford’s disclaimer ; “ and equally resolved not to be dependent elsewhere. It is in your power to help me ; it is not in your power to dissuade me. I am not out of my senses when I talk of getting

a living. An old servant left me an inalienable annuity of twenty pounds; I have good knowledge of music, and can sing well. If I can get daily pupils, we can not only live, but live beyond fear of abject poverty, to which I would not submit my sister. I have a friend, poor, but of unquestioned respectability, who will let me have a room in her house. Some people, whom I knew in my father's lifetime, and who admired my singing, will, I daresay, have no objection to my teaching their children; I shall ask nothing else from them. You have a large circle of friends, will you speak for me? But I forget; you have never heard me sing."

She was moving towards the piano at once; she had spoken with such breathless eagerness, he had not been able to interrupt her; now he suddenly stretched forth his hand and intercepted her intention.

"You would stoop to this!" he exclaimed: "you would teach where you are known! you would play for my approbation! Milicent!"—— He broke off abruptly, and took a turn through the room. Milicent gazed at him in surprise.

"If I am proud," she said coldly, "it is not the pride that unfits me to submit to a necessity. Teaching music does not seem to me a degradation. I love music," she added kindling. "If I have only pupils enough to provide what my sister needs, I shall be happier than I have been since—since long."

"It is drudgery of the worst kind; it is slavery of mind and body; it would be death to you!" interjected Mr. Halford hurriedly. "Milicent, you asked my services; mine is the place of suppliant. I scarcely knew I loved you till this moment; I feel it now in every pulse of my being: accept my love; command me as my wife!"

He had begun in doubt, without meaning to go so far; but, as she stood erect, incredulous, beautiful beyond any

other woman he knew, his passion had kindled. He spoke at last fervently; he wished he had the power and eloquence of a god to constrain or win her.

"Mr. Halford," said Milicent coldly, "you are carried away by an impulse of generosity, for which I might thank you, if I could see you in any other light than my cousin's suitor. Let us forget what we have said to one another; I shall be able to carry out my plan alone."

She turned away as stately and inaccessible as on a former occasion; but there was no undercurrent of feeling now to flush the pale cheek or shine in the averted eyes.

Mr. Halford, convinced of her sincerity, felt animated by only one desire—to conquer her indifference. She was more desirable to him than ever. With more *abandon* than he would have conceived possible an hour ago, he renewed protestations and entreaties; he even threw himself at her feet.

"For your own sake, sir, rise!" exclaimed Milicent indignantly; "and do me the honor to believe what I say. I resent your pertinacity as an insult; have you forgotten your engagement? Hush! I hear voices; for pity's sake, don't subject me to this new contumely!"

It was too late; Augusta and her mother had entered the room. There could be no doubt of the position of the two; Mr. Halford was flushed and disconcerted; Milicent looked indignant and distressed. Augusta turned pale as the truth flashed upon her mind, and sat down to conceal her agitation: she had enough of dignity to wish to hide from the man that had betrayed her how deeply she felt the wound. She did not think Milicent had tried to seduce his affection, but she rather hated her the more that her triumph had been so involuntary and uncared for.

Mrs. Rivington judged differently: she had not a doubt that the whole affair was the result of the arts of the girl

they had fostered ; she had complained of her position, had secretly disparaged her cousin ; it was a tissue of ingratitude and deceit ! Her face flushed ; words of vituperation rushed to her lips ; but Mr. Halford interposed.

"You have surprised me at an unhappy moment, madam," he said, with heightened color. "Your niece is not happy in your home ; I was beseeching her to become the mistress of mine, but in vain."

"Sir !—Mr. Halford—such effrontery I never heard—Augusta !" interjected Mrs. Rivington ; but Mr. Halford bowed and was gone, and a moment after Augusta ran out of the room.

Had the intention of leaving her uncle's house not been formed in Milicent's mind, that hour would have matured it. The later cause of dispute had been her refusal to accompany them to Roseneath, whither the family were about to proceed. Apart from the agonizing associations and regrets the place would excite, she could not bear to go to Luke Forrester's immediate neighborhood. She had begged to remain at home under any deprivations : had humbled herself to expostulation ; but in vain. Now to the taunts and sneers her reluctance, and at length her refusal, had excited, was added Mrs. Rivington's abuse of her treachery towards Augusta : all that a coarse and vulgar mind could suggest in the first outburst of wrath, was poured forth without restraint. Milicent listened with silent scorn, till some epithet more opprobrious than the rest stung her sensibility to the quick.

"No more, madam ; I can bear no more !" she cried in agony. "If the alternative were death, I could not pass another night under your roof."

Milicent did not belie the confidence she had professed to Mr. Halford in her capability of earning a livelihood as teacher of music, but brought nobly all her energies of

mind and body to the task. Without that gentleman's assistance, she obtained as many pupils as she wished ; and as the majority paid her, contrary to custom, not according to her poverty, but her desert, she had no difficulty in discharging all her obligations, and providing for her sister the comforts and luxuries that were indispensable. Hers was not an easy task to fulfil : bred in the refinement of wealth and rank, she felt painfully the entire absence of those accessories of life which custom had made all but essential ; and, above all other deprivations, was that of the pure, keen air, the open downs, and wide horizons of her native county.

" Oh for a long, deep breath of that exhilarating air !—a moment's glance over the free, open landscape to the ocean !" was so perpetually the uppermost aspiration of her soul that it threatened to become a complete *malheur de pays* ; and then Milicent's fine sense and fortitude rose to keep the evil in check. Then the physical and mental fatigue of her calling were new things to Milicent, but not of that class which were likely to find her vanquished by them. Her health was good, and she had never been careful of fatigue ; moreover, the long walks that were necessary from one house to another, were often the best relief to her restless and vehement mind. The hardest effort of all was to bear with gentleness and patience the dulness or carelessness of her pupils, which was torture to her quick intelligence and sensitive ear. Had there been some tender eye to mark and applaud her efforts over her natural temperament, and some high palpable award to crown her success, Milicent could not have striven more bravely and untiringly. Life had taught her many bitter lessons : in the days of her exhilarate prosperity, it had been no part of her business to seek after self-knowledge ; the pride, impatience of censure, and lofty self-esteem, which had wounded the

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perceptions of her lover, had seemed to Milicent but the assertion of her inalienable rights. Since then, in solemn night-seasons, in lonely hours of unsuspected prayer, in the strife of the London streets, she had turned a humbled and earnest search upon her own heart, and life had a new aim and a holier motive. She was not unhappy in her present life; no one interested themselves in the inner current of her existence; but it would have been of little worth, if dependent upon notice or recognition. Sometimes, indeed, after some circumstance had proved her power over former faults, Milicent's cheek would flush, and involuntary tears fill her eyes.

"Does *he* love me yet? Thank God, I am worthier of his love than when he gave it!" A new sorrow was about to fall on Milicent. Lilly long languishing, became seriously ill, and the physician who attended her gave small hopes of her life.

"I fear she would never have lived to womanhood," he said; "though country air, and such indulgences as the rich can only give, might have prolonged her life."

"If Lilly dies," thought Milicent, "God help me then! Can I bear life without a single charm?"

To labor by day and watch by night, was the order of her life for several weeks, her energetic and passionate heart seeming to endow her with superhuman strength.

"Do not pity me so much," she said with a smile to the compassionate physician; "I could neither rest nor sleep while hope is possible. Pity me when this suspense is over, when I may find out that I have done too much. I do not think Lilly will die. He that knoweth the heart will not break it."

One evening, when Milicent returned from her lessons, she found Mr. Halford sitting in Lilly's room, and amusing the sick child. A more unwelcome sight could not have



presented itself: she had carefully concealed her abode from him, distrustful of his visits and addresses. She paused at the threshold of the door, uncertain what to do.

"Good heavens, Miss Tyrrell, can it be you?" cried Mr. Halford, rising and approaching her precipitately. "Milicent, is this the proof of your fitness for a hard life?" He spoke with so much emotion, that Milicent was touched.

"My life and I have worked admirably together, Mr. Halford," she said smiling, and giving him her hand, "until my sister was ill. It is anxiety and watching that make me look ill, if that is what you accuse me with. When Lilly is better," she added, approaching the bed, and leaning tenderly over it, "I shall be better too; we pine in sympathy."

"She will never be better here!" said Mr. Halford, with vehemence. "This close atmosphere and wretched locality would nip the stoutest life in the bud, much more a tender blossom like this. Give her back pure air, Milicent, and the enjoyments to which she has been accustomed and is pining after. I am come to urge you to save her life. I have learned everything from your physician; it rests with you to refuse, and reproach yourself for having thrown away the certain hope of her salvation. Milicent, for her sake—for mine—I love you better than life!"

Milicent forcibly withdrew the hand he had seized; she was pale as death, and trembling with excitement.

"This before the child!" she murmured; "O cruel!"

"She does not hear us—she is in a heavy sleep. On my soul's honor, Milicent, I tell you Dr. Conyers assured me she may yet be saved. Will you kill her? Is it impossible to love me?" He tried to clasp her in his arms, but her gesture of indignation withheld him.

"You would buy a slave, not win a wife," said Milicent huskily. "Mr. Halford, are you a man and a gentleman, and can use such arguments? My God, what shall I do?"

She paced the room in an agony, heightened by her lover's impassioned expostulations.

"Never—never!" she cried at length; "anything rather than this perjury of body and soul! I can never love you! Let this suffice you, Mr. Halford; my will is fixed. Yes; any misery, even to desolation, before I lie against God and my love. Do you understand me? I will speak more plainly. You have often heard Mr. Forrester's name in my uncle's family. I have loved him from a child—no other man can be my husband."

Milicent stood erect; her fine pale face seemed inspired; then, turning from Mr. Halford, she fell on her knees beside the bed. "Lilly, my darling, you will not die; God will give you back to me!"

Mr. Halford was silenced, but not finally. I have said he was not a man of sensitive honor; and Milicent's beauty and character, beyond all opposition, stimulated his passion to the highest. The scene just related was repeated again and again, until any heart less firm, or courage less noble than Milicent's would have yielded under the weary conflict. Mentally and physically she was exhausted; but one hope sustained her sinking strength—in spite of Dr. Conyers's fears and the disadvantages of her position, Lilly was slowly but certainly improving. When well enough to be moved, they would change their quarters secretly, and escape this shameful and bootless persecution.

Winter had set in once more, and Milicent had arrived one morning, weary and ill, at the house of one of her pupils. The young lady was not ready for her lesson, and the teacher sat down by the piano to wait. She was looking listlessly round the room, when her eye fell upon a letter lying on a table near her. She uttered no exclamation, but the blood rushed to her pale cheeks, and her pulses beat with a passionate force long since subdued, she had thought.

The letter was to the mistress of the house, and in Luke Forrester's handwriting. She still held the letter in her hand, her eyes devouring the cover, and burning with an almost uncontrollable desire to read the inclosure, when the lady to whom it was addressed entered the room. Milicent dropped the letter; she looked pale as death; her glittering eyes seemed to throw a strange light over her passive face—every faculty was concentrated into that of hearing.

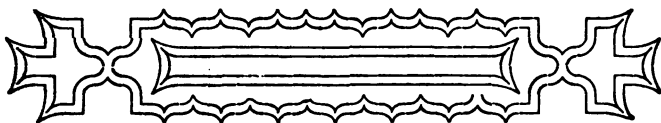
"Madam," she said at length, with a great effort, "excuse what must seem so strange to you. I thought I heard the voice, and recognised the footsteps of an old friend of my father's. This is his writing. Is Mr. Forrester in the house?" The lady smiled and looked behind her.

"I had been sent by my friend to beg an interview, to explain a little as he commanded; but he has no faith in his ambassador. My dear Miss Tyrrell, is this your father's friend?"

"Milicent!" There was an intense depth of passion and pity in the accent. Did he love her still? What withheld her from throwing herself into his yearning arms, now that that doubt was solved?

"My love—my wife—am I forgiven?"

What need of more, when every reader glimpses the vulgar details? Love loses its tender bloom under the common hand. That Luke had sought Milicent from the time he learned she had left her uncle's family up to the present hour, resolved once more to urge the heart he could not believe was false to him, and had found her nobler, we know—perfected, he said—requires nothing more than statement; and if I yielded to my bent, and described at length the happiness of their after-lives, which seemed the fruition of youth's golden hopes, it might excite the sneer of the incredulous, and throw the doubt of fiction over all.



## The Stolen Bank Notes.

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**T**HE newspapers of 1810 contain a few brief paragraphs—cold, bare, and partial as a tombstone, relative to a singular and, to my thinking, instructive passage in the domestic annals of the country, with which I happened to be intimately acquainted. The impression it produced on me at the time was vivid and profound, and a couple of lines in a Liverpool journal the other day, curtly announcing the death of a Madame L'Estrange, recalled each incident as freshly to memory as if graven there but yesterday; and moreover induced me to pen the following narrative, in which, now that I can do so without the risk of giving pain or offence to any one, I have given the whole affair, divested of coloring, disguise, or concealment.

My father, who had influence with the late Lord Bexley, then Mr. Vansittart, procured me, three weeks after I came of age, a junior clerkship in one of the best paid of our Government offices. In the same department were two young men, my seniors by six or seven years only, of the names of Martin Travers and Edward Capel. Their salaries were the same—three hundred pounds a year,—and

both had an equal chance for promotion to the vacancy likely soon to occur, either by the death or superannuation of Mr. Rowdell, an aged and ailing chief clerk. I had known them slightly before I entered the office, inasmuch as our families visited in the same society, and we were very soon especially intimate with each other. They were, I found, fast friends, though differing greatly in character and temperament. I liked Martin Travers much the best of the two. He was a handsome, well grown, frank spoken, generous young man, and never have I known a person so full of buoyant life as he,—of a temper so constantly gay and cheerful. Capel was of a graver, more saturnine disposition, with lines about the mouth indicative of iron inflexibility of nerve and will; yet withal a hearty fellow enough, and living, as was suspected, *quite* up to his income, if not to something considerably over. I had not been more than about three months in the office, when a marked change was perceptible in both. Gradually they had become cold, distant, and at last utterly estranged from each other; and it was suggested by several amongst us, that jealousy as to who should succeed to Rowdell's snug salary of six hundred a year, might have produced the evidently bad feeling between them. This might, I thought, have generated the lowering cloud hourly darkening and thickening upon Capel's brow, but could scarcely account for the change in Martin Travers. He whose contagious gaiety used to render dulness and ill-humor impossible in his presence, was now fitful, moody, irascible; his daily tasks were no longer gone through with the old cheerful alacrity; and finally—for he was morbidly impatient of being questioned—I jumped to the conclusion—partly from some half words dropped, and partly from knowing where they both occasionally visited—that the subtle influence which from the days of Helen downwards—and I suppose upwards—has pleased and plagued man-

kind, was at the bottom of the matter. I was quite right, and proof was not long waited for. I was walking early one evening along Piccadilly with Travers—who appeared, by-the-by, to wish me further, though he was too polite to say so—when we came suddenly upon Capel. I caught his arm, and insisted that he should take a turn with us as he used to do. I thought that possibly a quiet word or two on the beauty and excellence of kindly brotherhood amongst men, might lead to a better feeling between them. I was deucedly mistaken. My efforts in that line—awkwardly enough made, I dare say—proved utterly abortive. Capel indeed turned back, rather than, as I supposed, fussily persist in going on; but both he and Travers strode on as stiffly as grenadiers on parade—their cheeks flushed, their eyes alight with angry emotion, and altogether sullen and savage as bears. What seemed odd, too, when Travers turned sharply round within a short distance of Hyde Park Corner, with a scarcely disguised intention of shaking us off, Capel whirled round as quickly, as if quite as resolutely determined not to be shaken off; whilst I, considerably alarmed by the result of the pacific overture I had ventured upon, did, of course, the same. We stalked on in silence, till just as we reached Hoby's, and a Mr. Hervey, with his daughter Constance, turned suddenly out of St. James's street. I was fiery hot to the tips of my ears in an instant. Travers and Capel stopped abruptly, stared fiercely at each other, and barely recovered presence of mind in sufficient time to lift their hats in acknowledgment of Mr. Hervey's brief greeting, and the lady's slight bow, as, after half pausing, they passed on. It was all clear enough now. My two gentlemen had come to Piccadilly in the hope of meeting with Constance Hervey, and accompanying her home; frustrated in this, they had determined not to lose sight of each other; nor did they for three mortal hours, during

which, anxiety lest their rancorous ill-humor should break out into open quarrel, kept me banging about from post to pillar with them—a sullen companionship so utterly wearisome, that I had several times half a mind to propose that they should fight it out at once, or toss up which should jump for the other's benefit into the Thames. At length ten o'clock struck, and it appearing to be mutually concluded that a visit to Kensington was no longer possible, a sour expression of relief escaped them, and our very agreeable party separated.

A very dangerous person in such a crisis was, I knew, this Constance Hervey, though by no means a catch in a pecuniary sense for well connected young men with present salaries of three hundred a year, and twice as much in near expectancy. Her father who had once held his head pretty high in the commercial world, had not long since become bankrupt, and they were now living upon an annuity of little more, I understood, than a hundred pounds, so secured to Mr. Hervey that his creditors could not touch it. This consideration, however, is one that weighs but little with men in the condition of mind of Capel and Travers, and I felt that once enthralled by Constance Hervey's singular beauty, escape, or resignation to disappointment was very difficult and hard to bear. She was no favorite of mine, just then, by the way. I had first seen her about three years previously—and even then, whilst yet the light, the simplicity, the candor, of young girlhood lingered over, and softened the rising graces of the woman, I read in the full depths of her dark eyes an exultant consciousness of beauty; and the secret instinct of its power. Let me, however, in fairness state that I had myself—moon-calf that I must have been—made sundry booby, blushing advances to the youthful beauty, and the half-amused, half-derisive merriment with which they were received, gave a twist, no doubt, to

my opinion of the merits of a person so provokingly blind to mine. Be this as it may, there could be no question that Constance Hervey was now a very charming woman, and I was grieved only, not surprised, at the bitter rivalry that had sprung up between Travers and Capel—a rivalry which each successive day but fed and strengthened.

Capel appeared to be fast losing all control over his temper and mode of life. He drank freely—that was quite clear; gambled, it was said, and rumors of debt, protested bills, ready money raised at exorbitant interest on the faith of his succeeding to Rowdell's post, flew thick as hail about the office. Should he obtain the coveted six hundred a year, Constance Hervey would, I doubted not—first favorite as Travers now seemed to be—condescend to be Mrs. Capel. This, not very complimentary opinion, I had been mentally repeating some dozen times with more than ordinary bitterness as I sat alone one evening after dinner in our little dining-room in Golden square, when the decision came. The Governor being out, I had perhaps taken a few extra glasses of wine, and nothing, in my experience, so lights up and inflames tender or exasperating reminiscences as fine old port.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat." It was unmistakably Travers's knock, and boisterously hilarious too, as in the olden time, before any Constance Hervey had emerged from pinafores and tuckers to distract and torment mankind, and more especially well-to-do Government clerks. The startled maid-servant hastened to the door, when in bounced Travers—radiant—ablaze with triumph.

"Hollo, Travers! Why, where the deuce do you spring from, eh?"

"From Heaven! Paradise!—the presence of an angel at all events!"

"There, there, that will do; I quite understand."



"No you don't, Ned. Nobody but myself *can* understand, imagine, guess, dream of the extent, the vastness of the change that has come over my life. Firstly, then—but this is nothing—Rowdell is at length superannuated, and I am to have his place."

He paused a moment; and I, with certainly a more than half envious sneer, said—"And upon the strength of that piece of luck you have proposed to Constance Hervey, and been accepted—of course."

"*Jubilate*—yes! Feel how my pulse throbs! It is four hours since, and still my brain lightens, and my eyes dazzle with the tumultuous joy. Do not light the candles; I shall grow calmer in this twilight."

"Confound his raptures," was my internal ejaculation. "Why the mischief couldn't he take them somewhere else?" I however said nothing, and he presently resumed the grateful theme. "You will be at the wedding, of course. And by-the-by, now I think of it, haven't I heard Constance say she especially remembers you for something—I forget exactly what—but something pleasant and amusing—very!"

My face kindled to a flame, and I savagely whirled the easy chair in which I sat two or three yards back from the fire-light before speaking. "I am extremely obliged to the lady, and so, I dare say, is poor Capel, who, it seems, has been so carelessly thrown over."

"Carelessly thrown over!" rejoined Travers, sharply. "That is a very improper expression. If he has, as I fear, indulged in illusions, he has been only self-deceived. Still, his double disappointment grieves me. It seems to cast—though there is no valid reason that it should do so—a shadow on my conscience."

We were both silent for some time. I was in no mood for talking, and he sat gazing dreamily at the fire. I knew

very well whose face he saw there. I had seen it myself in the same place a hundred times.

"There is another drawback, Ned," he at length resumed. "Our marriage must be deferred six months at the least. I have but about two hundred pounds in ready money, and the lease and furniture of the house we shall require would cost at least double that."

"Any respectable establishment would credit you for the furniture upon the strength of your greatly increased salary."

"So I urged ; but Constance has such a perfect horror of debt—arising no doubt from her father's misfortunes,—that she positively insists that we must wait till everything required in our new establishment can be paid for when purchased. I could, I think, raise the money upon my own acceptance, but should Constance hear that I had done so, she would, I fear, withdraw her promise."


"Stuff and nonsense ! Six hundred a year cannot be picked up every day."

"You do not know Constance Hervey. But come ; I must have patience ! Six—nine months are not a lifetime. Good-by. I knew you would be rejoiced to hear of my good fortune."

"Oh, of course,—particularly delighted, in fact ! Good evening." I have slept better than I did that night.

It was Sunday evening when Travers called on me, and Capel did not make his appearance at the office till the Friday following, his excuse being urgent private business. Harassing business, if that were so, it must have been, for a sharp fever could scarcely have produced a greater change for the worse in his personal appearance. He was mentally changed as greatly. He very heartily congratulated Travers on his promotion, and took moreover the first opportunity of privately assuring him that his (Capel's) transient fancy

for Miss Hervey had entirely passed away, and he cordially complimented his former rival on having succeeded in that quarter also. This was all remarkably queer, *I* thought; but Travers, from whose mind a great load seemed taken, willingly believed him, and they were better friends than ever; Capel, the more thoroughly, it seemed, to mark his acquiescent indifference, accompanying Travers once or twice to the Hervey's. So did I; though I would have given something the first time to have been anywhere else; for if a certain kneeling down, garden-arbor scene did not play about the lady's coral lips, and gleam for a moment from the corners of her bewildering eyes, my pulse was as steady and temperate just then, as it is now, after the frosts of more than sixty winters have chilled its beatings. She was, however, very kind and courteous, a shade *too* considerably gentle and patronizing, perhaps, and I became a rather frequent visitor. An ancient aunt, and a very worthy soul, lived with them, with whom I now and then took a turn at backgammon, whilst the affianced couple amused themselves with chess—such chess! Travers was, I knew, a superior player, but on these occasions he hardly appeared to know a queen from a rook, or a bishop from a pawn. They were thus absurdly engaged one evening, when I made a discovery which, if it did not much surprise, greatly pained and somewhat alarmed me. Aunt Jane had left the room on some household intent, and I, partly concealed in the recess where I sat, by the window-curtain, silently contemplated the queer chess-playing, the entranced delight of the lover, and the calm, smiling graciousness of the lady. I have felt in a more enviable frame of mind,—more composed, more comfortable than I did just then, but, good lord! what was my innocent little pit-pat compared with the storm of hate, and fury, and despair, which found terrific expression in the countenance that, as attracted by a slight noise I hastily



looked up, met my view! It was Capel's. He had entered the room, the door being ajar, unobserved, and was gazing, as he supposed, unmarked, at the chess-players. I was so startled that I, mechanically as it were, sprang to my feet, and as I did so, Capel's features by a strong effort of will, resumed their ordinary expression, save for the deathly pallor that remained, and a nervous quivering of the upper lip which could not be instantly mastered. I was more than satisfied as to the true nature of smooth-seeming Mr. Capel's sentiments towards the contracted couple, but as *they* had observed nothing, I thought it wisest to hold my peace. I could, however, not help smiling at the confiding simplicity with which Travers, as we all three walked homewards together, sought counsel of Capel as to the readiest means of raising,—unknown to Miss Hervey,—the funds necessary to be obtained before prudence, as interpreted by that lady, would permit his marriage. Slight help, thought I, for such a purpose will be afforded by the owner of the amiable countenance I saw just now.

It was just a week after this that thunder fell upon our office by the discovery that sixteen hundred pounds in Bank of England notes, sent in by different parties, late on the previous day, had disappeared, together with a memorandum-book containing the numbers and dates. Great, it may be imagined, was the consternation amongst us all, and a rigorous investigation, which however led to nothing, was immediately instituted. Capel, who showed extraordinary zeal in the matter, went, accompanied by one of the chief clerks, to the parties from whom the notes had been received, for fresh lists, in order that payment might be stopped. On their return, it was given out that no accurate, reliable list could be obtained. This, it was afterwards found, was a *ruse* adopted in order to induce the thief or thieves to more readily attempt getting the notes into circulation.

This occurred in the beginning of September, and about the middle of October, Travers suddenly informed me that he was to be married on the following Monday,—this was Tuesday. The lease of a house at Hammersmith had, he said, been agreed for, the furniture ordered, and everything was to be completed and paid for by the end of the present week. “And the money—the extra two hundred and odd pounds required—how has that been obtained?” “Of my uncle, Woolridge, a marriage-*gift*, though he won’t, I believe, be present at the wedding,” returned the bridegroom-elect with a joyous chuckle. I was quite sure from his manner, as well as from my knowledge of his uncle’s penurious character, that this was a deception. Constance Hervey’s scruples, I had always thought, now that it was certain his next quarter’s salary would be one hundred and fifty pounds, were somewhat overstrained and unreasonable—still I was vexed that he had stooped to deceive her by such a subterfuge. It was, however, no especial affair of mine, and I reluctantly accepted his invitation to dine at the Herveys with him on the last day of his bachelorhood, that is on the following Sunday. Capel was invited, but he refused. I also declined, and resolutely, to attend the wedding. That would, I felt, be *un peu trop fort* just then.

A very pleasant party assembled at Mr. Hervey’s on the afternoon of that terrible Sunday, and we were cheerfully chatting over the dessert, when the servant girl announced that four gentlemen were at the door who said they *must* see Mr. Travers instantly.

“*Must* see me!” exclaimed Travers. “Very peremptory upon my word. With your leave, sir,—yours, Constance, I will see these very determined gentlemen here. Bid them walk in, Susan.”

Before Susan could do so, the door opened, and in

walked the strangers *without* invitation. One of them, a square, thickset, bullet-headed man, it instantly struck me I had been in company with before. Oh! to be sure!—he was the officer who conducted the investigation in the matter of the stolen notes. What on earth could *he* want there—or with Travers?

“You paid, Mr. Travers,” said he bluntly, “something over four hundred pounds to these two gentlemen yesterday?”

“Yes, certainly I did; no doubt about it.”

“Will you tell us, then, if you please, where you obtained the notes in which you made those payments?”

“Obtained them—where I obtained them?” said Travers, who did not, I think, immediately recognise the officer. “To be sure. Four of them—four fifties,—I have had by me for some time;—and—and——”

“The two one-hundred pound notes,—how about them?” quietly suggested the man, seeing Travers hesitate.

Travers, more confused than alarmed, perhaps, but white as the paper on which I am writing, glanced hurriedly around,—we had all impulsively risen to our feet—till his eye rested upon Constance Hervey’s eagerly attentive countenance. “I received them,” he stammered, repeating, I was sure, a falsehood, “from my uncle, Mr. Woolridge, of Tottenham.”

“Then, of course you will have no objection to accompany us to your uncle, Mr. Woolridge, of Tottenham?”

“Certainly not; but not now. To-morrow,—you see I am engaged now.”

“I am sorry to say, Mr. Travers, that you *must* go with us. Those two notes were amongst the stolen from the office to which you belong.”


There was a half-stifled scream—a broken sob, and but for me Constance Hervey would have fallen senseless on

the floor. Travers was in the merciless grasp of the officers, who needlessly hurried him off, spite of his frantic entreaties for a brief delay. The confusion and terror of such a scene may be imagined, not described. Although at first somewhat staggered, five minutes had not passed before I felt thoroughly satisfied that Travers was the victim of some diabolical plot; and I pretty well guessed of whose concoction. An untruth, he had no doubt been guilty of, through fear of displeasing his betrothed,—but guilty of stealing money—of plundering the office!—bah!—the bare supposition was an absurdity.

As soon as Miss Hervey was sufficiently recovered to listen, I endeavored to reason with her in this sense, but she could not sufficiently command her attention. "My brain is dizzy and confused as yet," she said; "do you follow, and ascertain, as far as possible, *all* the truth,—the worst truth. I shall be calmer when you return."

I did so, and in less than two hours I was again at Kensington. Travers was locked up, after confessing that his statement of having received the hundred-pound notes of his uncle Woolridge, was untrue. He would probably be examined at Bow Street the next day—his wedding day, as he had fondly dreamed!

I found Constance Hervey—unlike her father and aunt, who were moaning and lamenting about the place like distracted creatures—perfectly calm and self-possessed, though pale as Parian marble. I told her all,—all I had heard and seen, and all that I had suspected. Her eyes kindled to intensest lustre as I spoke. "I have no doubt," she said, "that your suspicions point the right way, but proof, confronted as we shall be by that wretched falsehood, will, I fear, be difficult. But I will not despair; the truth will, I trust, ultimately prevail. And remember, Thornton," she added, "that we count entirely upon you." She gave me



her hand on saying this; I clutched it with ridiculous enthusiasm, and blurted out,—as if I had been a warlike knight instead of a peaceable clerk,—“ You may, Miss Hervey, to the death !” In fact, at that particular moment, although by no means naturally pugnacious, and moreover of a somewhat delicate constitution, I think I should have proved an ugly customer had there been anybody in the way to fight with. This, however, not being the case, I consulted with Mr. Hervey as to what legal assistance ought to be secured, and it was finally determined that I should request Mr. Elkins, a solicitor residing in Lothbury, to take Travers’s instructions, and that Mr. Alley, the barrister, should be retained to attend at Bow Street. This matter settled, I took my leave.

I had a very unsatisfactory account to render on the morrow evening to the anxious family at Kensington. Travers’s appearance at Bow Street had been deferred at the request of his solicitor to Wednesday, in order that the individual from whom the prisoner *now* declared he had received the stolen notes might be communicated with. The explanation given by Travers to the solicitor was briefly thus:—About seven months previously he had amassed a considerable sum in guineas,—then bearing a high premium, although it was an offence at law to dispose of them for more in silver or notes than their nominal value. Somebody—Mr. Capel, he was pretty sure, but would not be positive—mentioned to him the name of one Louis Brocard, of No. 18 Brewer Street, as a man who would be likely to give him a good price for his gold. Travers accordingly saw Brocard, who, after considerable haggling, paid him two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes—four fifties,—for one hundred and sixty-two guineas. That lately he, Travers, had often mentioned to Capel, that he wished to raise, as secretly as possible, on his own personal security, a



sum of at least two hundred pounds, and that Capel—this he was sure of, as not more than a month had elapsed—Capel had advised him to apply to Louis Brocard for assistance. He had done so, and Brocard had given him the two one-hundred pound notes in exchange for a note of hand, at six months' date, for two hundred and twenty pounds. I had obtained temporary leave of absence from the office, and at the solicitor's request I accompanied him to Brewer Street. Brocard,—a strong-featured, swarthy *émigré* from the south of France—Languedoc, I believe—who had been in this country since '92, and spoke English fluently, was at home, and I could not help thinking from his manner expecting, and prepared for some such visit. There was a young woman with him—his niece, he said—Marie Deschamps, of the same cast of features as himself, but much handsomer, and with dark fiery eyes, that upon the least excitement seemed to burn like lightning. Brocard confirmed Travers's statement without hesitation as to the purchase of the gold and the discount of the bill. "In what money did you pay the two hundred pounds for which you received the acceptance?" asked the solicitor.

"I will tell you," replied Brocard coolly. "Marie, give me the pocket-book from the desk—the red one. September 26th," he continued, after adjusting his spectacles, "Martin Travers, four fifty Bank of England notes,"—and he read off the dates and numbers, of which I possess no memoranda.

"Why, those are the notes," exclaimed Mr. Elkins, very much startled, and glancing at a list in his hand, "which you paid Mr. Travers for the gold, and which you and others I could name, knew he had not since parted with!"

A slight flush crossed the Frenchman's brow, and the niece's eyes gleamed with fierce expression at these words. The emotion thus displayed was but momentary.

"You are misinformed," said Brocard. "Here is a memorandum made at that time (March 3d) of the notes paid for the gold. You can read it yourself. The largest in amount, you will see, was a twenty."

"Do you mean to persist in asserting," said Mr. Elkins, after several moments of dead silence, "that you did not pay Mr. Travers for his bill of exchange in two one-hundred pound notes?"

"Persist," exclaimed the Frenchman. "I don't understand your 'persist!' I have told you the plain truth. Persist—*parbleu!*"

I was dumbfounded. "Pray, Monsieur Brocard," said the solicitor, suddenly, "do you know Mr. Capel?"

The swarthy flush was plainer now, and not so transitory. "Capel—Capel," he muttered, averting his face towards his niece. "Do we know Capel, Marie?"

"No doubt your niece does, Mr. Brocard," said the solicitor with a sharp sneer, "or that eloquent face of hers belies her."

In truth, Marie Deschamps' features were aflame with confused and angry consciousness; and her brilliant eyes sparkled with quick ire, as she retorted—"And if I do, what then?"

"Nothing, *perhaps*, young lady; but my question was addressed to your uncle."

"I have nothing more to say," rejoined Brocard. "I know nothing of the hundred-pound notes; very little of Mr. Capel, whom now, however, I remember. And pray, sir," he added, with a cold, malignant smile—"did I not hear this morning, that Martin Travers informed the officers that it was a relation, an uncle, I believe, from whom he received the said notes—stolen notes, it seems? He will endeavor to inculcate some one else by-and-by, I dare say."

There was no parrying this thrust, and we came away, much disturbed and discouraged. I remained late that evening at Kensington, talking the unfortunate matter over; but hope, alas! of a safe deliverance for poor Travers appeared impossible, should Brocard persist in his statement. The prisoner's lodgings had been minutely searched, but no trace of the still missing fourteen hundred pounds had been discovered there. Constance Hervey appeared to be greatly struck by my account of Marie Deschamps' appearance and demeanor, and made me repeat each circumstance over and over again. I could not comprehend how this could so much interest her at such a time.

Brocard repeated his statement on oath, at Bow Street, and Mr. Alley's cross-examination failed to shake his testimony. The first declaration made by Travers necessarily deprived his after protestations, vehement as they were, of all respect; but I could not help feeling surprise that the barrister's suggestion that it was absurd to suppose that a man in possession of the very large sum that had been stolen, would have *borrowed* two hundred pounds at an exorbitant interest, was treated with contempt. All that, it was hinted, was a mere colorable contrivance to be used in case of detection. The prisoner feared to put too many of the notes in circulation at once, and the acceptance would have been paid for in the stolen moneys, and so on. Finally, Travers was committed for trial, and bail was refused.

As the star of the unfortunate Travers sank in disastrous eclipse, that of Capel shone more brilliantly. There was no doubt that he would succeed, on his rival's conviction, to the vacated post; and some eight or nine weeks after Travers had been committed, circumstances occurred which induced me to believe that he would be equally successful in another respect. I must also say that Capel evinced from

the first much sorrow for his old friend's lamentable fall ; he treated the notion of his being guiltless with disdain, and taking me one day aside, he said he should endeavor to get Brocard out of the country before the day of trial either by fair means or by tipping him the Alien Act. "In fact," he added, with some confusion of manner, "I have faithfully promised Miss Hervey, that for *her* sake, though she can have no more doubt of his guilt than I have, no effort shall be spared to prevent his *legal* conviction ; albeit, life without character will be, I think, no great boon to him."

"For *her* sake ! You, Edward Capel, have faithfully promised Miss Hervey to attempt this for *her* sake !" I exclaimed, as soon as I could speak for sheer astonishment.

"Aye, truly ; does that surprise you, Thornton ?" he added with a half-bitter, half-Malvolio smile.

"Supremely ; and if it be as your manner intimates, why then, Frailty, thy name in very truth is——"

"Woman !" broke in Capel, taking the word out of my mouth. "No doubt of it, from the days of Eve till ours. But come, let us return to business."

I had been for some time grievously perplexed by the behavior of Constance Hervey. Whenever I had called at Kensington, I found, that though at times she appeared to be on the point of breaking through a self-imposed restraint, all mention of Travers, as far as possible, was avoided, and that some new object engrossed the mind of Constance to the exclusion of every other. What a light did this revelation of Capel's throw on her conduct and its motives ! And it was such a woman as that, was it, that I had enshrined in the inmost recesses of my heart, and worshipped as almost a divinity ! Great God !

These thoughts were trembling on my lips, when a brief note was brought me :—"Miss Hervey's compliments to Mr. Edward Thornton, and she would be obliged if, late as

it is, he will hasten to Kensington immediately." I had never seen a line of her's before in my life, and it was wonderful how all my anger, suspicion, scorn, vanished—exhaled, before those little fly-stroke characters; so much that—but, no, I won't expose myself. A hack soon conveyed me to Kensington; Mr. Hervey, Constance, and good Aunt Jane were all there in the parlor, evidently in expectation of my arrival. Miss Hervey proceeded to business at once.

"You have not seen Marie Deschamps lately, I believe?"

"Not I! The last time I saw her was in Bow Street, whither she accompanied her scoundrel of an uncle."

"Well, you must see her again to-morrow. She is deeply attached to Mr. Capel, and expects that he will marry her as soon as Martin Travers is convicted, and he, Capel, has secured the vacant place."

"Ha!"

"Mr. Capel," continued Miss Hervey, and a glint of sparkling sun-light shot from her charming eyes, "has been foolish enough to prefer another person,—at least so I am instructed by papa, with whom the gentleman left this note, not yet opened, addressed to me, some three hours since. I can imagine its contents, but let us see."

I cannot depict in words the scorn, contempt, pride,—triumph, too,—that swept over that beautiful countenance. "Very impassioned and eloquent, upon my word," she said; "I only wonder such burning words did not fire the paper. Now, Mr. Thornton, you must see this forsaken damsel, Marie Deschamps, and acquaint her with Mr. Capel's inconstancy. She will require proof—it shall be afforded her. In answer to this missive, I shall appoint Mr. Capel to see me here to-morrow evening at seven o'clock. Do you bring her by half-past six, and place yourselves in yon little ante-room, where everything done here, and every word spoken, can be distinctly seen and heard. This well managed, I am

greatly deceived in those southern eyes of hers if the iniquitous plot, of which no doubt she holds the clue, will not receive an unlooked-for solution."

"Charming! glorious! beautiful!" I was breaking into *éclats* of enthusiastic admiration, but Miss Hervey, who was too earnest and excited to listen patiently to rhapsodies, cut me short with "My dear sir, it's getting very late; and there is, you know, much to be done to-morrow." It's not pleasant to be let down so suddenly when you are particularly stilty, but as I was by this time pretty well used to it, I submitted with the best possible grace, and, after receiving some other explanations and directions, took leave.

I obtained an interview without difficulty on the following morning with Marie Deschamps, just before office hours, and in her uncle's absence. She was curious to know the object of my visit; but her manner, though free and gay, was carefully guarded and unrelenting, till I gradually and cautiously introduced the subject of Capel's infidelity. It was marvellous how, as each sentence fell upon her ear, her figure stiffened into statue-like rigidity, and her eyes kindled with fiery passion. "If this be so," she said, when I ceased speaking, "he is playing with his life! Is she the lady I passed a fortnight since, when with him in the Park?" "Describe the lady, and I will tell you." She did so; it was the exact portrait of Miss Hervey, and so I told her. "I had a misgiving at the time," she said; "and if it prove true—but I will believe, after what has passed, only my own eyes and ears."

This was all we desired; a satisfactory arrangement was agreed upon and I left her, not without hugging self-gratulation that *I* was not the recreant sweetheart about to be caught *in flagrante delicto* by such a damsel.

I watched Capel that day with keen attention. He was much excited, it was evident, and withal ill at ease; there

was a nervous apprehensiveness in his manner and aspect I had never before noticed, over which, however, from time to time quick flashes of exultation glimmered, sparkled, and then vanished. Is it, thought I, the shadow of a sinister catastrophe that already projects, overawes, and appals him? It might be.

Marie Deschamps and I were ensconced punctually at the hour named in the little slip of a closet communicating with the Herveys' up-stairs sitting-room. Nobody appeared there till about five minutes to seven, when Constance, charmingly attired, and looking divinely—though much agitated I could see through all her assumed firmness—entered, and seated herself upon a small couch, directly in front of the tiny window through which we cautiously peered. "No wonder," I mentally exclaimed, "that Capel has been beguiled of all sense or discretion!"

In reply to Marie Deschamps' look of jealous yet admiring surprise, I whispered, pointing to the neat but poor furniture, "Capel expects, you know, soon to have six hundred a year." "Ah," she rejoined, in the same tone, "and in this country gold is God!" "And all the Saints in yours, I believe; but hark! there is a knock at the door; it is he, no doubt."

Comparatively dark as the closet was, I could see the red, swarthy color come and go on the young woman's cheeks and forehead; and I fancied I could hear the violent and hurried beating of her heart. Presently Mr. Capel entered the apartment; his features were flushed as with fever, and his whole manner exhibited uncontrollable agitation. His first words were unintelligible, albeit their purport might be guessed. Miss Hervey, though much disturbed also, managed to say, after a few moments' awkward silence, and with a half-ironical yet fascinating smile, taking up, as she spoke, a letter which lay upon the table, "Upon my

word, Mr. Capel, this abrupt proposal of yours appears to me, under the circumstances, to be singularly ill-timed and premature, besides—”

The lady's discomposure had, it struck me, dissipated a half formed suspicion in Capel's mind that some trap or mystification was preparing for him, and, throwing himself at the feet of Constance, he gave way to a torrent of fervent, headlong protestation, which there could be no question was the utterance of genuine passion. Marie Deschamps felt this, and, but that I forcibly held her back, she would have burst into the room at once : as it was, she pressed her arms across her bosom with her utmost force, as if to compress, keep down, the wild rage by which she was, I saw, shaken and convulsed. Miss Hervey appeared affected by Capel's vehemence, and she insisted that he should rise and seat himself. He did so, and after a minute or so of silence, Constance again resolutely addressed herself to the task she had determined to perform.

“But the lady, Mr. Capel, whom we saw you conversing with not long since in the Park ; one Marie—Marie, something !”—

“The name of such a person as Marie Deschamps should not sully Miss Hervey's lips, even in jest ;—ha !—”

No wonder he stopped abruptly, and turned round with quick alarm. Till that moment I had with difficulty succeeded in holding the said Marie, but no sooner was her name thus contemptuously pronounced, than she plucked a small, glittering instrument from her bodice—the half of a pair of scissors, it seemed to me, but pointed and sharp as a dagger—and drove it into my arm with such hearty good will, that I loosed her in a twinkling. In she burst upon the utterly astounded Capel with a cry of rage and vengeance, and struck furiously at him right and left, at the same time hurling in his face the epithets of “liar !” “trai-



tor!" "robber!" "villain!" and so on, as thick as hail, and with maniacal fury. I had instantly followed, and at the same moment Mr. Hervey, and the officer who arrested Travers, came in by another door. I and Mr. Hervey placed ourselves before Constance, who was terribly scared, for this stabbing business was more than we had looked or bargained for. The officer seized Marie Deschamps' arm, and with some difficulty wrenched the dangerous weapon she wielded with such deadly ferocity from her grasp. It was, as I supposed, a sharpened scissors-blade, and keen, as a large scar on my arm still testifies, as a poniard. Capel, paralysed, bewildered by so unexpected and furious an attack, and bleeding in several places, though not seriously hurt, staggered back to the wall, against which he supported himself, as he gazed with haggard fear and astonishment at the menacing scene before him.

"And so you would marry that lady, thief and villain that you are!" continued the relentless young fury: "she shall know, then, what you are; that it was you contrived the stealing of the bank notes, which—"

"Marie!" shrieked Capel, "dear Marie! for your own sake, stop! I will do anything—"

"Dog! traitor!" she broke in, with even wilder passion than before, if that were possible; "it is too late. I know you now, and spit at both you and your promises! It was you, I say, who brought my uncle the one-hundred pound notes by which your *friend*, Martin Travers, has been entrapped!"

"'Tis false! the passionate, mad, jealous fool lies!" shouted Capel, with frantic terror.

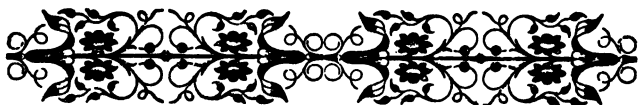
"Lie do I? Then there is *not* a thousand pounds' worth of the stolen notes concealed at this moment beneath the floor of your sitting-room, till an opportunity can be found of sending them abroad! That, unmatched villain that you are! is false too, perhaps?"

She paused from sheer exhaustion, and for a brief space no one spoke, so suddenly had the blow fallen. Presently the officer said, "The game is up, you see, at last, Mr. Capel; you will go with me;" and he stepped towards the unhappy culprit. Capel, thoroughly desperate, turned, sprang with surprising agility over a dining table, threw up a window-sash, and leapt into the street. The height was not so much, but his feet caught in some iron railing, and he fell head-foremost on the pavement, fracturing his skull frightfully. Before an hour had passed he was dead.

Brocard contrived to escape, but the evidence of Marie Deschamps and the finding of the stolen notes in accordance with her statement, fully established the innocence of Travers, and he was restored to freedom and his former position in the world. He and Constance Hervey, to whom he owed so much, were married three months after his liberation, and I officiated, by particular desire, as bride's father.

I had lost sight of Marie Deschamps for some twelve or thirteen years, when I accidentally met her in Liverpool. She was a widow, having married and buried a M. L'Estrange, a well-to-do person there, who left her in decent circumstances. We spoke together of the events I have briefly but faithfully narrated, and she expressed much contrition for the share she had taken in the conspiracy against Travers. I fancied, too—it was perhaps an unjust fancy,—that, knowing I had lately been promoted to four hundred a year, she wished to dazzle me with those still bright eyes of hers—a bootless effort, by whomsoever attempted. The talismanic image daguerreotyped upon my heart in the bright sunlight of young manhood could have no rival there, and is even now as fresh and radiant as when first impressed, albeit the strong years have done their work, yet very gently, upon the original. It could scarcely be otherwise, living visibly, as she still does, in youthful grace and beauty

in the person of the gay gipsy I am, please God, soon to "give away," at St. Pancras' Church, as I did her grand-mamma, more than forty years ago, at Kensington. Constance, *this* Constance is, as she well knows, to be my heiress. Travers, her grandfather, is now a silver-haired, yet hale, jocund, old man; and so tenderly, I repeat, has Time dealt with his wife—the Constance Hervey of this narrative—that I can sometimes hardly believe her to be more than about three or four and forty years of age. This is, however, perhaps only an illusion of the long and, whatever fools or sceptics may think or say, elevating dream that has pursued me through youth and middle age, even unto confirmed old bachelorhood. Madame L'Estrange, as before stated, died a short time since at Liverpool: her death, by influenza, the paper noticed, was sudden and unexpected.



## The Purloined Letter.

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**A**T Paris, just after dark, one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the two-fold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book-closet, au troisième, No. 33, Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For an hour at least, we had maintained a profound silence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open, and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome. The prefect sat down, and shortly disclosed a most perplexing case, in which his professional services had been in requisition. His story was this. "I have received information that a certain document, of the last importance, has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this is beyond a doubt, for he was seen to take it. It is known also that it remains in his possession. The person on whom the theft was committed, is a certain royal personage, a female, over whom the holder of the document has gained

by this means a dangerous ascendancy—her honor and peace are jeopardized.”

“But this ascendancy,” I interposed, “would depend upon the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber. Who would dare——”

“The thief,” said G——, “is the minister D——, who dares all things—those unbecoming, as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question, a letter, had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of another exalted individual, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon the table. The address, however, was uppermost; and the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognises the hand-writing of the address, observes the confusion of the person addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter, somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act in the presence of the third person who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter, one of no importance, on the table. The power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded for political purposes to a very dangerous extent. The person robbed is now thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming the letter. But

This, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——: "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite *au fait* at these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He was frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartments, and being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search, until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed. Yet, neither is the letter on the person of the minister. He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person has been rigorously searched under my own inspection."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search of the premises."

"Why, the fact is, we took our time and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly-trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind; the thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets, we took the chairs; the cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops."

"Why so?"

"Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged pieces of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces *all* the articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knit-

ting needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better. We examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it *instantly*. A single grain of gimlet-dust, or saw-dust for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"Of course, you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates; and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?"

"That of course; and when we had surveyed every particle of furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble?"

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt; we removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellar?"

"We did; and as time and labor were of no importance, we dug up every one of them to the depth of four feet."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalcula-



tion, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "I am not more sure that I breathe, than I am that the letter is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes!" And here the prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said—

"Well, but, G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such a thing as overreaching the minister?"

"Too true; I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labor lost."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs, to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day: and the reward has been lately

doubled. I would really give fifty thousand francs, every centime of it, to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully, and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labors extended."

"So far as his labors extended?" said I.

"Yes," said Dupin. "The measures adopted were not

only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would beyond a question have found it."

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed, to which he forcibly adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow for the matter in hand; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example, an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and holding up his closed hand, asks, 'are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies 'odd,' and loses; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'the simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second; I will therefore guess odd;' he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first, he would have reasoned thus; 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and, in the second, he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a

simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally, he will decide upon putting it even as before; I will therefore guess even; he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows termed 'lucky,' what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

"It is," said Dupin; "and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows:—'When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked, is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.' This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucault, to La Bougive, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella."

"And the identification," I said, "of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent's intellect is admeasured?"

"For its practical value it depends upon this," replied Dupin; "and the prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and, secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much—that

their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations: at best, when urged by some unusual emergency—by some extraordinary reward—they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D—, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches; what is it all but an exaggeration of *the application* of the one principle, or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg—but at least in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair-leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions, and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects; for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed—a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner—is, in the very first instance, presumed and presumable; and thus its discovery depends not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance, or, what amounts to the same thing in the policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude, the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now

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understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination—in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the prefect, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister would do what he would have done himself—taken vast care to conceal the letter on account of its being so very precious. I went to work differently. My measures were adapted to the minister's capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylaying to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigation of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses* to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive—the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed—I felt that this whole train of thought would necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the

probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. This conjecture was above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable or possible that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

"But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search, the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

"Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long

and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filagree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting-cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D—, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was to all appearance radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D— cipher; there, it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S— family. Here the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D—, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived—these things,



I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack ; and also fell at length upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reverse direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a case-ment, threw it open, and looked out. In the mean time I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *fac-simile*, which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered

to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards, I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But what purpose had you," I asked, "in replacing the letter by a *fac-simile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly, and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I should never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris would have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months, the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers—since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it were. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have no sympathy—at least no pity—for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the prefect terms 'a certain personage,' he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack."

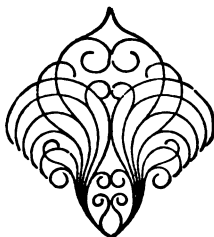
"How? did you put anything particular in it?"

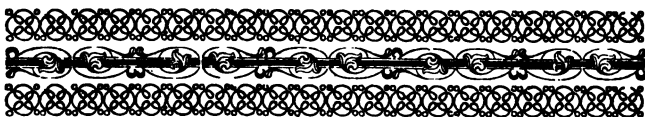
"Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. To be sure,

D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him, quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clue. He is well acquainted with my manuscript, and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words—

‘ — Un dessein si funeste,  
S’il n’est digne d’Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.’

They are to be found in Crébillon’s ‘Atrée.’ ”





## The Grisetto and the Grande Dame.

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THE carnival of 1717 was drawing to a close; it was the last ball of the season, and the *salle de l'Opéra* was crowded to its utmost limits. All distinctions of rank were forgotten. Peers jostled pickpockets, and courtiers, countesses, and even sober citizens, mingled with *chevaliers d'industrie*, *grisettes*, and opera dancers.

Here, masked to the teeth, might be seen some *grande dame* in whispering conference with a young *mousquetaire*, who, quick at a hint, has been all night waiting that black domino, with a rose and silver ribbon tied at the wrist. There, a marchioness, the heroine of many an adventure, is trying to make a conquest of the young mercer, her neighbor, who is impatient to see whether the beauty of his incognito answers to the charms of her conversation. That slight figure in the Turkish dress, who has made love to half the women present, is well known to be the Regent, Duke of Orleans; the group of bacchantes, bayadères, and heathen goddesses hovering about him, are the ladies of the court, several of them his mistresses; and the Venus

who conceals her face, while through that thin veil she undauntedly displays her neck and shoulders, is no less than the Duchess of Berry, a princess of the blood-royal, and the regent's favorite daughter.

It may be readily supposed that many piquant adventures, and not a few scandalous intrigues, were the result of this intermixture of ranks, and, under the protection of the mask, more than one fair dame indulged in frolics, the discovery of which would have covered her with confusion.

Under a gallery at the further end of the ball-room, and screened from observation by a row of pillars, two persons in close conversation occupied a sofa. The taller, who had thrown his mask aside, was dressed as a student. He was a young man of from eighteen to twenty years of age, and of remarkably prepossessing appearance. His dark brown hair fell in curls on his shoulders; his complexion was of a clear brown; and his large hazel eyes had that mild, serious look, that has been said to characterize persons fore-doomed to a violent death. At this time, however, their melancholy expression had disappeared, and they sparkled with animation as he conversed with the person at his side. This was a figure so carefully masked, that even the mouth and chin were concealed, but the slight, graceful form, and the small foot that occasionally peeped from under the sable domino, left no doubt as to the sex.

The conference seemed at an end, for the lady made an attempt to rise.

"Do not leave me," said her companion; "or, at least, ere you go, let me gaze for one moment on those lovely features and the bright eyes, that, even through that hateful mask, have subdued my heart."

"I dare not stay," she replied. "We are observed. Yonder Diana has been watching you for the last half-hour. Perhaps she means to choose you for her Endymion."

"When goddesses condescend to visit us poor mortals," answered the student, "they come in disguise—mine is already here," and he caught her hand.

"See!" she said, "your deity approaches. If she finds you with a rival, her vengeance will be terrible."

"At least I shall not merit the punishment of Actæon, for it is not *her* charms that I am contemplating," he returned, as he pressed to his lips the small white hand from which he had drawn an embroidered glove; "but fear her not, she is the goddess of chastity, and flies from men."

"Rather say the huntress, in full pursuit of you. I will not encounter her wrath." She disengaged her hand, and, mixing with the crowd, was out of sight in a moment. Ere he could follow her, the mask in the dress of Diana stood before him.

The buskined goddess was a curious specimen of the Grecian costume, as understood in Paris at the time of the regency. Her green satin hooped petticoat, looped up on one side with more than classic brevity, displayed a well shaped leg, though not of the most slender dimensions. Her waist was extremely long, and below it hung an imitation of a panther's skin, which finished with a huge claw. She carried a gilt bow, which, judging by its size, and the length of the arrows suspended in a quiver at her back, never could have been intended to bring down anything larger than a butterfly. A crescent of false stones sparkled in her hair, two or three locks of which hung down on her neck; but their jetty hue was disguised by a shade of powder, then first coming into fashion.

"*Je te connais!*" said she, beginning with the usual jargon.

"And I know you, Susette," returned the student, impatiently, "although you have taken the trouble to change

your dress. Did you think all that frippery would disguise you from me?"

The goddess snatched off her mask, and her brilliant black eyes sparkled fiercely under her marked eyebrows, as she replied, "You are right, Etienne, there should be no disguise between us. Tell me, therefore, who was the mask that has just quitted you?"

"You know as much on the subject as I," he answered carelessly; "she is a stranger to me."

"Did she leave you this for a *souvenir*?" was the reply; "or as a token by which you are to find her again!" saying which she snatched a small glove from his hand. Her color changed as she looked at it. It was of the scented leather once so sought after, called *peau d'Espagne*, and embroidered with very small pearls.

"Is it so?" she exclaimed. "Are *grisettes* no longer good enough for you, that you seek acquaintance among the fine court ladies?"

"Be silent, you do not know what you are talking about," he returned; by a sudden movement again possessing himself of the glove, and thrusting it into his bosom.

Her jealous fury increasing, she raised her voice so high as to attract the attention of several persons near. "Do you think I am to be foiled?" she cried. "Be she who she may, she shall not seduce my lover with impunity."

"Ho! ho!" said a figure grotesquely dressed, stealing from behind one of the pillars, and jingling some bells fastened to a stick—"a lover's quarrel! then Folly must be at hand;" and he began skipping round them. Irritated at the laughter of the spectators, Etienne attempted to leave the spot; but linking her arm in his, Susette exclaimed—

"Are you going to your assignation? I will accompany

you, for I have something to say to my lady countess—or whatever she calls herself.”

At these words, the delight of the mask representing Folly was excessive; he clapped his hands, jingled his bells, and a clown catching the infection, the two capered about till a crowd began to collect round the party.

Etienne, half mad with vexation, broke through the throng with the intention of leaving the ball-room. As he arrived at the door, his incognita gliding up to him, said softly—

“Gentle knight, you will not refuse to return a lady her glove, since it was not thrown down in defiance of you?”

Before he could answer, he heard the hateful jingling of the bells, and preceded by Folly, and followed by a troop of maskers, he saw Susette approaching. Her eyes seemed to flash fire, and her nostrils were dilated with passion, as, striding up to her rival, she crushed the mask on her face, and tried to tear it off.

Etienne, catching her arm, prevented a repetition of the blow; but his own passion roused, he threw her from him with a force that sent her staggering backwards.

“Fiend!” he exclaimed, “from this hour I counsel you to avoid me! Dare to cross my path again, and I swear by all that is sacred you shall bitterly repent it!” saying which, and taking the black domino under his arm, he left the ball-room.

“*Bon Dieu!*” said a female, who had just forced her way through the crowd. “It is Susette Lagarde and the student Etienne Grandier, her lover.”

A few weeks after the ball, in the house of a family of high rank in Paris, a lady reclined in her boudoir in one of those antique chairs, the curved shapes and rounded backs of which are so characteristic of the graceful fashions of that day. A dress of pale blue satin set off the exquisite fair-



ness of her skin. Bright auburn hair combed back from the forehead, fell in two or three large curls on the neck. Her features were delicately shaped rather than regular, her lips of that bright vermilion hue that we often see in children; and partly cased in a rose-colored slipper, with a very high heel, a foot as small as that of a fairy rested on the lap of a young man who half kneeled, half sat, on a cushion at her feet. It is not necessary to describe his appearance, for it was the student Etienne Grandier.

The lady smiled tenderly on her lover, as looking anxiously at her he said, "You say this to torment me: if the danger were tenfold, I would brave it, were but the peril mine alone."

"But since it is not," she replied, "since to receive you any longer in this house would be fraught with danger to me as well as to you, the only course that remains is——"

"To part," he answered. "Be it so, but remember it is my life you ask—I will not live without you."

"How many have sworn as much," said the lady, "and have found women credulous enough to believe them?"

"But you are not one of those," said Grandier, bitterly; "you have lived among courtiers, and judging all men by that standard, believe me to be as heartless as they."

"Ungrateful!" she exclaimed; "had I thought so, should I have trusted my reputation in your hands? Had you not interrupted me, I would have told you, that though we cannot meet here, we may do so elsewhere—and this I was about to do for one who loads me with reproaches."

"Forgive me," he answered, pressing her hands to his lips; "the fear of losing you made me unjust. Call me not ungrateful; your generous condescension is written in characters of fire on my heart. Would to Heaven it were given me to prove how lightly I hold my life in comparison with your safety and fair fame."

Etienne Grandier was the only child of a merchant of Toulouse, who, having amassed a moderate fortune, was anxious to raise his son to a higher rank in life than his own. There were no other means of doing this than by educating him for the church, a course to which he was the more inclined from the docility of the boy's temper, and the superiority of his talents.

Etienne had been carefully educated; and so secure were his parents in the strength of his principles, that they sent him to finish his studies in a licentious capital, without casting a thought on the temptations to which he might be exposed there.

The character of young Grandier might be compared to a volcano under snow, for no one who saw the mildness and timidity of his demeanor, would have suspected the fiery passions that slumbered beneath. For some time after his arrival in Paris, the hours not devoted to study were passed in the society of a priest, an old friend of his family; but intense application proved so injurious to his health, that even Father Gerard advised him to seek occasional amusement. His advice was followed, and it was with sincere pleasure that in a few months the old man noticed the improvement in his appearance. Etienne blushed on receiving his congratulations, but did not think it necessary to explain that a total change had taken place in his habits, and that instead of study, his whole time was now passed in the society of the *grisettes* of the neighborhood.

The smiles of the handsome student had already proved a fruitful source of discord among this amiable sisterhood, when Susette Lagarde, becoming the favorite sultana, succeeded in keeping every rival at a distance, as much by her strength of arm and volubility of tongue, as by the superiority of her beauty. Her empire had continued undisturbed until the night of the masked ball; but her conduct on that

occasion had deeply offended Etienne, and though she employed prayers, tears, and even threats, to bring about a reconciliation, he was resolute in refusing it.

It must be owned that his determination found its strongest support in his passion for her rival. Since that evening they had met repeatedly, and the refinement of her manners was so new to him, and he was so dazzled by her charms, that he seemed to tread a new world, and Susette, who had for some time ceased to pursue him, was forgotten.

But he was not forgotten by her. If she could not have love, she was at least resolved on vengeance, and judging that his acquaintance with the black domino would not end with the ball, she determined to watch all his movements. Etienne, however, was forced to take so many precautions in visiting his inamorata, that she was completely baffled, until the lady's fears that her family should discover the intrigue, induced her to visit her lover in his own apartments.

It was an old and gloomy quarter of Paris in which Grandier resided. He had selected it as being quiet and retired, and because adjoining his room was a pavilion with a garden, which, though surrounded on three sides by houses, served him as a place of recreation after the hours of study.

It was here that he proposed to receive his mistress. With a lover's care the pavilion was made ready; his own hand arranged the garden, and when all was done he sighed as he thought how unfit was such a temple for his divinity.

Their meetings did not escape the sharp eyes of Susette. The sight of her faithless lover leaving his own house one evening with a female, put her on the alert; she recognised the figure of her rival, and only waited her next appearance to overwhelm her with reproaches.

Fortune soon favored her projects. The lady arriving

alone, passed through the house to the garden, and Susette, who knew that Etienne was from home, entered the pavilion after her. The dismay of the stranger at the sight of a female of the lower class, whose disordered appearance gave indication of the violent passions that agitated her, may be imagined. Scarcely had their eyes met than she remembered her as a girl who had worked in her father's family, and the astonishment expressed in the *grisette's* face showed that the recognition was mutual.

"So, madame! it is you who play these pranks!" she exclaimed. "Shame on you, court ladies! who call us bad names and despise us, while you envy and rob us of our lovers. But the whole neighborhood shall know what a *grande dame* is the mistress of a poor student. We will see what the *grisettes* will say to it. Here, Lisette, Martha, come and see the fine madam who visits Etienne Grandier!"

The lady, agonized with the danger to which her life as well as reputation would be exposed in the hands of an incensed populace, endeavored to disarm her fury by supplications.

"My good Susette!" she cried, imploringly, "do not ruin me. I will give you money—make you rich—only let me go, and I will never come near your lover again."

Her prayers were disregarded, and Susette, throwing open the window, continued to call her companions. The alarm was given, casements were thrown open, and the neighbors from their windows endeavored to ascertain the cause of the cries. It was already dusk, and nothing could be seen; but the screams continued, and once the cry of "murder" was heard. Old and young now hastened to the spot. As they entered the house they met Etienne coming from the garden.

"For God's sake!" said the foremost; "what is the meaning of those cries?"

"Cries!" he repeated. "I have heard none. I am this moment returned, and came in by the back way."

"There have been dreadful shrieks heard from your house," was the answer.

"You are wrong, neighbor," interrupted an old woman; "they were not from the house. I opened my window at the first alarm, and I am sure the screams came from the pavilion. Let us go there."

"The pavilion!" said Etienne, starting. "There is no one there! It is locked, and I have not the key."

"Nevertheless," said the old woman pertinaciously, "I am positive it was from there they came; and it is my advice that we search it."

Etienne in vain remonstrated. "My friends," said he, as they pushed past him, "let me enter first, there is a person there——"

"Why, just now you said it was empty and locked," said one of the men.

"Perhaps *Monsieur l'Etudiant* has one of his *masters* there!" observed another with a laugh.

"Or mistresses," put in a third. "Come, Monsieur Etienne, allow that there is a lady in the case, and we will wait outside."

"There is a lady," said the student, evidently confused. "I must speak to her before you enter." He sprang to the door of the pavilion without perceiving that the old woman who had followed him, was stealthily peeping in. A shriek from her brought the rest of the people. Etienne, his face as white as death, his whole countenance the picture of horror, was leaning over the body of Susette Lagarde, which lay weltering in blood at his feet. The murderer was immediately seized. He made little defence, but seemed confused and overwhelmed by his situation. Indeed, taken almost in the fact as he had been, it was generally

expected that he would confess to save himself from the torture, and though he did not directly avow his guilt, his silence when interrogated on the subject was looked upon as a tacit confession. It was only on the day of trial, and with the horror of his impending fate before his eyes, that he seemed desirous of making an effort to avert it; but he confined himself to general assertions of his innocence, and begged his judges to have mercy on his youth, and finding this appeal unsuccessful, he exclaimed, almost wildly, that he was not guilty. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel. As the time of execution approached, he requested to see the priest already mentioned. Father Gerard had been deeply offended at the duplicity of Etienne, whose disorderly courses he had not suspected until the trial made them known; but though as rigid in his own principles as strict in exacting the performance of their duty from others, Christian charity forbade him to refuse the prayer of a penitent. An interview took place between them. Etienne was to die on the morrow, and as some hope had been entertained that a less painful death might be inflicted, it was a part of his friend's mission to inform him that his petition to that effect was rejected.

However severely Father Gerard might have been prepared to treat the criminal, the sight of his former pupil, changed by suffering of mind and body, turned his anger to pity, and though he reproached him, it was with gentleness.

"Behold," said he, "the fruits of vice. Who that knew you, Etienne, loved by all for the goodness of your heart, and of whom numerous witnesses have deposed that you never had a quarrel, never spoke an angry word to any of your companions, who would have believed that a few months of a licentious life would have transformed you into a murderer?"

"And might not their testimony have proved that I was incapable of committing such a barbarous deed?" faltered Etienne.

"Unhappy boy!" returned the other; "when at that fatal ball you uttered that threat, murder was in your thoughts. But enough of this: I come here as your spiritual guide, prepared to speak comfort to your soul, if by confession and repentance of your sins you would seek that mercy from Heaven, which the justice of man dare not show you."

Their conference was long, and the troubled countenance of Father Gerard showed that it had deeply moved him. There was still a painful duty to perform. Etienne's question anticipated it.

"Father," said he, "am I to die on the wheel?"

On a reply in the affirmative, the unhappy youth hid his face in his hands, but their convulsive trembling showed the agony within.

"My son," said the priest, "remember him who died on the cross! Did he suffer less?"

"Ah, father, he was without guilt! What can give courage to one whose sins have cost him his life, and brought shame and sorrow on his parents?" \* \*

We should vainly seek in a modern drawing-room for the elegance and splendor presented by a salon at Paris in the time of the Regency. The lofty and spacious apartments were lighted by innumerable tapers, reflected in mirrors draped with the richest produce of the Indian loom. Thick Persian carpets half covered the polished floor. Before every door hung damask curtains, intercepting the air that might have blown too roughly on the delicate forms within. On the marble chimney-piece, between lustres with long glittering pendants, stood large baskets of golden flowers; and in the middle, the clock of

Sèvres porcelain, on which, in painted medallions, the hours hand in hand danced their eternal round, or swains, with crooks ornamented with ribbons, piped their amorous strains at the feet of garlanded shepherdesses. The japanned cabinets were set out with numbers of tiny cups of that delicate and transparent china that looks as if a breath of air would blow it away. Mandarins, pagodas, dragons, all the variety of monsters in which Chinese imagination revels, filled the intervening spaces. The picture was completed by the variety of colors and costumes. The brilliant scarlet, distinguishing the officers of the Swiss guards, rivalled the elegant blue and gold of the cavalry uniform, or was relieved by the black velvet and silver facings of the *mousquetaires*. The embroidered coats of the peers, their diamond stars and buttons, and the blue ribbon displayed across the rich white satin waistcoat, were equally contrasted with the more sober dress of the little *Abbé*, with his smooth cheek, his short cloak, point lace cravat, and black silk *culotte*. These were the perfumed and powdered butterflies that fluttered round the fair circle, where waving plumes and necklaces sparkling with precious stones, were not more graceful than their wearers, nor brighter than their eyes.

Such was the scene presented at the hotel of the Marquis de Ferriers, where a numerous and brilliant party was assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract between the daughter of the noble host and his nephew the Viscomte de Beauvais. The Countess de St. Gilles, although a widow, had not yet seen her twenty-fifth year. She was married when almost a child to her late husband, and since his death had, by a family arrangement, been contracted to her cousin. The age, fortune, and personal qualities of the parties were so well assorted, that their union was the subject of general approbation. The countess, one of the beauties of the day, had always conducted herself with a



propriety that did honor to the excellent education she had received. Indeed the marquis himself was generally respected for a purity of principles and conduct rarely met with at that time. The marriage had been for some time deferred in consequence of the delicate state of the countess's health, but at the earnest solicitation of her father it was now to take place without further delay.

The bride-elect had not yet made her appearance, and the guests amused themselves in conversation respecting the interesting event they were assembled to witness.

"My dear marchioness, how delighted I am to see you!" exclaimed a lady, dressed in the very pink of the fashion, "and how charmingly you look. But the air of Paris is a great beautifier. Only think of me, *ma chère*, buried for twelve long months in a horrid province. It was impossible to endure it longer, so I have left *Monsieur le Comte* to govern his *barbares* by himself. But I have so much news to hear. Only think of our dear countess marrying her cousin at last! They will make a charming couple. The Viscomte is so handsome, and she—but here she comes. I must go and congratulate her. How could they say," she continued, on returning to her seat, "that she was in bad health? To me, she seems more lovely than ever."

"Your long banishment makes you see everything *couleur de rose*, my dear countess," returned her friend; "I think her sadly changed. She is much thinner, and her eyes, the expression of which was formerly so enchantingly soft, have now quite a haggard look."

"Do you not think that her rouge is a *soupçon* too deep?" whispered the other, beginning to criticise in her turn.

"I think that effect is produced by the almost unearthly whiteness of her skin," was the reply. "It is true, powder, paint, and patches, make it difficult, now-a-days, to see

what a complexion really is ; but, under all those auxiliaries, I trace the ravages of ill health."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the preparations for signing the contract ; the parchment was placed before the countess for her signature, but her hand shook so violently that she could scarcely trace a letter, and it was only by a strong effort that she mastered her agitation sufficiently to write her name. Immediately after she sank back in her chair, and became insensible. She was carried to her apartment, and on medical aid being summoned, was pronounced to be dangerously ill.

In a few days it was known that the young and beautiful Countess of St. Gilles, so lately on the point of becoming a bride, was dying. From the commencement of her illness she had continued to sink rapidly, and her physicians were only surprised that she still lived. The house became a scene of mourning, crowded with friends anxious to show their sympathy, and to offer consolation to the marquis and his nephew. The countess was aware that her situation was hopeless ; all her thoughts were given to religion, and her confessor was constantly with her. On the day that the last sacraments were to be administered, the numerous members of her family were, at her express desire, summoned to her bedside.

"My friends," said the dying woman, "I cannot leave the world in peace, neither will my confessor give absolution, till I have confessed a crime which has long lain heavily on my conscience. All here must remember the student Etienne Grandier, who, two years ago, was condemned to death for the murder of his mistress. At the place of execution he asserted his innocence, and his assertion was true. I was the murderer of Susette Lagarde!"

At this strange revelation a murmur of astonishment was heard, and all present looked at each other, as if to ask

whether the words she had uttered were not those of delirium; but the priest made a sign to enforce silence, and the countess continued—

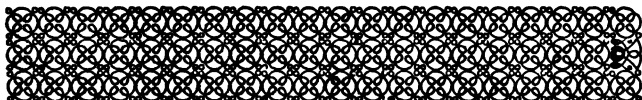
“To this sin I was led by another: for, to my shame, I own that the reputation I had acquired for virtue was undeserved—Etienne Grandier was my lover!”

The old marquis, already nearly heart-broken at the prospect of losing his only child, could not bear up against the knowledge of her shame, and, with a deep groan, he fell senseless to the ground. His unhappy daughter had scarcely power to continue her narrative; her breathing became short, and the damps of death already hung on her brow.

“He was my lover!” she repeated at length; “and we met in that pavilion in which the body of the murdered woman was found. Jealousy had led her to follow me there. She threatened to expose me:—more than my life was in her power, and finding her inexorable to my prayers, I snatched a knife that lay on the table, and stabbed her to the heart. The knife was marked with the name of the unfortunate Grandier, and, added to his being found on the spot, went far on his trial to condemn him. But I repeat that he was innocent, that he was not present at the time, nor did he even know by whom the deed was done—though he must have guessed,” she added, with a shudder. “Careful to save me from suspicion, not even to the priest who received his confession did he breathe my name.” She paused, and cast an anxious look at her confessor.

“Father Gerard,” she asked, “are you satisfied?”

“Daughter,” said the priest, stretching out his hand towards her, “depart in peace, I absolve thee of thy sins!”



## The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci.

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“It is enough!” said the excellent old master, Andreas del Barrochio, smiling mournfully, as he put up his easel, and placed it gently in the furthest corner of his room. “Rest thou there! I, too, can now rest.” Again he stood musing before the painting he had just taken down. It was the Baptism of St. John, in which there was an angel’s head, from the pencil of his scholar, Leonardo da Vinci, that, for exquisite beauty, far excelled any of his own productions.

“Thus far, and no further!” he continued, turning to Leonardo, who just entered, and who was struck by the strangely solemn tone of the master. “See, my son, with this angel thy career begins, and mine finishes. One man cannot accomplish all, neither should one man attempt, in his vain imaginings, to reach the far distant limits of art, which the united powers of many, simultaneously and successively, have not attained. I lay my pencil aside, and henceforth paint no more. But thou, who hast already surpassed thy master, be bold, be vigorous. Italy will ere long do homage to thy genius.”

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Leonardo stood glowing with delight at the praise of his master, and gazed with sparkling eyes at the painting.

"And he does not cast down his eyes!" murmured Andreas to himself, as he read in Leonardo's countenance the vain and presumptuous thoughts that were passing through his mind. "There is still time. One draught of bitter medicine, and his better nature will triumph. Yes," he continued, addressing his scholar, and taking him kindly by the hand—"yes, my son! thou wilt shine, but thy lustre will not be the dazzling radiance of the mid-day sun, but like a gentle Aurora, or the soft rosy hue of evening. Of this, too, rest assured, that arrogance and self-sufficiency will never bring thee to the goal, from which thou art yet far distant. Examine thine angel a little closer. It is good, I repeat, very good; but is it not incorrect in the foreshortening? That look, however celestial it may appear at first sight, has it not, in reality, more of the languishing gaze of the courtesan? This curl over the right eye, is it not unnatural, as if burnt by an iron? No—this work of Leonardo da Vinci shall not go down to posterity. Thou knowest now of what thou art capable. Let perfection henceforth be thy mark, and let what is imperfect perish. This shall be the last stroke of my pencil." With these words, he besmeared the picture with a coat of black annihilating paint.

This passed like an electric shock through the heart of the affrighted scholar, and a hasty word of anger and reproach trembled upon his lips. But he was silent; for silence was a lesson his master had early taught him. He swallowed, therefore, the bitter gall of wounded vanity, and calm reflection soon returned, and with it the firm determination to repress his arrogance and presumption. "I thank you, master," he exclaimed, deeply affected; and from that moment became his own severest critic, more disposed to find what

called for censure in his works, than what deserved praise. This distrust of his own powers increased in proportion to his advances in skill and knowledge ; so that many, even of his best productions, were destroyed by his own hand ; at first, in the angry discontent of a noble mind, satisfied with nothing short of perfection ; afterwards when his passions had been cooled, and his judgment had been matured by the sage counsels of his paternal friend, from a sober and settled conviction, that, by these means only, was excellence to be attained ; and many relics of his pencil have, only by artifice or fraud, been rescued from destruction.

"That is right," his master was wont to say, with his quiet smile ; "that is the way to immortality, the title to which consists, not in the multiplicity of a man's works but in their excellence."

If he received an order, or went to work from his own impulse, he would tremble like a child, when he thought of the difficulties he had to encounter, and how far his picture would fall short of that standard of excellence it was his desire to reach. Still, notwithstanding these feelings of despondency, he labored indefatigably by day and night ; for he had learned from his master, that not genius only, but industry—patient, untiring industry—was necessary to the attainment of his object ; for how often has the man of inferior ability, by unremitting diligence and attention, arrived at a degree of eminence, which to idle, ill-directed talent, remained for ever unapproachable !

Thus did Andreas del Barrochio, the Florentine, instruct his beloved pupil in the best and noblest principles of his art, and rejoice at the success of his teaching. But his last hour approached, and from his sick bed he thus addressed the mourner by his side : "Why weepest thou unmanly tears, now that the time is come that I must depart hence ? Earth demands her offering and her right !"

"And heaven too"—interrupted Leonardo, kissing the withered and trembling hands of his dying friend. "Heaven calls the noble, undying spirit back to its home."

"Dost thou wonder, then," resumed Andreas, "that I have been seized with home-sickness? Do I not depart with the conviction, that with thee I leave behind a portion of my being, and that I have fulfilled the mission intrusted to me, a weak instrument, to usher in the dawn which, from the unprofaned temple of thy genius, now sheds its mild radiance over Italy?"

"My strength is fast sinking; but, before I depart, give me thy hand, and promise me that thou wilt observe my words, and, never refusing the honor due to the merits of others, pursue thy appointed path in cheerfulness and humility. Give me thy hand, and promise me this, Leonardo!"

And Leonardo gave him his hand.

"Then will I be also near to thee," said the master, while an unearthly smile played upon his features, "in the hour of thy greatest earthly need. My spirit shall hover near thee; and when, bowed down by the thought of what seems impracticable, every human resource fails thee, and thou art threatened by undeserved shame and disgrace, then cry aloud, that thy voice may reach me amid the palm-trees of Paradise; cry aloud, Andreas! Andreas!—And—I will \* \* \*"

The angel of death gently interrupted the words of promise and comfort. The head of the faithful master sank back upon the pillow, and Leonardo, in the bitter sorrow of separation, closed the eyes of the departed, and, with the sign of the holy cross, blessed the gentle spirit of his beloved master to its eternal rest.

It is needless here to tell of the eminence and celebrity which Leonardo da Vinci subsequently attained, or how much he contributed, in conjunction with the first Perugino,

to the restoration of the art of painting. On these various accounts, his fame was noised abroad throughout all Italy, at that time the only country where the arts and sciences found a shelter, under the protection of the noble house of Medicis, the magnificent Pope Leo X., and various other princes. It was this well-earned reputation which induced Ludovico Moro Sforza, Duke of Milan, by the most brilliant offers, to seek to allure him to his court. Most unwillingly did Leonardo accept this flattering invitation; most unwillingly did he forsake the land of his birth, and his own lovely Florence; for he had a gloomy presentiment of coming evil.

But a motive urged Leonardo to accept the invitation of Ludovico Sforza. His residence in Florence had become embittered to him by the bold unbending opposition of a boy, not yet eighteen years old, with a mind, however, far beyond his years, who, in proud anticipation of future greatness, met every advance of the mild contemplative Leonardo with enmity and contempt, and embittered to him his beloved city, and the spot where the ashes of his master rested. This boy was Michel Angelo Buonarroti. He overcame, therefore, his reluctance, controlled the gloomy presentiments which oppressed him, and encouraging himself by contemplating the prospect opened to him of higher and more varied exertion in his art, bade his lovely home adieu, and, with the light and buoyant spirits of youth and inexperience, directed his steps to Milan.

The duke gave him a reception honorable alike to both, and in accordance with the fashion of those times, when patrons sought to add to their own lustre, by paying honor to those whose merit had already gained for them a renown more enduring than that which depends upon the smile of princes. The haughty yet cunning Ludovico drew in his dangerous talons, and caressed the master with an appear-



ance of fondness. The courtiers, according to their wont, began also to follow the example set them, and overwhelm the guest and favorite of their prince with their hollow kindnesses.

The most prominent among those whom he was in the habit of meeting at the court, was a monk, whose tall, lean, ghost-like figure was continually crossing his path, as if to watch his movements. His small restless eyes gleamed maliciously from beneath his dark brows, above which rose, like a wall of rock, the hard, yellow, angular forehead. The nose was aquiline; the firmly compressed mouth wore a constant though scarcely perceptible sneer, and the pointed chin was overgrown by a beard of mingled red and black. This was the prior of the Dominican monastery of St. Maria della Grazia, the duke's confidential adviser. His speech distilled like honey-drops, but the poison of asps lurked beneath his lips. From the first moment of Leonardo's arrival, he had inwardly chafed at the favor in which he stood with the prince, and, at each meeting, the bitter though concealed hatred of the one, and the undefined antipathy and apprehension of the other, increased; and it was strange that these feelings oppressed the painter most when occupied by his labor within doors. When in the open air, superintending his mechanical and architectural undertakings, he could breathe more freely. He felt refreshed and strengthened by the ever-varying, ever-beautiful forms and coloring of nature; the light breezes that played around his temples—the soft grey morning—the dewy evening—night, with the delicious melody of the nightingale, and her eternal heaven of stars; and, by day, the bustle and hurry—the driving and riding over hill and vale—all this, by occupying his mind, gave him courage and cheerfulness. But, when he sat alone before his easel, in his solitary chamber, a vague, almost supernatural horror

would seize him, till the sweat-drops stood upon his brow, and the trembling and uncertain hand could with difficulty guide his pencil. And thus it is that we have so few paintings of this master belonging to this particular period of his life; most of them were destroyed by himself, and many of them when wanting only the last touches.

The duke often stood enraptured before his growing picture, but, when he began to hope the painting would soon be ready to adorn his gallery, he found it on his next visit destroyed—torn in pieces or burnt. This, doubtless, was vexatious enough; still, he might have been content with those which did receive completion, and consequently, were stamped with the seal of the master's own approbation.

"Now, master," he exclaimed, upon one occasion, "this time you shall paint *me*, and, of course, in this instance, we shall hear nothing of cutting or burning."

The descent of a thunderbolt when the sky is clear and cloudless could not have struck more sudden terror into the heart of Leonardo, than did this announcement of the duke's, accompanied as it was by the ambiguous smile of the Dominican. What? *he*, the refined and fastidious painter, accustomed to depict only the most noble and lovely of nature's forms, or the beautiful and fairy-like creations of his own exuberant fancy—he shall paint that face, the personification of ugliness, where might be read, as in an open book, the characters of the worst passions that ever disgraced humanity—the history of a nature unhumanized by crime; that grey, bristly hair, starting from every side of the abominable head; those cheeks of ashy paleness, the graves of worn-out passions; those mulberry marks upon the neck, from which he had received the name of "Moro;" the cruel, malicious twitching of the pale lips, visible through the disordered beard! No, it was impossi-

ble! And yet the command had been given; what was he to do? To paint, or not to paint? And, if he painted—would he not be required to flatter the tyrant—conceal his ugliness with a professional lie? But then, what would remain of the original features? The picture, in that case, would be no likeness. If, on the contrary, his pencil should be faithful, what reward might he not expect from a tyrant whom all feared, if he presented to him, as himself, a copy of distorted humanity, frightful enough to be taken for a counterfeit of the devil himself? Verily, the painter was in a sore strait, and often and anxiously did his mind revert to the promise of his departed master. On whichever side he turned, he saw nothing but ruin awaiting him; shame and disgrace to his professional reputation, as well as to his moral character, if, for the sake of wealth and patronage, he stooped to produce a false and flattering picture; or the most terrible revenge of which an insulted tyrant is capable, if he represented him in his true colors.

"Oh, what shall I do? how shall I save myself?" exclaimed the trembler, as with anxious steps he paced his lonely chamber, and thought of the last words of his master.

"Oh, Andreas! Andreas! hear me and help me as thou promisedst, in this my greatest need!" But his master heard him not; the time was not yet come; Leonardo had not yet encountered the greatest difficulty he was to meet upon earth.

"Be it so, then," he exclaimed at length; "I will drink this bitter cup, and paint the truth, for I can do no other."

The day for the first sitting came; with a trembling hand he seized his pencil, for before him sat the haughty duke arrayed in princely ermine, and urged him to despatch. Another sitting, and the sketch was complete. The finish-

ing now alone remained ; but, with each day that the picture advanced towards completion, the painter's anxiety and gloomy forebodings increased. At length it stood finished before him, against the wall ; and, as he gazed, the hateful figure so worked upon his heated imagination, that it appeared to him like some dreadful apparition from the nether world. "What !" he exclaimed, "is it possible that Leonardo da Vinci's pencil can have produced thee, thou frightful monster ! and that for centuries to come, thou wilt hang in the gallery as his work ? Must I be forced to stain my noble art and my future fame with this specimen of distortion ? Away from my sight, Satan !" and, in the violence of his rage, he stamped upon the unlucky painting till the canvas cracked, and scarcely knowing what he did, tore it with the violence of a maniac, and scattered it in a thousand pieces about the room.

"So, ho !" croaked the Dominican, who had been sent by the duke to inquire after the progress of his picture, peeping through the half-opened door, "you seem to have a violent, I might almost say, a dangerous paroxysm ! Well, I will not disturb you."

Leonardo, thus recalled to his senses, felt his blood freeze with horror, and, as the dreadful spectre disappeared as softly as it had approached, he became fully conscious of the mad action he had committed. He had abused the portrait of his sovereign, and what might he not expect from the anger of one whom he had so grossly insulted ? But a deeper sorrow than that arising from the fear of punishment struck upon his generous heart. It was his patron, his benefactor, whom he had thus ill-treated.

"Oh, what have I done ?" he groaned out, as he gazed upon the destruction that surrounded him, and began gathering up the fragments. "Those eyes, though their glance might have been cruel to others, have ever looked on me

with kindness. Those pale lips have never addressed me but with favor. Oh, my prince! to others thou may'st be all that thy face betrays, but to me thou wert only a friend and benefactor. It is not thy fault that thou art a rival of the devil himself in ugliness." And as he spoke, bitter and sorrowful tears fell from the torn relics. The door again opened, and he received a summons to attend the duke.

"I do not now invoke thee, Andreas, in this my greatest need," he said softly; "thou canst not hear me, for I have sinned by giving way to a foolish passion. Whatever happens, I have deserved it." And thus prepared for the worst, he entered the saloon of the palace.

The duke was pacing gloomily up and down the apartment. The prior sat in a window recess, his hands folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. The courtiers stood round in silence, and not a breath disturbed the oppressive calm which announced an approaching tempest. It was long before the duke spoke; at length, in a tone scarcely audible from suppressed rage, he asked the trembling painter, "Where is my portrait?"

"It is destroyed," stammered Leonardo.

"Destroyed!" exclaimed the duke, in a louder tone, "destroyed—again destroyed! and nothing else but destroyed! And, even myself—my picture! And wherefore?"

Leonardo stood with his eyes rooted to the earth, unable to answer a word.

Upon this, the prior raised his head and softly whispered, "Most probably from reverence, your highness! from a feeling of his own inability, not being yet equal to so great a work; from a fear that he might not do justice to his illustrious original."

"You lie, Father Prior!" shouted the enraged painter, with the desperate courage of one who already knew his ruin certain.

"He lies?" repeated the duke, stepping back, while his countenance assumed the paleness of death, "therefore that was not the reason; and you assert that so boldly and without further explanation! What was it then?"

"Madness, my lord," replied Leonardo, more composedly; "rage at myself."

"If that was it," interrupted the duke proudly, "I will not say that you have acted altogether wrong; it is better for your fame that an inferior work should not descend to posterity, more especially with such a subject. Take care, however, that the like happen not again."


"Forgive me, my prince!" entreated Leonardo, "give me but a different task; drive me through fire and water—send me into the abode of the damned, and your commands shall be obeyed. I will work day and night to show myself worthy of your kindness, and, if possible, to recover your confidence."

"It shall be as you have said," returned the duke, "and, for the future, as no secular subject appears to succeed with you, you shall dedicate your art to what is sacred. The refectory of the Dominican Monastery of St. Maria della Grazia is in need of some decoration; to your pencil it shall be intrusted. You shall paint upon the wall the Last Supper of our Lord, and complete the work within a year from this day. And again I say to you, and for the last time, forget your folly."

The prior smiled maliciously, and, glancing contemptuously at Leonardo, extolled the clemency of the duke, and poured out his thanks for the favor bestowed upon him and his monastery. The courtiers again decked their faces with smiles, though they could not help inwardly marvelling that the threatening storm should have passed away without some one suffering from its fury.

Again deeply agitated, Leonardo escaped as soon as pos-

sible into the fresh air. The sense of his own merits pressed upon him much less forcibly than the kindness of his patron. He smote his forehead, and exclaimed, "Is this the return which Satan makes for ingratitude? what more could a saint do to bless those that curse him? But stay—am I not a fool to fancy the danger over! I may only have escaped Scylla to fall into Charybdis. It must be so;" and, all at once, the idea struck him, that the direction which the affair had taken could have been suggested by no other than the crafty Dominican. Still, what kind of a viper would creep out of it, was to him a mystery, while this mystery only served to increase his uneasiness, as the fear of a concealed danger is more harassing to the mind than a known and positive evil. Whatever might be the result, it jarred sorely upon his feelings; there to dedicate his pencil to the Most Holy, where the hated monk resided. This, however, had been precisely the object of the latter. Yes, he—the proud, high-minded painter, who scarcely deigned him a look, who had supplanted him in the favor of his prince—he should be made to devote to him and his convent the splendid efforts of his genius, or perish. This had been his motive in the plan he had recommended to the duke; for, if the master completed his difficult task, the more difficult for being in a style to which he was little accustomed, he had served him, the prior—had been the minister of his wishes. Should he, however, fail in his task, which was more probable, and more agreeable to his hate; or should he execute in it an unworthy manner, it was only calling upon his enemy, the stripping Buonarrotti, to do it better—a step to which it would not be difficult to persuade the already displeased prince, and his ruin as a painter was certain. For, that Leonardo's fiery temperament would not endure this disgrace, without breaking out into some fresh insult to the duke, who would be disposed to show little ceremony or kindness



towards one whose reputation was sullied, and whose services were no longer indispensable, followed in the prior's calculations as matters of course.

This web of malice was, as yet, concealed from the eyes of Leonardo, but the anxious throbbing of his heart told him there was evil influence at work.

And Leonardo, escaped from the suffocating heat of the ducal palace, with the cool, refreshing evening air felt his courage revive, while he resolved, by the most persevering diligence, to prove his gratitude, and atone for his former wilfulness. "Yes," he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with a holy enthusiasm, "I will paint the twelve and their Lord, as he sat with them at meat on the night in which he was betrayed! My God! on this very night." It was, indeed, on Maunday-Thurseday that these events had occurred to Leonardo, and he now wandered in solitary musings through the lovely gardens which encircled Milan.

"And I am to paint the celebration of thy remembrance, O Lord, on the evening of thy last supper!" exclaimed the rapt enthusiast. "How will that be possible to my weak pencil? How dare I—the trembler, the desponder—attempt so sublime a work?"

And, verily, he trembled afresh. The more he endeavored to arrange the plan of the picture, the more did his courage sink. Everywhere he found insurmountable difficulties. His mind at length became so completely confused that he could no longer form any settled idea of his subject; everything swam in gloomy, chaotic mist before his soul, and the sun was just setting as he returned, in an agony of despair, through the gates of the city. Unmindful of his steps, he found himself before the Dominican convent. He heard the organ pealing through the lofty majestic church, and the voices of the monks mingling with its harmony. The solemn strains fell upon his troubled spirit like hymns



of eternal rest from a better world, and subdued his mind to a temper of humble resignation.

They are there now, thought he; no one will observe me, if I examine the spot where my work is to be carried on. He entered the cloisters, and with hushed and timid footsteps passed through the solitary arched corridor which led to the refectory. Day had already faded into twilight; only in the western horizon lingered the last rosy tints of evening. The tones of the organ reverberated faintly through the walls, accompanying that noble hymn, subsequently immortalized by Palestrino's genius:—

*"Fratres ego enim accepi."*


"Those are the blessed words of Institution!" murmured the painter, in pious ecstasy. "Oh, thou that takest away the sins of the world! how can my weak hand paint thee in the moment of thy greatest glory upon earth?—in that last night of surpassing agony! And how shall I paint you, ye glorious apostles? Alas, never! My mind is obscured with a dreary mist, though my heart burns with devotion and desire. I am oppressed by the sense of my weakness; do thou, Source of all power, vouchsafe to me thy aid!" With a beating and anxious heart he opened the door of the refectory; but terror and amazement forced him back over the threshold. An irresistible impulse again impelled him forwards, for a scene, glorious as that of the opened heavens, was before him. Sitting at the long table in the hall, with their Lord in the midst, he beheld the twelve apostles. The head of the blessed Jesus was surrounded by the last purple glow of the western sky, which, gleaming through the central window towards which his back was turned, thus formed a natural halo. His eyes were fixed upon the table with an expression of deep sadness, for he had just uttered the words,

"Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." No anger, no reproach was visible in that heavenly countenance, down which the parted hair descended in golden locks upon his shoulders, and his left hand spake silently, "Yes, my beloved! such is the will of my heavenly Father, and I murmur not." But John, the maidenly beautiful John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, and who had been reclining upon his breast, overcome with sorrow at this sad prophecy, was sunk back with closed eyes, as though groaning out in the deepest anguish, "No, it is impossible!" though the folded hands testified his reverent belief in the words of his divine Master, and meek resignation to his will. At his side bent Peter towards him with a look of noble, almost contemptuous confidence, as though he said, "Be comforted, thou trembler! what can traitors avail against him, be they who they may?" Behind him started up the grave Alphæus, with terrified looks, from among the crowd of the disciples. To the left of Jesus sat Simon the Canaanite, the sinless shepherd, who had forsaken his lambs to follow the great Shepherd of souls. Like him, he wore his hair parted, and flowing smoothly over his shoulders, and his face and outstretched hands, turned towards the Lord, expressed his unwillingness to believe the hard sentence. The noble, fiery James, like his brother John, the relative and confidant of his blessed Master, had risen from his seat, and turned to the inquiring Andrew, and to the pious, silver-haired Bartholomew, with both hands pointing to the other end of the table, as if he said, "Do you hear, my brethren, this hard, unintelligible saying of the Lord?" But there, at that other end of the table, sat Judas Iscariot, leaning backwards to the pensive John, and holding the purse in his right hand with which he had just overturned the goblet. The question, "Lord, is it I?" was not yet to be read in the countenance of any of them, for they were still in the first

burst of amazement into which those sad, prophetic words had thrown them, still unable to believe fully their dreadful import; all except Judas, in whose every feature lurked the damning secret, and who, in the dread of detection, had just overturned the cup. Thomas stood behind Simon, with the bent finger raised, as if asking how such malice could be conceived, and showing its impossibility; while the quiet, child-like Lebbeus, brother of James Alphæus, with the folded hands upon his breast, looked as though he said, "Master, in me is no guile!" Philip, the philanthropic Philip, had risen from his seat at the other end of the table, and, leaning forward before the musing Mother, with both hands supported upon the table, gazed upon the scene in dumb and wondering expectation.

After this manner Leonardo da Vinci saw the Lord and the twelve apostles. His senses forsook him; he sank upon the pavement; and when the monks returned from the chapel they found him senseless upon the threshold of the refectory.

"Oh, why did they waken me with their essences?" he exclaimed upon the following day, as he paced restlessly to and fro in his chamber; "it was well with me. I have beheld the glory of my Lord and his apostles! But with what colors shall I paint them? It is impossible!" Still, though he suffered much from a timid anxiety he was now in possession of a plan for his work, and everything stood in living reality before him, as he had beheld it in his holy trance, and he was resolved thus to paint it, and not otherwise. Immediately after the Easter festival, therefore, he began his work. The refectory was locked, and no one allowed ingress so long as Leonardo painted. Only the prior peered closely after him, whenever he came and went, if haply he might discover from his countenance with what success the work proceeded. At first this occasioned Leonardo little



annoyance, and, in the excitement of his work, he passed and repassed the monk almost without noticing him. As, however, there seemed to be no end to this spying and watching, and as every day the malice of the prior, whose hateful visage and satanic smile never failed to encounter him, became more apparent, the master entered the refectory in bitterness, and left it in fury. "Wait only, thou Iscariot!" he once mentally exclaimed, in a fit of ungovernable rage, "wait only a short time longer, and thou shalt have enough to satisfy thee as long as thou livest." And with these words, uttered almost unconsciously, he at once hit upon the means and manner of his revenge. His plan was this: first, to finish painting the eleven, then to paint Judas, for whom he had now obtained something more than an ideal original, and then, when with this he had appeased his wrath—then, last of all, the Lord himself.

But how dare a mortal hope to unite the extremes of light and darkness without some intervening middle tints? By what means shall human art acquire the power of depicting, first, the personification of spiritual deformity, and, immediately afterwards, the perfection of spiritual beauty? This vain attempt cast a stumbling-block in Leonardo's path, which rendered the completion of his work impossible. Summer and autumn were past, and winter had already covered nature with a mantle of silence and shadows. The eleven were finished, and stood depicted upon the wall in lines of living glory, as he had seen them on the night of Maunday-Thursaday. He had sated his fury and revenge by the representation of the traitor Judas, and now came the time when he should paint the Lord; but at this part of his task his wonted powers forsook him. The graceful contour of the head, the folds of the robe, were all he could effect; for out of the bitter source from which he had called Judas into being, he could never produce the most Gentle and

the most Holy. Leonardo felt his incapacity, but his darkened mind saw not the cause. The divine features of the Redeemer, as he had gazed upon them on that night, had entirely vanished from his soul. He still hoped, however, that the spirit would return; and for days together he stood in mournful contemplation before his picture, or spent the time in drawing idle figures upon the scaffold. Thus passed days, and then weeks, and still the spirit for which he awaited so anxiously came not, though the time appointed him for the conclusion of his work was now very near. The mild breezes of spring were already breathing over Italy; already the banks of the streams and the rushing rivulets showed a brighter verdure; and still Leonardo remained in inactive, fruitless musing. But now his heart beat more anxiously. He had hitherto avoided as much as possible looking his danger in the face; its near approach, however, compelled him to do so; and the conviction settled upon his mind that he should never be able to complete his work. His bodily strength decayed in proportion to the decay of his mental energies; and his sunk eye and pallid cheek betrayed too plainly his mental sufferings. These were characters which the prior found little difficulty in reading; and this hated object, which every day more boldly and with less concealed scorn encountered him, deprived him of the last means of self-possession. The trees of the forest again gave their budding tops to the gentle rocking of the breeze, and the duke inquired more pressing about his work. Leonardo spent the little time now remaining in earnest prayer to God for support, and invoking his sainted master to grant his promised aid. But in vain! No help appeared; and he could only tell the duke, in answer to his repeated inquiries, that the picture should be finished upon the appointed day.

The holy week came, and his ear caught the sound of

low contemptuous whisperings. His bosom friend, Ottaviano, rushed into his room, and gasped out—"Save thyself, Leonardo—thou art lost! The prior knows thou canst not paint the Christ—the duke knows it! They talk of Buonarrotti, of the dungeon—of trial for a state crime in trampling upon the duke's picture!—Save thyself!—fly!"

"Yes!" exclaimed the unhappy painter. "I will fly—I will shake off the dust of this abhorred city, this abode of serpents and adders, from my feet, and in my own beloved Florence, where the vengeance of the Moro and these monks cannot reach me, begin a new, a free life!—I will——"

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of a detachment of the duke's guard, who announced to him that he was a prisoner.

"Now all is lost!" groaned Leonardo, falling back into his chair. "My sun is set! What avails me all the labor I have bestowed upon the twelve in the refectory, when their lord is wanting? What avails me all that I have done for thee and thy Milan, thou malicious tyrant? The enemy will come and reap where I have sown. Leonardo da Vinci will perish and his memory with him. It is indeed bitter! Oh, how have I deserved this hard fate?"

Thus mourned the unhappy captive, for such in truth he was, though the guard that attended him were ostensibly for the purpose of protecting him from disturbance in his visits to the refectory. But these last visits proved as fruitless as many that had preceded them; and so approached the Wednesday in Passion-Week. The scaffolding was then taken down, and nothing but the curtain which concealed the picture remained. And now, when this last evening had given place to darkness and night, Leonardo tossed restlessly upon his couch of tears, and cried out—"Andreas! Andreas! save me in this my greatest earthly need!" But all remained still; all save

the death-tick in the rafters and no Andreas appeared to the suppliant. But at midnight belated travellers saw the windows of the refectory of the Dominican convent gleam with an unearthly light, and a gigantic shadow move to and fro upon the arched ceiling.

Maunday-Thursaday at length dawned, joyous and fragrant with violets as that of the preceding year; Leonardo rose from his couch in a quiet composed frame, becoming one of his noble nature.

At the hour of noon he was conducted to the refectory. There a dense crowd was assembled, consisting of the monks of the convent, with the dignified clergy of Milan, all the great and noble of the city, and the members of the Academy of Painting, and artists of every kind and degree. The confused hum of the multitude was hushed into a death-like silence as the master approached. Every look was fixed upon him, as, with eyes bent upon the ground, he leaned against a pillar in a recess of the window.

A noise without announced the approach of the duke, who soon after entered the hall, surrounded by numerous attendants; at his side walked the prior, with a face of triumph.

"Now, master," said the duke, turning to Leonardo, "if it be your pleasure, show to us the picture of the Lord's Supper, which you have completed in a year's time, in obedience to our commands. All our nobles and connoisseurs are assembled to behold what the celebrated painter of Florence has produced."

Incapable of answering, Leonardo bowed low, and remained in a stooping posture, like one awaiting the stroke of the executioner; and at the duke's command the curtain flew back. A general "Ah! ah!" passed through the assembly. But Leonardo still remained stooping, his eyes

rooted upon the pavement. Again, after a sudden stillness, burst forth the exclamation, "Ah! ah!"

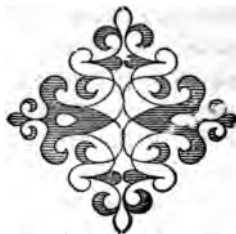
And now Leonardo timidly raised his eyes, not daring to look at the picture, and yet not able to withhold his glance from turning in that direction. But the moment the painting encountered his uncertain gaze, he started back as if struck by lightning. He looked again, and his beating heart assured him that he indeed lived; that all this was indeed reality, and not the delusions of a dream. The pearly tears gushed from his eyes; he stretched out his arms towards the picture and exclaimed, in a voice half choked by emotion—"Oh, Andreas! Andreas!"

Before him in finished beauty, he beheld the twelve apostles, with the heavenly figure of the Redeemer, as they had appeared to him on the evening of his trance. At length the duke turned to Leonardo, and measuring him from head to foot with a long expressive gaze, said to him, "Truly, master Leonardo, you are a great painter; and the gold chain, with which unfortunately we are not provided, shall not be wanting. But you, father prior! What say you to this? and what becomes of your penetration? Your reckoning will not bear the proof." Pale as death stood the monk, but made no answer, while louder on every side rose the noisy applause of the multitude, and, with the applause and flattery with which the master was overpowered, a comparing look, first singly here and there, passed from the painting to the prior, then followed suppressed smiles and whispers, then louder murmurs, and at length all voices burst out into the malicious chorus: "'Tis he! 'tis he!" while Ottaviano, approaching the picture, pointed with his right hand to the painting, and with his left to the prior, and said—"That is Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his Lord and Master!"

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" answered the delighted multitude;



while the monks of the convent, concealed behind the throng, hating each other, and still more cordially hating the prior, shouted louder than the rest, "Vere! Vere! est, est, est!" The duke, too, pointed at the unhappy priest, distorted his mouth to a satiric grin, and said, "Est!"



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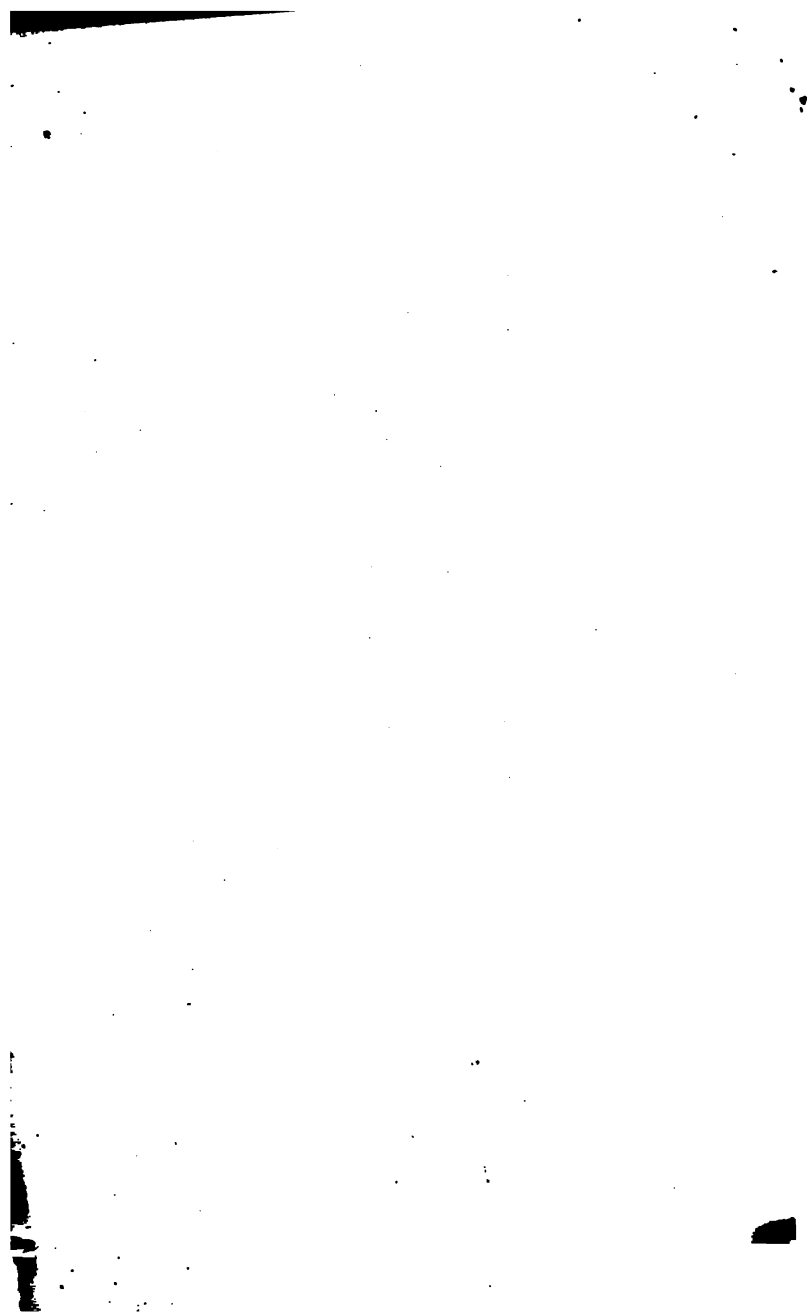
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